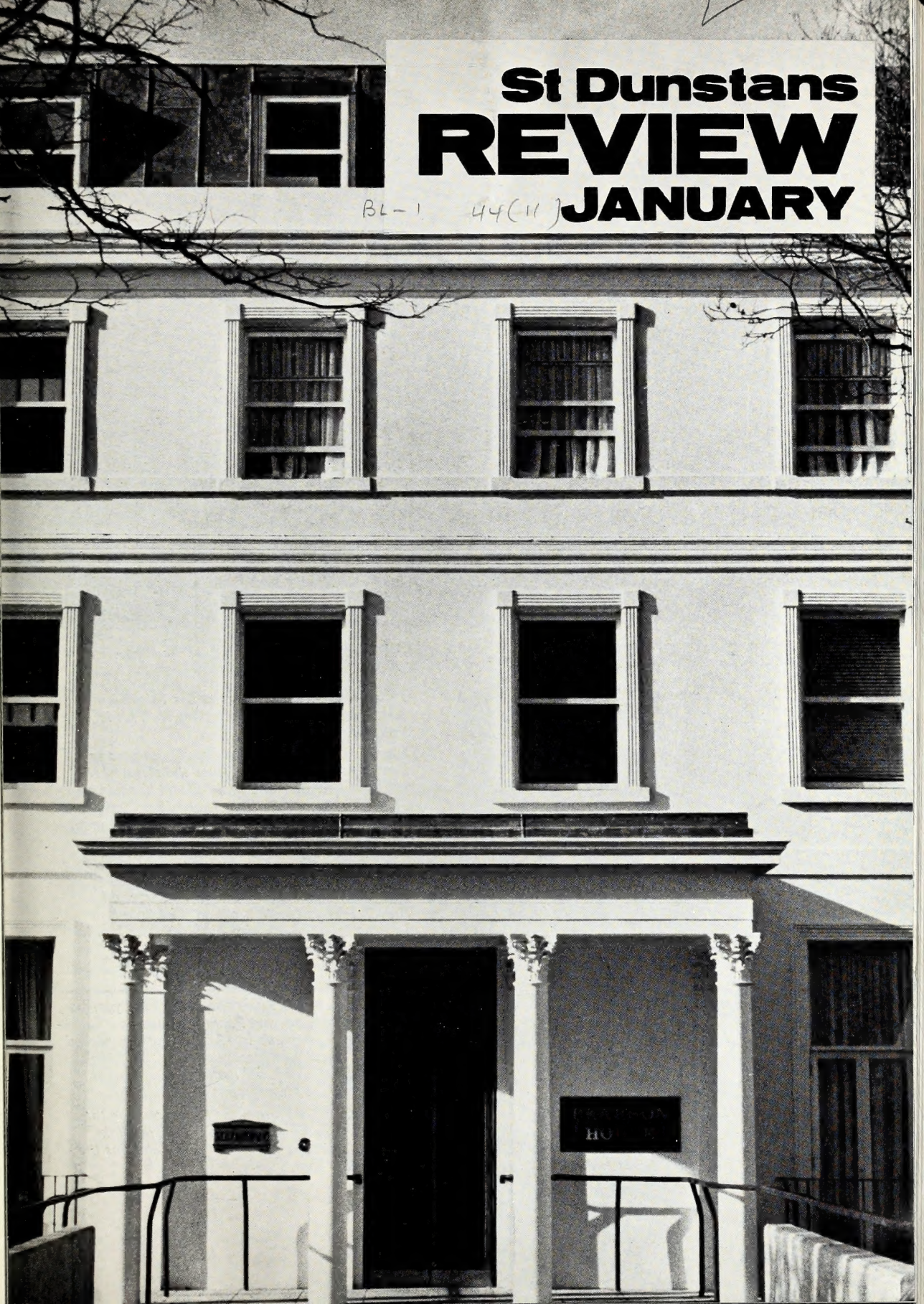


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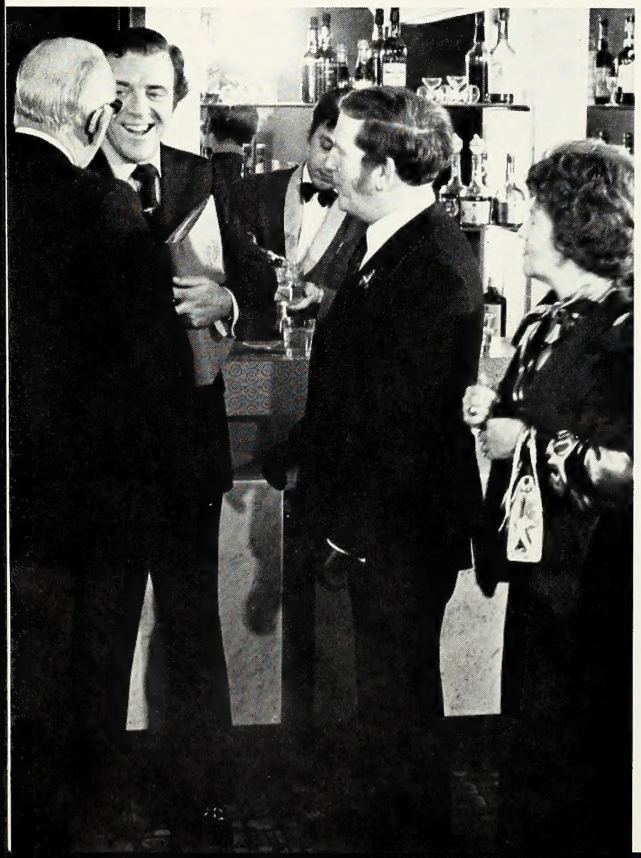


St Dunstans REVIEW JANUARY

BL-1 44(11)



BILL GRIFFITHS — This Is Your Life



These photographs from Thames Television were taken during the recording of "This is Your Life".

Above: *The conclusion of the programme as Eamonn Andrews hands Alice the script of the programme which she and Bill will keep as a souvenir. Around Bill are grouped his family and friends some of whom had travelled far to greet him on this very special evening: Two of the most welcome were his grandchildren seen beside him.*

Left: *Eamonn Andrews interrupts some old P.O.W. friends chatting over a drink in a London Hotel to surprise Bill Griffiths with the words—"This is Your Life".*

COVER PICTURE: *At the gate of the year we look at the entrance to Pearson House, beginning its new life in 1973. Originally named West House, it was presented to St. Dunstan's in 1918 by the Grocers' Federation. On other pages we have photographs of the interior.*

BACK COVER: *From the front entrance to the back. This picture shows the glazed link corridor, staircase and landings which joins the old building to the new.*

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 637 **JANUARY 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

St. Dunstan's and the Grocers

Our recent move back to Pearson House after the extensive rebuilding and modernisation reminds me that West House, as it was then called, was presented to St. Dunstan's by the National Grocers' Federation in 1918. The Grocers' active interest and generosity did not stop there. In 1938 they presented St. Dunstan's with £2,409 to equip the first floor of the Ovingdean building, newly opened that year. Each year for a long time past the Sussex Grocers' Association has organised a Summer Outing for St. Dunstaners and the December Dinner/Dance. They also call at our Homes on Christmas morning with gifts for St. Dunstaners.

This year's Christmas Party, reported elsewhere in the *Review*, was held on 6th December at the Grand Hotel and about 270 people were entertained to dinner and afterwards dancing to Percy Warden's band which has performed this function without a break for the past twenty-two years. We are primarily indebted to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. M. G. Lillie, who has undertaken the massive task of contacting St. Dunstaners in Sussex for a number of years and has made all arrangements in connection with the Summer Outing and the Christmas Party and to Mr. K. S. C. Phillips, Chairman of the Sussex Grocers' Association, and the other members of his committee. The money to finance these functions is raised by grocers all over the country and I thank them all very sincerely.

This Is Your Life

There can hardly be anyone in Britain who has not either seen or heard of the programme *This Is Your Life* with the genial host and compére Eamonn Andrews, which was first televised by the B.B.C. many years ago and is now produced as a regular weekly feature by Thames Television and transmitted nation-wide through the I.T.V. network. Over the course of the years four of our number have been the subject of this programme: Sir Michael Ansell, David Bell, Sydney Scroggie and, on 22nd November last, Bill Griffiths of Blackburn.

As readers of the *Review* will doubtless know the subject of the programme is kept in blissful ignorance of what is to come until the very moment when he meets Eamonn Andrews in a hotel bar or some other suitable venue, and the recording starts from that moment. For weeks or months beforehand, however, near relatives, friends and acquaintances of the subject who have entered his life at critical moments or who have known him personally for many years are contacted so that the programme can be built up. The sudden confrontation with Mr. Andrews and the realisation of what it means must inevitably be something of a shock to the subject, and I understand that in certain cases this has caused great emotion and, perhaps, distress. Fortunately, each St. Dunstaner who has been the subject for *This Is Your Life* has taken this confrontation with remarkable calm and equanimity. I suppose that part of the explanation is that blind people generally are quite accustomed to sudden unexpected encounters and in the case of our four St. Dunstaners each is well used to meeting the public on the lecture platform, the Radio and T.V. programme, or, in the case of Bill Griffiths, also in the concert hall.

I was asked to take a small part in *This Is Your Life*, transmitted on 22nd November, and I was glad to pay this public tribute to the courage of Bill Griffiths and to his success in his work as speaker for St. Dunstan's and as a singer, supported on all occasions by his wife, Alice. Members of the Griffiths family were included in the programme as were Sir Edward Dunlop, the Australian surgeon who first cared for Bill in the Japanese P.O.W. Camp in Java, Mr. Henry Cooper, former British and European heavyweight boxing champion, and Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P. for Blackburn.

Thank You, Mr. Editor

January 1st—the beginning of a New Year and the first 1973 issue of the *Review*! As you all know, we have an active Public Relations Department to keep the name of St. Dunstan's before the public and it also produces our *St. Dunstan's Review*. Perhaps this is a good moment to thank Lieut.-Commander Robin Buckley, G.M., his assistant, Mr. David Castleton and Miss Margaret Leslie, for their personal interest and hard work in publishing this magazine, which gives us all so much pleasure and acts as a very real link with our friends all over the world.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Coming Events

Bridge Club Cruise

It has been suggested that we might try to organise a bridge cruise in 1974 provided this can be done on reasonable terms. We are publishing this note because the preparations must be made a long time ahead and it is important that we should sound out how many members might be interested. Those who are, please let us know as soon as possible.

PAUL NUYENS,
Secretary.

Jury Service

If any St. Dunstaner is served with a Summons to serve as a Juror and by reason of his pensionable disability does not wish to serve would he please forward the Summons and accompanying documents to the Legal Officer at the earliest opportunity. The address is:

Legal Officer,
St. Dunstan's,
P.O. Box 58,
191 Old Marylebone Road,
LONDON NW1 5QN

The Legal Officer will then write to the Court concerned in an endeavour to have the St. Dunstaner excused from service. It is generally possible to achieve this but it is important that the Legal Officer be notified as soon as possible.

Founder's Day

St. George's Church Service

This year the Founder's Day Service was held in St. George's Church, Kemp Town, on Sunday, 10th December. The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D., conducted the Service and also gave the address. Mr. Nigel Pearson, our founder's grandson, read the lesson. About 100 people attended the service, amongst them many of our St. Dunstaners from Pearson House, with wives, and friends and members of the staff. Lady Frances Pearson, Mr. Nigel Pearson's wife, and Mrs. Hardy, Sir Neville Pearson's daughter, with Miss Emma Hardy, were present together with Lord Fraser, Mrs. Dacre, and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Lloyds.

There were three beautiful arrangements of sprays of chrysanthemums in the church—two in bronze, red and gold colours and the third of deep purple shading through mauve to almost white.

Visit to Hampstead

On Saturday, 9th December, Mr. Lloyds accompanied by Albert Outtrim of Hertford, a 1st War St. Dunstaner, Robert Evans of Newbury, Berks., and Walter Lethbridge of Oldham, Lancs., both 2nd War men, made their way to the Hampstead Cemetery to lay a wreath on Sir Arthur's grave.

Grocers Christmas Party

How many hats, scarves, or other items of clothing were lost in the strong winds accompanied by rain that blew on the night of Wednesday, 6th December? The weather was typical of what we know it can do on the South Coast in the winter, but this made no difference to the happiness at another wonderful Christmas Party organised by the Sussex Grocers' Association.

Altogether about 270 people were present for the dinner and afterwards they danced to Percy Warden's band. Mr. R. P. Rutherford, President, Mr. K. S. C. Phillips, Chairman, and Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. M. G. Lillie, Secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association, were there, together with other members of the Committee. The Company was also honoured by the attendance of the National President of the Grocers' Federation, Mr. J. Winfield and his wife, the Rev. H. Warne, the Federation's Chaplain, and representatives from Southampton, as well as Mr. A. G. Sturt, Treasurer of the National Grocers' Benevolent Fund, and Mrs. Sturt.

Mrs. E. F. Dacre represented St. Dunstan's Council and presented a nest of tables to Mrs. Lillie in recognition of her truly remarkable voluntary work in organising the Annual Dinner, the Summer Outing and other activities for St. Dunstaners with the support of her Committee, in addition to a gift to Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. Mrs. Dacre said how greatly these entertainments were enjoyed by St. Dunstaners and she thanked all concerned with the arrangements. Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Phillips spoke on behalf of the Grocers.

The Grocers' Christmas Party is one of the events most eagerly looked forward to by St. Dunstaners living in Brighton and the surrounding district. It was as always a tremendous success and greatly enjoyed by everyone present.

President

ALAN REYNOLDS of Shrewsbury, has been appointed President of the Shrewsbury Division of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, having served as Vice-President for the last eighteen months.

STAFF RETIREMENT

Mrs. Berry

Just a year ago the *Review* carried a tribute to Mr. W. T. Berry on his retirement after long service in the Accounts Dept. and on 30th November, 1972, MRS. BERRY retired. She had given 32½ years service to St. Dunstan's also in theAccounts Dept. and was best known to most St. Dunstaners by her maiden name, Miss G. F. Sills. This long period of devoted service speaks for itself but a number of St. Dunstaners in whom she took a deep interest will remember with gratitude the help to them, particularly in the field of Social Security.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Berry many happy years of retirement living in their new home on the East Coast of Scotland.

Many Thanks

Dear Friends,

My heartfelt thanks to all of you in the Northern Area for the wonderful gifts that were presented to me at the Christmas Party at the Birmingham Club. I am overwhelmed by your generosity and the warm good wishes that you have extended to me on my retiring from St. Dunstan's. The "Teasmade" is a marvellous invention, and I am now able to indulge in the luxury of having a cup of tea in bed before I rise and face the day. The balance of the money is in an account which I shall not touch until I finally cease work and acquire a little home of my own. I shall then be needing many things and will be able to have a glorious spending spree.

I thoroughly enjoyed my sixteen years with St. Dunstan's and do indeed, count all of you my friends: when you were sad, I shared your sorrows, and when you were happy, I rejoiced with you. St. Dunstan's is truly a marvellous large family and I feel very privileged to have been a member of it.

"From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends."

Again, many thanks and
God bless you all,

MARGOT MIDGLEY



IT STRIKES ME

Joe's Year

On 29th April at Grosvenor House Hotel, **Joe Swales,** of Saltburn, had the honour of making the presentation to Lord and Lady Fraser on behalf of St. Dunstaners honouring Lord Fraser's fifty years as Chairman and, of course, one of the gifts was a gold Braille wrist watch. On October 26th the roles were reversed for then Joe, celebrating his own forty years of Chairmanship, was presented with a gold Braille wrist watch by the Teesside and District Institute for the Blind.

To complete an eventful year, Joe Swales also made a trip across the Atlantic in August to visit his son Dr. K. A. Swales who is at present the Medical Superintendent of a small hospital and Welfare Service at Harbour Breton on the South Coast of Newfoundland. He was met at Gander by his son and then made a five hour journey by road over good, medium and rough roads to Harbour Breton.

Joe has made many journeys to visit his Doctor son who is something of a globe-trotter. These included several journeys to the Orkney Islands by train to Aberdeen, by air from Aberdeen to Kirkwall and by steamer to the most Northerly Island, North Ronaldsay. Three years ago he flew to Tripoli in Libya. He pays high tribute to the air hostesses and staff of Air Canada, B.O.A.C. and B.E.A. for the care they take of disabled persons and children, and he tells me he is convinced that the sight of a St. Dunstan's badge automatically results in particular attention and kindness.

Venus in Katowice

Zofia Bregula, our Polish St. Dunstaner who visited England earlier this year, is having success in Poland not only in her profession as an actress but also as a playwright. She has made a dramatised adaptation for radio of Shakespeare's poem Venus and Adonis, in which she plays Venus. The play will be recorded in Radio Katowice, Zofia's home town, and subsequently it will be broadcast from Warsaw. Zofia is now engaged in a series of poetry recitals for students and also has two solo stage performances booked—"I shall be quite busy this season", she says.

Songs over 60 miles

In this fiftieth year of the B.B.C. we have heard many reminiscent programmes on the radio and so it was specially interesting to hear from **Thomas Tootell** of Farnborough, Hants., who was a professional tenor of some repute in concerts and in the theatre in the days when broadcasting was beginning. He has sent me a cutting from the *Daily Chronicle* of 29th July, 1921, in which a photograph shows him "singing into a transmitter" at the offices of the Marconi Scientific Instrument Company in Soho. The report describes how Thomas, under his professional name, James Tell, sang songs which were transmitted by wireless to a St. Dunstan's exhibition in the Strand. "They were also heard by listeners-in at a distance of 60 miles".

Dunkirk Veterans

The Sussex branch of the 1940 Dunkirk Veterans' Association held their Eighth Annual Dinner at the Black Lion Hotel, Patcham, towards the end of October. One of the events of the evening was the presentation of Dunkirk commemoration medals by Major-General D. A. L. Wade, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., National Vice-President of the Dunkirk Veterans' Association.

St. Dunstaner, **James Mash,** of St. Peter, Jersey, who served with the R.A.S.C., was among the recipients of this medal, for those who came through the Dunkirk beach-head in those terrible days of May and June, 1940.

Late Night Prize-Winner

St. Dunstaners who listen to Late Night Extra on B.B.C. Radio 2 have probably, like me, tried to guess the identity of the famous voices in their regular quiz. On November 27th a familiar voice was heard on the telephone to Bob Holness in the studio, **Dora Penstone,** a retired member of our Welfare Staff at H.Q., known to many St. Dunstaners and herself blind. Dora guessed the mystery voice—it was John Hanson, her favourite singer—and won £17 in tokens to buy National or Premium Bonds. In conversation with Bob Holness she said she had worked for St. Dunstan's as a shorthand typist and now her interests are her Blind Club, knitting and sewing.

Praising Famous Men

Trevor, 13 year old son of **Daniel Parker** of Padiham, Lancs., is a member of St. John Ambulance Cadets. When the cadets were set to write essays on famous men, Trevor not unnaturally chose Lord Fraser. He backed a winner for his essay gained top marks—no doubt for presentation and subject!—and he is to receive a certificate.

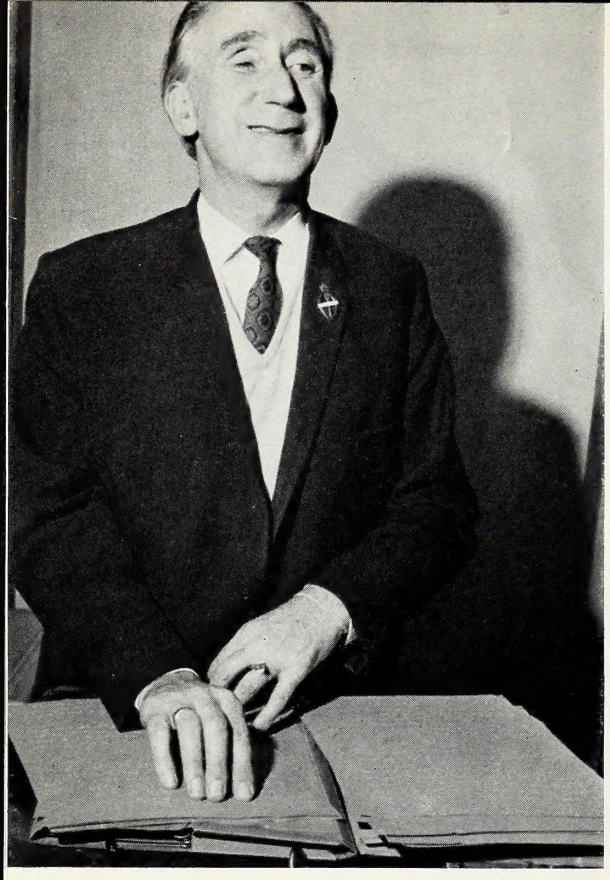
Drum Major on Parade

When the drum-major strides out in front of the band of the Newhaven Squadron, Air Training Corps in future he will wear a ceremonial sash which is a token of St. Dunstan's appreciation of the officers and members of this squadron. They have become old friends through their visits to Ovingdean to help in the sports and, on other occasions, to compete themselves on our rifle range or at carpet bowls or darts. **Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre** and **Matron Blackford** made the presentation of the sash embroidered by the Royal College of Needlework, and our photograph shows Drum-Major Cadet Colin Bell wearing it—very smart he looks, too.

MAGOG



—Photo: EBA Studios, Newhaven



WITHOUT THE USE OF ALL HIS FACULTIES —

Paul Francia

Paul Francia has already changed his way of life twice and when he came to embark on his third career he was determined that, "Whatever I did this time was going to last me the rest of my working life." The work he has finally come to is as a lecturer in Political History at Portsmouth Polytechnic.

Paul, taller than average and sparely built, with a studious air that is transformed when he smiles, is very much the academic. Yet, as he explains, "I had no academic ambition because I had left school before the war without any academic triumphs to my name." Then he had followed his father into the employment of the local gas company in Croydon, "I was junior clerk, which means office boy."

It was his service in the second world war with the 1st Battalion, Middlesex Regiment that brought about the first change in his career. During the campaign to relieve the Parachute troops in Arnhem, Paul first noticed his sight was failing. "So I put in to have my eyes tested, the last thing they'll allow you to do in the middle of a battle. Finally after the Arnhem campaign I got to see an optician and found that one of my retinas had gone."

Paul was discharged with advice to obtain outdoor work to preserve his remaining eye. "That meant going on to the district. It was still the gas company then, it hadn't been nationalised, and going back on outdoor work meant going right to the bottom of the tree and learning to be a fitter." He was not particularly happy in his new work but, "After all, one will do a great deal to avoid being blind."

Sadly, the effort was in vain, "It lasted until the August Bank Holiday 1959 when smoke rings began to cross my eye. Hospitalisation—another operation for retinal detachment—no success—admission to St. Dunstan's early 1960."

"The only idea I had was that my eyes had caused me so much chopping and changing about that whatever career I was going to have for the future was going to be one that wouldn't be interrupted whatever happened to my sight—of course, in those days you always have the idea that you might somehow get it back—whatever happened, my sight was not going to interrupt me again."



At first he thought of physiotherapy and began studying for the O levels required while awaiting the outcome of the application. By the time the answer came turning him down for reasons of age and physical health, Paul had discovered a faculty for study. He was nearly 40 and St. Dunstan's advised against pursuing studies into higher education for fear that, having achieved the qualifications, it would be difficult to find work worthy of them.

"That would be a terrible let-down. Having got my harp, nobody wanting me to play. Getting on for 40, you don't immediately cast yourself in the role of lecturer and teaching seemed too difficult because of the discipline problem. The debate went on for a long time—something like two years—and in the meantime I was busy amassing O and A levels. I got to the position where I was able to apply for a place to read for a degree."

So Paul Francia became a mature student at Portsmouth Polytechnic. He no longer had the help of the team of readers St. Dunstan's had organised for him at Ovingdean but, "They got one of the London readers to read books for me on to tape and this was a long and costly job. At Portsmouth I had to give up my Brighton readers who had been organised by St. Dunstan's and I had to re-create the same thing here. I knew how to go about it because I had seen how St. Dunstan's did it. I also made contact with the Portsmouth Voluntary Association for the Blind who were extremely helpful. There is a very strong sympathy for the disabled in this former garrison town." Among his readers was an art lecturer, Thelma Charley, who was later to become his wife.

In his first year Paul was awarded a prize of text books by the Convocation of London University. These awards are made to students who do well in their various subjects. Paul recalls that the many students gathered in the Senate House in London were rather over-awed by the flapping gowns and flashing hoods, as he puts it, but he also found some humour in the occasion. "I can always remember the Leader of the Convocation making the presentations: When he came to me he said, 'Mr. Francia, awarded the economics



Thelma, reading to Paul, is also recorded on tape.

prize—a special commendation here because he has managed to achieve this result without the use of all his faculties!' Of course, I know what he meant and he was trying to put it tactfully."

In 1967 Paul graduated with the London University degree of B.Sc.(Econ) having specialised in Politics and now he faced the problem St. Dunstan's had feared for him. "I had to hunt about for a job and luckily they invited me to apply for a post down here. They said it was time I moved from one side of the desk to the other. I was extremely flattered." He became the only, and probably the first, blind lecturer on the staff of Portsmouth Polytechnic. For a year he was on the part-time staff and then he was appointed full-time, when he set up a permanent home in Portsmouth.

"I can remember my first lecture. It was in Constitutional History and it was about the religious significance of exclusion, the revolution of 1689 and the fall of King James II. I mugged it up and mugged it up and the first thing I thought was, shall I last out? So I sat in my digs in front of the tape recorder and lectured that, timing myself with my Braille watch. It's quantity rather than quality at first. You've got this terrible fear of drying up. As I walked along to the lecture room I was quite certain that the whole of the Polytechnic was watching me with a critical eye. I felt everyone was saying that's Francia look, his first lecture. Nobody cared tuppence, actually."

"I gave this lecture. There were ten minutes left as I had intended. 'Now, gentlemen, any questions?' I braced myself for those shrewd insights, those searching, probing points that would immediately expose the weakness of the analysis. Not a word. Then I realised something—those students know a sight less about these things than we do!"

Paul explains that professional expertise comes gradually as the lecturer learns what to do and particularly not to give students too much. "You must learn how much they can really absorb. The exams come out and they say they thought it was a rotten paper and I say, 'But I lectured you on this and this.' It hasn't gone in." Every examination, he says, is a review of the lecturer's expertise.

There is also the technique of projecting oneself. "Every lecturer is, I think, in some small way, an actor. I don't use my ordinary voice—any way you've got to get to the back of the room. Every lecture is a performance. I don a certain rather formal politeness and orotund method of speaking which comes from the fact that I absorb the jargon of the text books."

It is not really a good thing to be too slangy, Paul believes, although occasional humour helps to liven interest. "But you don't want to do too much of this neither do you bring in matters of general interest because they will appear in the examination papers. I was foolish enough one day to tell students that Napoleon went into exile on board H.M.S. *Bellerophon*. Bless my soul, it was nothing to do with the matter in hand but two or three times in the following examination students put it in their answers. I shouldn't have told them, you see."

Paul doesn't hide the fact that blindness brings problems. "It is very difficult to pull one's weight in the administrative responsibilities. It isn't only lecturing, one has to help keep the wheels going round." He sometimes feels, as the oldest lecturer in the Politics group, that he should be making more contribution but, "I have only been lecturing full-time for three years. The fact remains that I have had two careers and my senior colleagues have only had one."



Paul recording a précis.

Rational Pugnacity

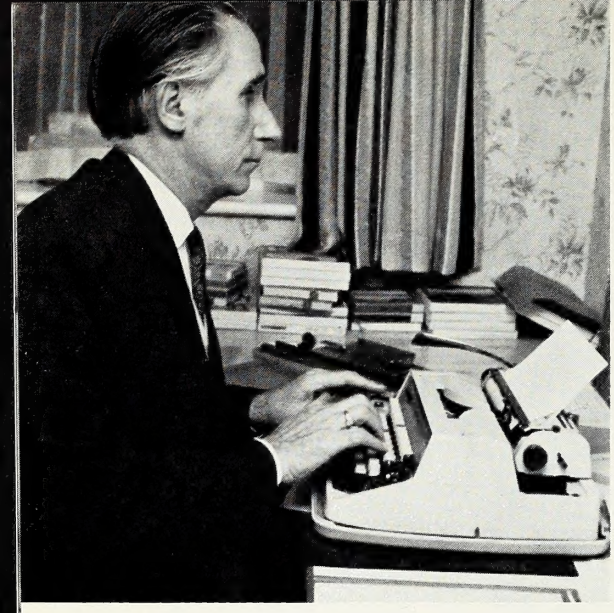
Neither does Paul carry out tutorial duties which, at Portsmouth, involve social relationships rather than academic. Is blindness a barrier between Paul and his students? "It is a barrier between the blind and the sighted anyway and also there is the age difference too. I think, really, you have to be sensible and say to yourself, 'I can make certain contributions. The best thing I can do is make these contributions as meaningful as possible.' Never get yourself in a position where you are caught with your trousers down. If you can't cope with a thing—rational pugnacity, I used to call it—O.K. go for all you can do but don't put yourself in a hopeless situation. There are jobs and responsibilities that could be placed upon me that I know I couldn't cope with. Therefore I have to say what I can do and then do the best I can."

Blindness brings problems in the teaching situation too. For example, Paul handles seminars—hour long discussions by the students of specific topics—in a more formal way than sighted lecturers because he must keep track of speakers to ensure that all the students participate. "Probably my seminars are more like Parliamentary exchanges. One student of the group will present a paper each week. I make sure everybody makes a contribution. I have my little Braille list of names and I start either at the top or the bottom."

Another aspect of blindness is its effect on the behind-the-scenes work in preparing lectures. Paul estimates that he works three times as long as his sighted colleagues in preparing a lecture; probably about 50 hours working time. With 75 lectures in the three courses a year each involving probably in excess of 50 hours preparatory work and with seminar subjects on top of that, it is possible to gauge something of the magnitude of his work rate.

"Books are the tools of the trade and you've got to get them turned into a communicable form. Unfortunately there is not enough in the Students' Library of the Talking Book Service. Although I am a competent Braillist I don't think I could read Braille fast enough to do my reading in it." So Paul has a team of readers who read aloud to him and, at the same time, the book is recorded on to tape.

"That's only the first stage. Having selected the text you want, you take the part you want. I have that read on to my large tape recorder. Then I précis it in one of two ways: Either I listen to a chunk from the large machine and speak a précis



on to the small machine, or I listen to it and I type it out. I find that is more concise. It puts another stage in of having the précis read off but I find the précis is tighter. Then it is read on to the small tape recorder. It still finishes up on tape. Having got the story from Bloggs, I take the same story from Snooks and so forth, to get the interpretations.

Then I listen to those with a reader present and we begin to construct what I call the Braille précis which is really the lecture notes. It is a further condensation. I used to write them out No. 1, 2 and 3 but through the years I've learned to turn it into something very like a script."

He builds up a library of lectures which are being continually revised, "Because I have learned a little more. In actual fact cobbling a lecture, as I call it, very often takes as long as writing a new one. Finally what happens is that you darn so much that the garment is full of darns and you say, 'Look this approach is outmoded. Let's do the whole thing again. I'm fed up with this. I don't believe in it. It's not good enough."

All this work, six days a week, needs a special place and Paul has planned one. In fact he and Thelma have a purpose-built home for their domestic life and for their professions. At first they looked for a bungalow without success. Now they have an ordinary house which, inside, is highly unusual. Paul explains, "This house, in our eyes it's a bungalow where we live on the ground floor with working space above. We wouldn't have bought it if it hədn't been possible to put a bathroom downstairs so that we can live entirely on the ground floor."

Upstairs are two studios where Thelma teaches her art students. Since their marriage she has given up her college lecturing but not her art. The Francias home is graced by several of her paintings which are of outstanding beauty, particularly her close studies of flowers. The third former bedroom is Paul's study which has been fitted out in consultation with St. Dunstan's Research Department to make it the ideal 'production line' for the process of work that Paul has already described. He goes on: "There are three sections in an L shaped bench where one can do taping, typing and Braille. I had an L shaped, shiny covered seat built and I can slide along from one to the other according to what I want to do. It is a great time saver."

Paul likes to get into the open air between bouts of work to clear his head as he puts it and, again, his small rear garden is carefully planned to fit his requirements. Triangular in shape, it is, in effect, a cloister. The idea was Paul's, "My idea of a garden is a place to ponder in and think great thoughts. Not a place where you toil and moil and sweat and strain. The centre triangle contains a small pool with a fountain in it and the outer area is a covered walk-way where I can take exercise whatever the weather and where I can do work because I have power points out there. I can take my tape recorder out there when it's warm."

Paul has his work well organised but he is still looking for tools with future potential. "I've great hopes for that Optacon machine. I was up at headquarters for a fortnight but there's some hitch at the moment about having one of the machines for home use developing one's expertise on it. I have high hopes that I shall be able to use the machine because it would be extremely helpful in my research—setting up the work. You see I spend a lot of time before a reader comes seeing it is all set up for her. It takes quite a long time to find the right book and the right tape so that you can just say, 'Sit down, Mrs. So-and-So, and read that.'"

Any help for research would be a boon to Paul for, in addition to his lecture work, he is preparing a thesis for a Doctorate in

Constitutional History, 'The Isolation and Identification of a Coherent Maritime Interest in the British Constitution.' "I try to do one day a week on it but it is perilously slow. Still, if I don't finish while I am working I shall finish it one day. I want to know. I think it is something that ought to be gone into."

And that just about sums up Paul's philosophy: "You try in a humble way to search for some sort of historical truth and don't forget that what you do for the student, quite apart from the content of his degree, is the mental discipline of being asked to do more than you can really cope with and at the same time develop the faculty of critical and rational assessment of what you are learning. Both my wife and I are doing work we like to do so we are lucky to be paid to do it as well!"

Obituary

It is with deep regret we record the death on 23rd November of Roger (Chiefy) Moore who retired in October 1970.

Commandant writes: "He was one of my C.P.O's from 1944 and literally remained so until he retired. His introduction to St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners was at the initial Lee-on-Solent Camp where, as I recollect, his first job was to 'fiddle' a rum ration for each St. Dunstaner!

"He gave whole-hearted service, joining our Staff in April 1948 as Dining Room Steward at Ovingdean. He was later Assistant House Steward at Pearson House and Northgate. He initiated our fishing programmes and was usually present with the lunches at race meetings—particularly the Derby—I never heard of him backing a winner. When he retired he helped as an escort and in the kiosk at Ovingdean.

"We extend our sympathy to his daughter, Mrs. Prince and her family."

Gardening News

More good results continue to come in from the Gardening Section and the first one this month is from GEORGE EUSTACE of Chessington, Surrey, who competes each year in the Thameside Electricity Sports Club Show. This year has been his best year. For the first time he has won a Silver Cup for the best rose—Josephine Bruce, and has also won the following: 1st Prize for 3 roses, 1st Prize for pinks, 2nd Prize for one rose, 2nd Prize for early chrysanthemums, 1st Prize for stocks.

His wife, MRS. EUSTACE won a 2nd Prize for her knitting in the same show and his grand-daughter Alison won a 2nd Prize for tapestry. George is sorry to say he missed the Aggregate Cup by 1 point.

Another St. Dunstaner, THOMAS WILSON of Barnsley won 1st and 3rd Prizes for Dahlias and 2nd prize in the vegetable section for onions, at his local show.

ARTHUR HILL of Taunton entered the Bishops Lydeard Show and obtained a 1st for his Tomatoes, 1st Cucumbers, and a 2nd for Runner Beans.

RAY BENSON of Horsham, Sussex, tells us that in the Southwater Sussex Agricultural Show he took first prizes for Rhubarb wine and indoor Femina Cucumbers.

HENRY PERRETT of Devizes, Wilts., won a 1st Prize for carrots, a 2nd prize in the vegetable section for garden peas and a 2nd for a flowering pot plant, at the local show held in his district.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1071

The Devil is a Single Man
by Montague Haltrecht
Read by John Curle

Simon has come to London from the north. He has enough money to tide him over until he learns the ropes. A handsome young man, with a good body and a charmer of women he is out to make money fast.

Through a chance meeting with a man in the Y.M.C.A. he decides to become a model. Another chance meeting attracts him to an Art School student Linda, a shy girl rather left out of things by the male students who are intimidated by her father's Rolls Royce. Simon has no reservations however and sets out to woo and win. James, Linda's father is broad minded and accepts Simon but James has reckoned without Simons tactical knowledge of women and graciously has to accept that young man as his son-in-law.

Simons insatiable appetite requires not only a wife but a mistress. He lives in a

state of sublime happiness until one illicit weekend he and Joanna come face to face with James and his secretary.

James as I have said is broadminded and a gentleman. He has no wish to wreck his daughter's life, so although he gives young Simon a warning he also takes a much more practical step. We leave Simon recoiling from the blow of finding his former mistress now his mother-in-law.

I like the author's technique of writing. His characters stand up to the yardstick "slightly larger than life" and he dispenses just the right amount of irony.

A well read entertaining book.

Parts of this recording may be considered unsuitable for family reading.

Cat. No. 1036

To Lose a Battle
by Alistaire Horne
Read by Robert Gladwell

This book makes for grim reading. It is a study in depth of French Society, its political instability and its ostrich like approach to the threat of renewed German Militarism, from Hitler's rise to power until the defeat of France in 1940.

It seems incredible in retrospect to realise, albeit with hindsight, that the Allied troops in France were the better armed and that the British Matilda and the French "B" tank were more than a match for the majority of German armour, and also outnumbered them. The French insisted on keeping most of their armour staggered along the Maginot Line to repulse any attacks there, but the Germans plan of sichelschmitt worked to perfection luring the allied armies into Belgium, then driving for the coast and isolating them from the South of France.

German propaganda had done much during the phoney war to demoralise the French "B" reservist troops by playing on the pay relativity between the French Army and the B.E.F. Although many French Units panicked and ran under bombardment from Stuka air attacks it was primarily the petrification of raw French High Command refusing Ironside's plea for a concentrated counter offensive and the brilliant organisation of the devastating Luftwaffe attacks which allowed the German gamble to succeed.

It is ironical that in 1944 Hitler thought our landings in Normandy just a feint believing our main offensive to be coming at Calais, thus keeping his main armour in reserve there and allowing us time to bolster our front for our break out. A case of the biter bit.

Nevertheless it is the author's claim that Hitler would have had few teeth left in 1940 if he had had to fight for Czechoslovakia in 1938.

Cat. No. 1051

Hallowe'en Party
by Agatha Christie
Read by David Broomfield

Years ago when sighted it used to be my custom when reading this author to guess the villain within the first two chapters. Being more often right than wrong I soon bored of her and wondered at her continued success as an author. Now coming back to her afresh, I repent, for this is a most enjoyable little book and very relaxing reading after some of the heavy stuff I listen to in preparation for this column. Even so, I guessed one of the villains from the start.

Cat. No. 859

Will Your Walk a Little Faster?
by Russell Braddon
Read by Robert Gladwell

A young Englishman and an American youth are sharing a room in a luxury hotel on the Bulgarian coast of the Black Sea. The American is suffering a guilt problem because he is draft dodging and finds his unwanted companion's lighthearted romances a bit hard to take. Then suddenly they hit on the idea of helping an East German widow to escape to the West. After many frustrations they succeed, but the old lady looks at freedom and doesn't like what she sees.

A nice tidy novel with some excellent character moulding. An almost believable story even if a little larger than life.

OUR THANKS

To all St. Dunstaners and their wives, the staff, including V.A.D.s, at Pearson House, Northgate House, and Headquarters, would like to join together in thanking you all for the many Christmas cards and calendars received.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Peter Spencer of Weston-Super-Mare, Somerset

'Bridge in the "Ocean".'

Many St. Dunstaners from time to time will have enjoyed a game of cards, particularly in the Forces, to while away an odd hour or two, and no doubt there are some who are itching to shuffle the old pack again. It so, Bridge is the game for you!

My first introduction to St. Dunstan's Bridge Club was a week-end last February when I joined the "Beginners" Instructional Class and now I have just returned from another excellent week-end of instruction and playing practice held at the "Ocean Hotel", Saltdean. The tuition given by Alf Field and his willing helpers is indeed "The Tops" and every help and encouragement is given gladly by all members of the Club escorts and friends.

For those interested, reading matter and tapes may be obtained from Headquarters, and as I have found myself, it is not necessary to live in close proximity to one or other of the Clubs. Instead you can "Do it Yourself" leisurely at home with perhaps a little occasional assistance from a neighbour. Make a "deal" and enquire about the next Instructional Class to be held, possibly next February.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

George Betteridge of Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, who joined us in December 1972. He served with the Green Howards during the Second World War and is married with two grown-up sons.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

November

Last month you heard of our adventures during "operation shift". Now the initial strangeness is beginning to wear off and we are beginning to settle in to our new quarters. The programme of entertainment and activities goes on much as usual and we are pleased to report that our stalwart band of volunteer helpers have not deserted us. Also we have been happy to welcome some of our valued play reading and record spinning friends to Pearson House.

There is not much to tell this month but we do have an item of fashion news worth mentioning. The V.A.D.s have a new uniform. No longer do they flit around in their little "Holloway" grey numbers, but have blossomed forth in a very much more attractive outfit. The new gear consists of a blue and white check nylon blouse, topped by a French navy crimplene pinafore dress. The blouse has an open shirt-styled neck and bracelet length sleeves and the pinafore dress is zip fronted with a V neck and two pockets on the skirt. Altogether a pleasing and practical ensemble.

Dance in the New Year

At the time of writing Christmas is only two weeks away. Although we shall not have our usual large houseparty or be able to entertain as many of our friends this year, we are busy making preparations for a jolly time. We shall, of course, be thinking of all our absent friends and looking forward to the time when we can all get together again. Meanwhile we must ransack the dressing up boxes for a fancy dress guaranteed to catch the judges' attention, polish up our songs for the party, and dance on into the New Year—a happy New Year to you all.

Raymond Sandiford of Bolton, Lancashire, who joined St. Dunstan's in November, 1972. He served in the North Staffordshire Regiment during the 2nd World War and is married with a grown-up daughter.

CLUB NEWS

BRIGHTON

The 20th Annual General Meeting on the 8th December, 1972, commenced with Mrs. Dacre reciting "They shall grow not old . . ." There were seventeen St. Dunstaners present. The nett proceeds of the raffle was £1.

Mr. Jarrold read the minutes of the 1971 Annual General Meeting, and statement of account, so efficiently and kindly prepared by Miss Ford. These were unanimously approved and adopted.

The Secretary thanked Mrs. Dacre for taking charge of the proceedings. Miss Ramshaw looked in for a short time but, unfortunately, could not stay very long owing to the illness of her sister. Matron Blackford sent a message expressing her regret at not being able to be with us.

At the previous meeting names for nomination to the committee were invited. There being none the committee elected for 1972, was unanimously re-elected.

Names taken for the Sir Arthur Pearson tournament games were recorded, and it is regretted that the dart matches are in doubt.

The prizes were kindly presented by the President to the following:—

WHIST. 1st **F. Griffee,** 2nd F. Rhodes, 3rd W. Megson.

WHIST. Ladies. 1st **Mrs. Walker,** 2nd Mrs. Griffiths, 3rd Mrs. Dodgson.

DOMINOES—aggregate. **E. Quinn** and **J. Griffiths,** joint first, 3rd J. Walker.

DOMINOES. Ladies. 1st **Mrs. Quinn,** joint 2nd Mrs. Frearson and Mrs. Kirk.

DARTS. "A" Section. Joint 1sts **E. Quinn** and **J. Griffiths.**

DARTS. "B" Section. 1st **T. Kirk,** 2nd E. Porter.

DOMINOES. "Fives and Sixes" 1st **E. Porter,** 2nd A. Martin.

CRIB. 1st **A. Dodgson,** 2nd T. Kirk.

We had hoped that Messrs. Ling, Bacon and Davenport would join us. It would appear, however, that Mr. Ling and Mr. Davenport got lost on the way. Mr. Bacon eventually tracked us down, though a little late.

Tokens of appreciation were presented to Mr. Jarrold and Mr. Bacon and Mrs. Kirk presented a plant to Mrs. Dacre.

Under "Any other business" nothing forthcoming and the President wound up the meeting, followed by a delicious tea. This was under the direction of the President, with our ever faithful and willing helper Mrs. Gover, and we are all very thankful to all those who brought along little tit-bits on the catering side.

FRANK A. RHODES
Chairman

LONDON

Annual General Meeting

Will all members please note that the Annual General Meeting of the London Club will be held on **Saturday, 10th February, 1973, at 1.15 p.m.** in the Club Rooms of 191, Old Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1. It is hoped that all present members will make a very special effort to attend, and if possible encourage new members to come along. We can assure you all of a very warm welcome.

W. MILLER
Chairman

A very special welcome to our two new members Bob Cameron and Sobki Khabbazi who joined the London Club during the month of November. We hope they will derive great pleasure from our weekly social meetings.

The Football Pontoon which ended on 25th November was shared by F. Pusey, whose team was Leeds, E. Carpenter with Derby, Mrs. Carney with the team of Newcastle, and R. Fullard with Cardiff. Our "Booby" winners were W. Phillips, F. Dickerson, and R. Pringle, with Bristol City, Aston Villa and Sheffield United respectively.

In our Domino Games in the month of November the winners were as follows:—

2nd November, 1972	1 **J. Majchrowicz**
	2 W. Harding
9th November, 1972	1 **C. Hancock**
	2 R. Cameron
16th November, 1972	1 **C. Hancock**
	2 W. Miller

23rd November, 1972	1	**J. Padley**
	2	R. Cameron
30th November, 1972	1	**R. Armstrong**
	2	W. Harding

I hope all our members will keep up their attendance as they have done in 1972 and make 1973 a gay and happy year for the Thursday Club.

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

Sunday, 3rd December, was a very big day in the calendar of this club, for not only was it our Christmas meeting but also the presentation to Miss M. A. Midgley. All the members of the Midland Club felt very happy at having their club chosen as the venue for this presentation and I personally was very honoured at being asked to make it.

I thanked Miss Midgley on behalf of all the men in the Northern area whom she had looked after during her term of office and hoped that she would get lots of enjoyment out of her gift. I presented her with a Russell Hobbs Teasmaid, plus a Pass Book for the Abbey National Building Society, in which has been deposited the sum of £428. This being the amount donated by St. Dunstaners.

Miss Midgley said in reply that she sent her thanks to everyone and would certainly get plenty of pleasure out of her gift and eventually she hoped to get a little cottage in the country, and the money would help a lot towards this aim.

After photographs had been taken we all went in to tea, and what a spread befell our eyes. All our wives had been very busy and with some help from Miss Newbold, had laid out a beautiful Christmas tea. The tables were all gaily decorated with fancy tablecloths, serviettes and crackers, and the food consisted of everything from turkey sandwiches to sausage rolls and mince pies to Christmas cake. Our sincere thanks go to all wives of club members for their hard work, good show, girls.

After tea we all re-assembled in the lounge and awaited the arrival of Father Christmas, the children did not have to wait long and every child received a gift from him. Then came the time for prize giving for domino competition winners,

St. Dunstan's Fishing Club

To All Fishermen

May I on behalf of the Committee and myself take this opportunity to wish all members of St. Dunstan's Fishing Club a very happy New Year. During 1972 several of our number have not enjoyed the best of health and I hope that those who have been ill will improve considerably thus enabling them to take a more active part in the Club.

Don't forget, chaps, our year ends on 31st March 1973 so this gives you three months in which to win one of our handsome trophies. Come on lads, don't be afraid of getting your lines wet and when you put a worm on your hook the idea is to catch fish not teach worms how to swim!

A. DODGSON
Chairman

MIDLAND - *continued*

this time Mr. Wills, who had come along with Miss Midgley, kindly did the honours and presented all the prizes which included an electric toaster, a coffee percolator, blankets, week-end case etc. Shortly after this it was time for Mr. Wills and Miss Midgley to leave us and catch their train back to London, it has been grand having them at our club and I sincerely hope that Mr. Wills will join us again in the future.

Now came the time to open the bottles, pierce the beer cans and wet the whistle. This everyone did quite merrily. I am sure that everyone had a grand time. It was lovely to see new faces in the club, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Bob Finch, who had been such stalwarts for many years at Highfield Road, but owing to poor health, had not been able to join us at this club. I do hope that you will be able to come along now and again. It was lovely to see you.

Weather permitting, our next meeting will be on **Sunday, 14th January, 1973.** Come along and join us.

DOUG. CASHMORE
Secretary

BRIDGE NOTES

BRIDGE CONGRESS

What one might describe as a new look congress was held by St. Dunstan's Bridge Club over the weekend, 17th-20th November 1972. Firstly, a new venue, the Ocean Hotel, Saltdean. Next, as the result of the AGM, a new captain, Mr. R. Evans, has succeeded Mr. R. Armstrong. Then again, new champions emerged out of the various bridge competitions. Most pleasing of all, perhaps, were the new faces of St. Dunstaners attending this congress who were just starting to learn bridge. However, whatever new features existed, the success of the whole weekend could not have been secured without the help and valued co-operation of all our old friends who acted as organisers, escorts and scorers.

To add to our pleasure and as the culminating event of the weekend, we were delighted to see Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Lloyds with us, and on behalf of the bridge club, Mr. S. Webster presented Mrs. Lloyds with a bouquet of flowers, in token of our appreciation of her favouring us with her presence.

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON CUPS

Teams of Four

1st **P. Nuyens—A. Caldwell**
F. Wood—R. Slaughter
2nd J. Whitcombe—R. Goding
W. Allen—R. Freer

Pairs

1st **P. Nuyens—A. Caldwell**
2nd F. Rhodes—E. Carpenter
3rd M. Clements—A. Dodgson
4th R. Armstrong—L. Douglass
5th W. Allen—R. Freer
6th S. Webster—F. Mathewman

Drummer Downs Cup

1st **J. C. Walters—R. Freer**
2nd M. Tybinski—W. Lethbridge
3rd W. Phillips—L. Douglass

LORD FRASER CUP

Individuals

1st **E. Carpenter**
2nd W. Allen
3rd R. Armstrong
4th L. Douglass
5th A. Caldwell
6th R. Freer

GOVER CUP

Individuals

Brighton **W. T. Scott**
London **R. Evans**

BRIDGE DRIVES

First Bridge Drive

1st **H. King—Mrs. King**
2nd H. Kerr—Mrs. Connell
3rd W. Burnett—J. C. Walters
4th T. Woods—R. Slaughter

Second Bridge Drive

1st **M. Delaney—Mrs. V. Delaney**
2nd J. Whitcombe—R. Goding
3rd R. Fullard—M. Tybiniski

Third Bridge Drive

1st **R. Armstrong—Miss S. Lyons**
2nd J. Whitcombe—S. Medcraft
3rd P. Spencer—D. Waldeck

R. A. FULLARD

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 34th A.G.M. of the Bridge Club was held at the Ocean Hotel, Saltdean, on Saturday, 18th November, 1972. Commandant L. Fawcett was in the Chair.

During the Captain's Report Mr. Armstrong expressed the wish not to stand for re-election and so the Committee serving for 1973 is as follows:—

Mr. R. Evans—Captain
Mr. S. Webster—Treasurer
Mr. P. Nuyens—Hon. Secretary

Other Members of the Committee are:—

Mr. R. Fullard
Mr. J. Lynch
Mr. W. Phillips

and Mr. J. Whitcombe was voted as member for the Brighton Area.

A warm vote of thanks to Mr. Armstrong for his services was proposed and unanimously adopted.

Before the closure of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks to the Commandant and to all members of St. Dunstan's staff was unanimously agreed.

P. NUYENS

FAMILY NEWS

Marriages

O'KELLY : JOHNSON. On 23rd November, 1972, FRANCIS ERNEST O'KELLY of London, S.W.15 married MRS. PHYLLIS FLORENCE MARY JOHNSON, and we wish them every happiness in their married life together.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. HAROLD GREATREX of Telscombe Cliffs, Nr. Brighton, Sussex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 18th October, 1972.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. DAVID JENNINGS who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 15th December, 1972.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. THOMAS O'REILLY of Blackburn, Lancashire, who celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary on 6th December, 1972.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:

GEORGE ETHERINGTON of West Byfleet, Surrey, is pleased to announce the birth of his third grandchild, Karen Kell, born to his second daughter, Stephanie, on 2nd August, 1972, in Chertsey, Surrey.

FREDERICK MORGAN of Bristol, on the birth of his 10th grandchild, born to his daughter Hazel on 28th June. The baby is to be called Natalie.

Mrs. Alice Franklin, widow of MARTIN FRANKLIN of Boreham Wood, Herts, who became a grandmother when her daughter gave birth to Martina Esther Pearl, on 15th November, 1972.

CHARLES PILGRIM of Saltdean on the birth of another grandchild—a girl—who is to be called Yvonne.

Mrs. Anne Robinson, widow of the late LESLIE (TEX) ROBINSON of Rothesay, Isle of Bute, Scotland, who became a grandmother when a son was born to her daughter Alison and her husband James Low, on 7th December, 1972. He is to be called Kevin.

Great Grandfather

Very many congratulations to:—

NICHOLAS HENMAN of Feltham, Middlesex, on the birth of his second great grandchild, Sarah Jane Humberstone, born in October 1972 to his elder grand-daughter, and her husband, Patricia and Christopher Humberstone of Woking.

Long Life and happiness to:

Josephine, daughter of MRS. MARY COONEY of Worthing, Sussex, and the late Mr. James Cooney, who married Michael John Diamond of Liverpool, on 5th August, 1972. They met whilst students at Leeds and are both school teachers.

Richard, son of STANLEY NOEL WEEKS of Letchworth, Herts., on his marriage to Miss Anne King on 5th August, 1972.

CHARLES CORNWELL of Ipswich, is pleased to announce that his granddaughter Elisabeth, aged 11, has gained her gold medal in "swimming safety" awards.

Sharon, 16 year old daughter of RAY BENSON of Horsham, Sussex, has gained her Royal Academy of Dancing Intermediate Ballet Examination.

JOHN READ of Weybridge, Surrey, is pleased to announce that his daughter, Mrs. Sheila Bonner, is now an S.R.N. and S.C.M. and is now working as a Staff Midwife.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

REGINALD COOK of Wallasey, Cheshire, who mourns the death of his wife Amy who died on 9th December, 1972.

Mrs. Morgan, wife of FREDERICK MORGAN of Bristol, on the death of her father in June, 1972.

DONALD STOTT of Cardiff, who mourns the death of his mother which occurred suddenly in November, 1972.

John SWANN of Cosby, Leicester, who mourns the death of his mother recently. As he is a bachelor, Mr. Swann made his home with his mother.

ALBERT WALKER of Bolton, Lancs., who mourns the death of his wife Beatrice, who passed away on 22nd November, 1972.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Brinley John Andrew Griffiths. *Royal Naval Div.*

Brinley John Andrew Griffiths of Sketty, Swansea, South Wales, died on 21st November, 1972, at the age of 76 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Naval Division in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Griffiths was wounded during a gas attack at Meuchapelle in October 1916 but his sight did not fail until later in life and when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1971 he had retired. Unfortunately in addition to his blindness Mr. Griffiths also suffered badly from rheumatoid arthritis but nevertheless his death was unexpected. Since the death of his wife he had made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Iris Jones, who is herself a widow.

Joseph Searles. *1st Battalion Gloucesters*

Joseph Searles of Maghull, Liverpool, Lancashire, died on 17th November, 1972 whilst staying at Northgate House. He was 84 years of age.

He enlisted in the 1st Battalion—Gloucester Regiment in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He was a boot and shoe repairer in Liverpool for many years. Mr. Searles did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1968 when he was in rather poor health and was not strong enough to take up any occupation hobbies. Unfortunately his health did not improve although he was able to enjoy holidays in Brighton. He went to Northgate House for a convalescent holiday towards the end of October where he died.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Catherine Mary Searles.

Albert George Rogers. *1/5 Bedford Regiment.*

Albert George Rogers of Brighton, Sussex, died on 13th December whilst staying at Northgate House. He was 78 years old.

He enlisted in 1/5 Bedford Regiment and served with them from 1914 until his discharge in 1918 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He trained in mat making, wool rugs and boot repairing as well as Braille and typewriting. He carried on with these trades for a few years. He married in 1925 and then he and his wife decided to keep poultry. In 1927 he gave up boot repairing to allow more time for poultry rearing but continued with mat making. In 1931 they moved from the north of England to Bedfordshire, where they lived for many years.

During the 2nd World War Mr. Rogers helped in the War effort by working in a factory, and progressed so well that when the War ended he was offered another job in industry and continued with this work until his health showed signs of stress and he retired in March, 1954. Later they moved to Sussex.

During Mr. Roger's retirement he continued to make mats, but unfortunately had to give up this work in 1969. In recent years he has been far from well and had been in hospital two or three times, but his wife nursed him devotedly and only recently he went to Northgate House where he died.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Florrie Rogers.

Frank Wetherell. *19th London Regiment*

Frank Wetherell of Northgate House, Rottingdean, and previously of Mitcham, Surrey, died on 19th November, 1972. He was 78 years of age.

He served in the 19th London Regiment from 1916 to 1918 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1951. Mr. Wetherell's health was not sufficiently robust to enable him to undertake occupational training but he had a number of hobbies. Mr. and Mrs. Wetherell enjoyed a long retirement together until Mrs. Wetherell's health seriously declined and she died in 1968, having been nursed by their grand-daughter Jacqueline. Mr. Wetherell then went to live at Pearson House and later moved to Northgate House. During his stay at St. Dunstan's homes his son Frank, has been a regular visitor with other members of the family visiting whenever possible. Mr. Wetherell leaves a large family.

John James Wood. *43rd Royal Fusiliers and Labour Corps*

John James Wood of Liverpool, Lancashire, died on 1st December, 1972, in Newsham Hospital, Liverpool, at the age of 77 years.

He enlisted in 43rd Royal Fusiliers in 1914 and served with them and also the Labour Corps until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Wood was wounded in 1918 but his sight did not fail completely until later in life and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1962. He had, by that time, retired and was interested in his greenhouse and garden. He had not enjoyed very good health and last October he was admitted to hospital where he later died.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Wood and two daughters.

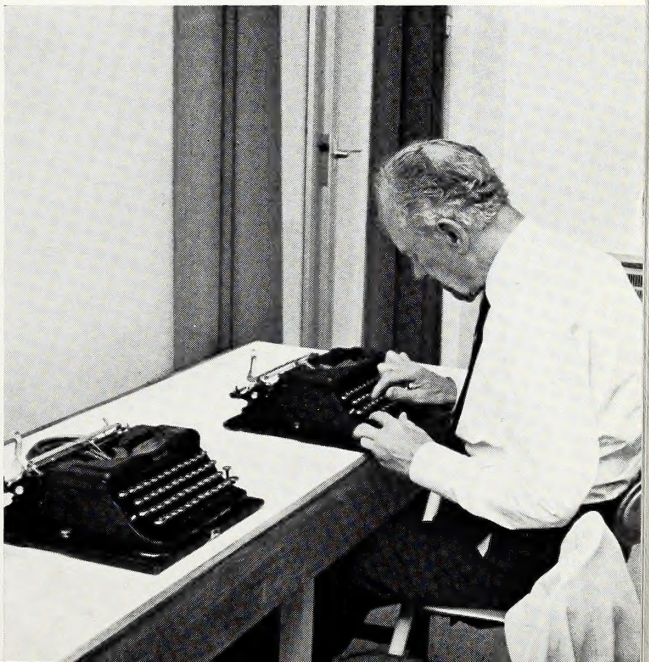
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Around Pearson House

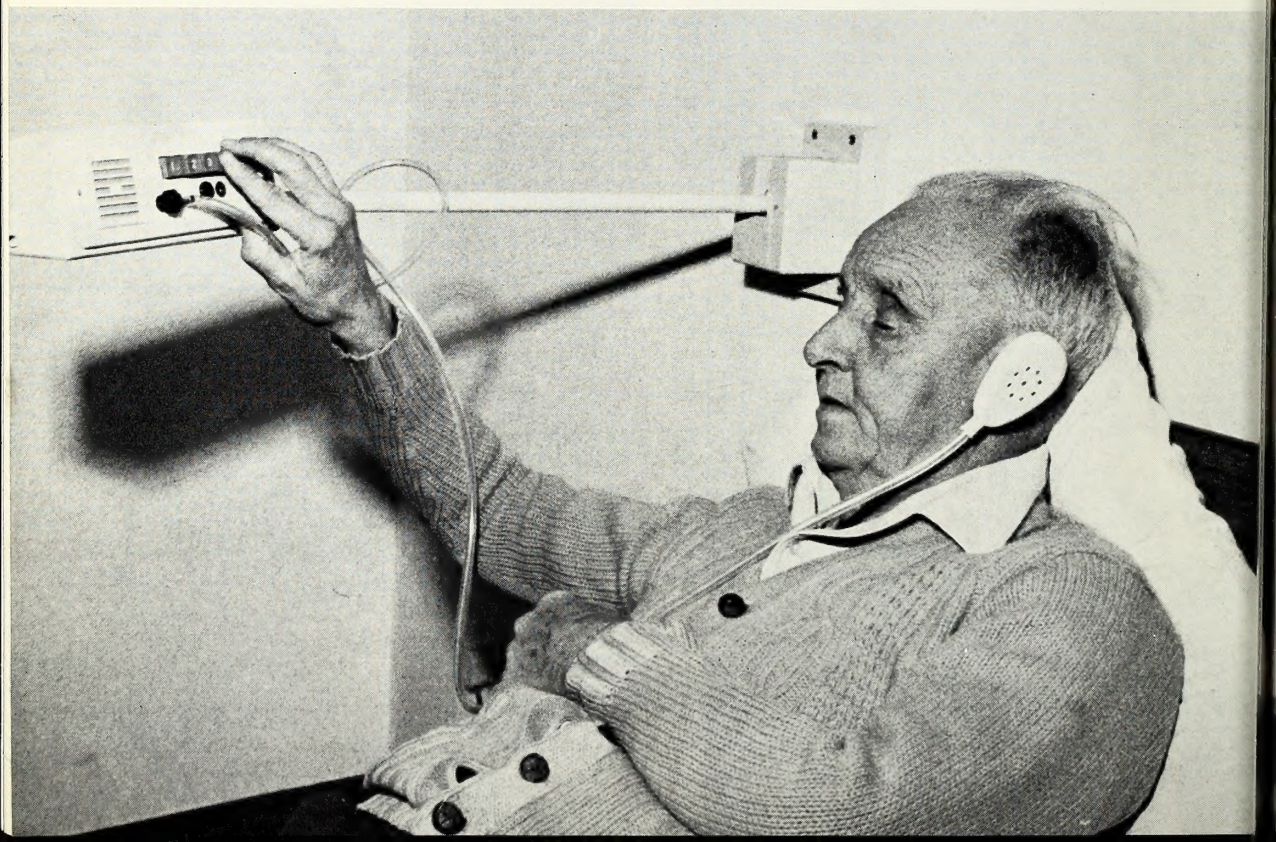
Above : *The Main Lounge.*
Left : *A sunlit table in the Dining Room.*
Below : *Tommy Milligan in the Typing Room.*





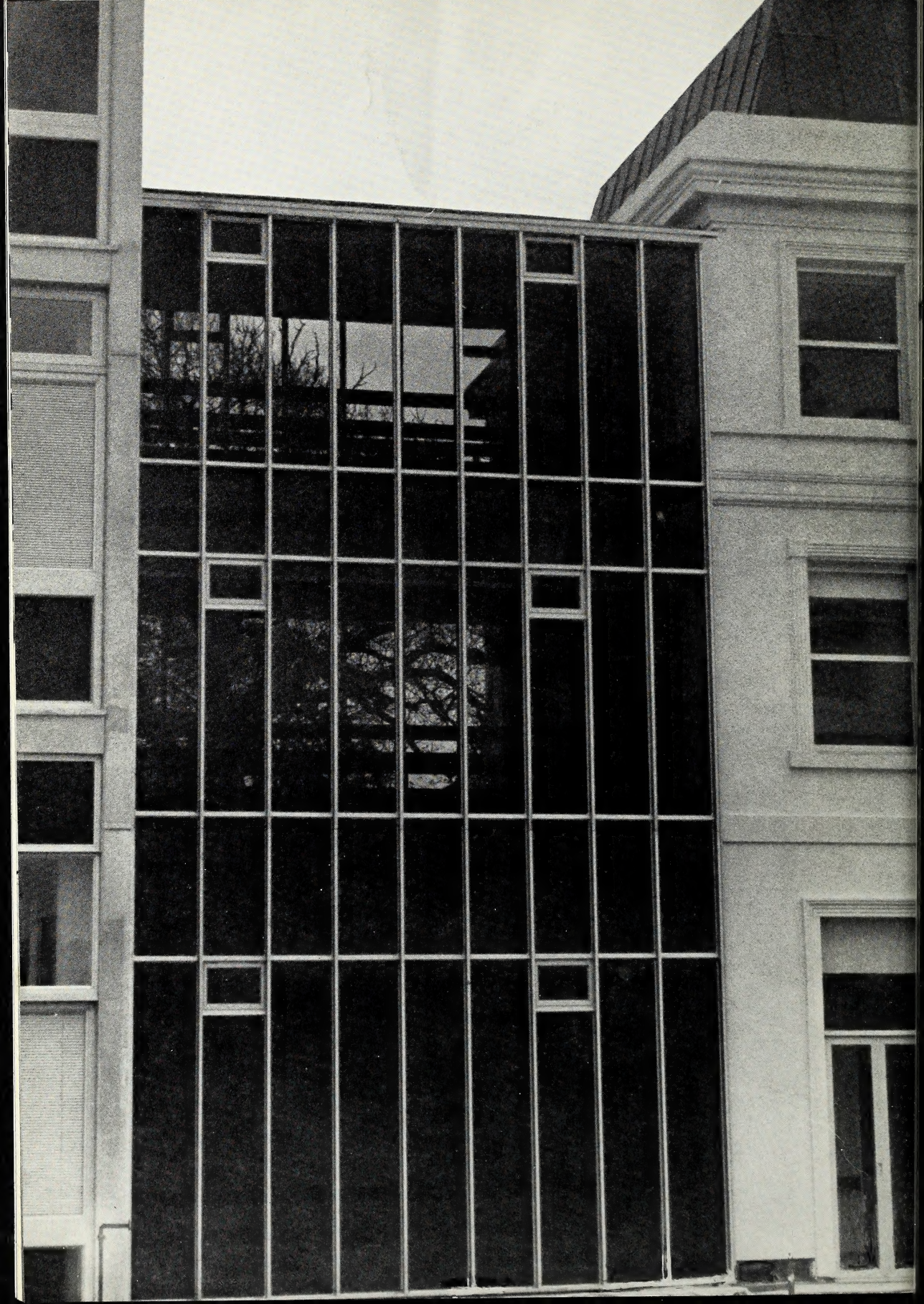
The Handicrafts Room.

Harry Boorman demonstrates the bedside radio control panel.



The Quiet Lounge.

A St. Dunstaner's bedroom.





St Dunstans REVIEW FEBRUARY

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 638 **FEBRUARY 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Changes at Headquarters

Looking ahead to the spring, I would like to remind readers of the *Review* that Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., retires as Secretary of St. Dunstan's on the 31st March, 1973, and Mr. C. D. Wills takes his place as from the 1st April.

Mr. E. V. Stevens, our Accountant, will then take on wider responsibilities for our Finance and General Purposes Committee and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking him and all his staff for the services they render us. The people who work in the Accounts Department, dealing with money and figures in so many ways, do not have much direct contact with many St. Dunstaners, but their work for the administration is extremely important and we all greatly appreciate the care and skill with which it is done.

At the time these notes appear in print, Mr. D. J. G. Jones, who has been our Legal Officer for a short while, will be leaving us. Mr. Jones is returning to Southern Africa where he spent the greater part of his life and, while I regret his leaving us to take up a post as Parliamentary Legal Draftsman to the Government of Botswana, I understand the call of Southern Africa better than most people. We all wish him luck.

Would St. Dunstaners please note that they should now refer any legal matters, etc., to Mr. Wills for the time being.

Long Cane

I learn that a number of St. Dunstaners are finding the long cane useful. For example, I have just had a letter from Colin Beaumont-Edmonds, M.C., a Second War St. Dunstaner who is employed by Imperial Metal Industries (Kynochs) Ltd. and takes an active part in public affairs. He tells me that he asked his Manager for an hour off each day before his lunch break to receive the training. This worked very well and Colin says, "I found myself venturing into areas that I had never gone to before". He feels now that other St. Dunstaners of his age (50) could soon be enjoying the increased independence that he has found.

Any St. Dunstaner who is interested in learning the long cane technique should write to the Welfare Department, who would do their best to put him in touch with the nearest Local Authority with a long cane instructor.

Editor's Note:
Since Lord Fraser wrote this before leaving for South Africa, a letter has been received from Frank Cross on this subject and we print it under the heading "From the Chairman's Postbag" on page 7.

Christmas Cards

Lady Fraser and I have received hundreds of charming Christmas cards from all over the world and they remind us of old friends and of many places we have visited. We thank all the senders very much indeed and warmly reciprocate their good wishes for the New Year.

Fraser of Lonsdale

COVER PICTURE: *Jane Finnis, author of 'The Other Side of the Mike', this month's feature on the centre pages, seen outside Broadcasting House.*

Coming Events

REUNIONS 1973

All Reunions to be held at 12.15 p.m. for lunch at 12.45 p.m.

Date	*Reunion*	*Hotel*
Saturday, 31st March	**London** (Central). (Miss Davis)	Grosvenor House (Ballroom)
Saturday, 14th April	**Bristol** (Miss Meyer and Miss Newbold)	Esso Motor Hotel
Saturday, 28th April	**Southampton.** (Mrs. Lyall)	Polygon Hotel
Saturday, 16th June	**Brighton** (Miss Blebta and Mrs. Lyall)	Metropole Hotel
Thursday, 21st June	**Newcastle** (Mrs. King and Mrs. Plaxton)	Royal Station Hotel
Saturday, 23rd June	**Sheffield** (Miss Broughton and Mrs. Plaxton)	Hallam Tower Hotel
Thursday, 5th July	**Ipswich** (Mrs. Adkins and Miss Davis)	Copdock House Hotel
Saturday, 7th July	**Birmingham** (Miss Newbold and Miss Broughton)	Magnum Hotel
Thursday, 19th July	**Liverpool** (Miss Everett and Miss Broughton)	Adelphi Hotel
Saturday, 21st July	**Manchester** (Miss Everett and Miss Broughton)	Midland Hotel
Saturday, 28th July	**London** (South and West) (Mrs. Lyall and Miss Blebta)	Russell Hotel

HARROGATE BRIDGE WEEK

The Harrogate Bridge Week will be from **September 15th to 23rd, 1973.** Provisional terms for the week (Full Board) have been received from the Dirlton Hotel.

£22 per person—single room.

£19 per person—twin or double room.

To these prices should be added 10% service charge plus Value Added Tax on the total bill. We are promised exact figures later this year.

Will those interested please let me known as soon as possible in order to make a firm booking.

PAUL NUYENS

GARDENING NEWS

Another St. Dunstaner has reported winning prizes for his garden produce. HENRY HASKEY of Harrow, Middlesex, won six prizes last year in a local show for flowers and vegetables.

CQ ALL ST. DUNSTANER RADIO HAMS

A regular St. Dunstan's Net will start on Sunday, 11th February, at 11.30 G.M.T. on the 80 Metre Band, 3720 Kcs. (Plus or minus the QRM).

It is hoped to make this a regular weekly Net and that as many St. Dunstaners as possible will use it.

73's

BILL SHEA

DIARY NOTE

H.M.S. *Daedalus* Camp 1973. Friday 17th August to Saturday 25th August. Further details later.

Brother JOSEPH C. CARNEY, R.O.H., of Bournemouth, was installed as Provincial Grand Primo of Bournemouth and district province, on 15th December, 1972, for the year 1973.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1079

Morning Noon and Night
by James Gould Cozzens
Read by Marvin Kane

Although this is a work of fiction it took little investigation to discover that this book is largely based on the author's own life. Therefore to some extent it can be regarded as a work of autobiography, in which case it is surely unique, for the writer tells the story from the point of his existence when his father's sperm unites with his mother's ovum.

Henry Worthington whose life story we pursue is, as he tells us, a heel. He is to his own good fortune regarded as one hell of a nice guy by his friends and associates.

Coming from a family of professors and lecturers it is accepted that he will follow the family tradition and teach. Henry though is diverted from this path when he meets and marries a childhood friend who wants nothing more than to break away from the closed circle and in-fighting and rivalry that exists within a college fraternity. Henry goes into business and with a lot of bluff and good fortune becomes the head of Henry Worthington Associates (Business Consultants).

All in all quite a good yarn until we come towards the end of cassette one when in a couple of paragraphs the hair on the back of my neck bristled.

With the coming of the war Henry has got himself a "chaireborn" job as a Major with USAAF in the Pentagon. Here he briefly mentions that certain information had to be kept from the American people. One was that the war in Italy was held up because British troops under General Alexander wouldn't fight. Secondly that the strategy of the fighting in France had to be altered to cut off and secure the German V1 and V2 sites, as the morale of the British people was breaking under the bombardment, and the High Command was afraid that the population would be pressing for peace.

Either Cozzens is Anti-British and taking a snide swipe at us or perhaps American intelligence tuned into Lord Haw-Haw by mistake imagining him to be the voice of the B.B.C. I think the record of the British Army can speak for itself. As for bombing of civilian targets breaking the morale of any people, past and present examples show only too clearly that the American High Command are living in proud Cuckoo land. Bombing only makes civilians bloody minded and determines them to put their backs into a war effort they would otherwise have little interest in. Americans, never having been bombed themselves, may find some credulity in the author's words.

My advice to him however is not to mix vinegar with his wine.

Cat. No. 1165

The Big Sleep
by Raymond Chandler
Read by Marvin Kane

Here we are back in the best traditions of the American styled private-eye. Marlow is hired to find out who is trying to blackmail the multi-millionaire General Sterwood. Marlow doesn't like what he sees of the General's two young daughters and takes it from there but many people have to die before he is satisfied that he has nailed the mystery.

Cat. No. 1127

The Rebel Princess
by Doris Leslie
Read by John Richmond

Forced into a political marriage at the age of sixteen, Sophia is disgusted with the drunken podgy George Louis and protests openly about his promiscuity, not only with his paramour but with any maid in waiting. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander is her belief, but when her childhood sweetheart comes to Hamburg she soon finds out that, that which may be winked at in the conduct of the future King of England is a crime amounting to treason when applied to his wife. She has powerful enemies at court and when in desperation she plans to flee with her lover Count Konigsmark of Sweden, he is murdered, and she is incarcerated for life.

This is a work of fiction based on fact. Although all through the novel the reader's sympathies lie with the princess my interest in the work was much weakened

KEMP TOWN NOTES

DECEMBER

"Happy Christmas, Pearson House" has been the keynote throughout December, with much plotting and scheming to get all our arrangements completed in time. Christmas seemed to be upon us almost before the move was over, so there was no time to waste. Nor was it easy to decide on our programme this year, remembering all our gay times at Ovingdean and knowing we should have to plan on a much smaller scale than we used to. In the first place there was the difficulty of not being able to keep open house, and we regretfully had to exclude any general invitations to local St. Dunstaners. Each St. Dunstaner in the House was asked to invite a guest and by this means we were able to have with us several friends for each of our special occasions. This pleased us very much as we did not wish to miss all our usual guests and visitors who always joined in the merrymaking so readily.

Christmas Eve

Our initial difficulties over, the show did go on and we began on Christmas Eve with the singing of carols and songs in the Winter Garden. There is no ye olde log fire here, of course, but we had a warmth of feeling which compensated for that, plus a tot of sherry with which to wash down the mincepies in the interval. Members of the staff turned up trumps as usual with some amusing cabaret items and both they and the audience were in very good voice for the "all together" numbers. Surely this was the most unrehearsed show ever and we can remember some fairly impromptu performances in past years! We had just one rehearsal! After all, we have only one piano in Pearson House and that is in the Winter Garden, the room which is in most use, so we cannot be continually banishing the population to the nether regions while we rehearse in there! So with fingers crossed and breathing a prayer, we got off to a good start and, with some familiar carols and excellent songs, everyone enjoyed the evening enormously. Members of the staff who took part were: V.A.D.s Jean Dennis, Dorothy Williams, Nancy Feaver, Ruth Marshall, Jean Allison, Dorothy Highcock, Zia Houlton; John Bingham from the lift, John Beech and Paul Chamberlain, Orderlies, and Philip Barton, assistant to the training staff. Philip gave us some rhythm on the drums and Mildred Dagnall played the piano accompaniments. Joyce Briant, who was until recently on the V.A.D. staff, came back to join us for this concert and it was a pleasure to hear her sing again.

Carol Service

After a Service of Carols and Readings in St. George's Church on Christmas morning, we gathered in the Winter Garden for the giving of St. Dunstaners' Christmas presents. Some people are going to have cosy toes this Winter! While still gloating over these, our friends from the Grocers' Association led by Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Ken Phillips joined us for sherry, and how nice it was for us to have with us again Mr. Leslie Lutwyche, recovering from his recent illness, who touched our hearts with his little speech of greeting. Christmas Dinner took place in the Dining Room where the lack of space was made up for by the family feeling enhanced by the presence of Lord and Lady Fraser. Before lunch Lord Fraser paid some very nice compliments to our St. Dunstaners and staff for the way our move had been completed and the "family" settled in. Truly the party seemed complete in a way in which it couldn't have been without them. We were all delighted to see Lady Fraser better again.

The day was rounded off for us by the performance of a "Christmas Anthology" by "The Arena". Very different in style from our own anthologies, this makes for

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Frank Reviews—*continued*

by the fact that I knew from history of the unhappy fate that was to befall her. Nevertheless a beautifully written book but not one I feel that will generally appeal to male readers.

interesting comparisons and we spent an absorbing evening with this talented group of young people. We much appreciated the fact that, at their own suggestion, they came, of all days in the year, on Christmas Day.

The Winter Garden is the room where most of our group activities take place and we hold our dances there. Very pleasant they are too, with a more intimate atmosphere than is possible in a big room. So this was where our Boxing Day Dance was held when St. Dunstaners and Staff let their imaginations run riot, devising many original and amusing ideas for Fancy Dress. It takes courage, and a great sense of fun, and the following won well deserved prizes.

Blodwyn Simon Thelma Meredith Miss Roffey, V.A.D.	Three little maids from school
Avon Williams Pat Cryan	Bill & Ben, Removal men
Mrs. Exley, V.A.D. Bob Cameron	Georgie Best and his girl friend (Bob was the girl!)
Mrs. Dennis, V.A.D.	Mary Poppins
Mrs. Highcock, V.A.D.	Hit the Deck
Mrs. Marshall, V.A.D.	Annie Get your Gun
Ted Kirman	Kiss me under the mistletoe
Miss Zia Houlton, V.A.D.	Monk

The Judges this year were our own Miss Heap, who was on the staff for such a long time and her friend, Miss Robinson, and a very good job they made of it too. We hope they enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed having them with us.

For the next two days we all put up our feet and recuperated to get ready for the next bout. We must be joking, of course! Actually some of us did, but it would be more accurate to say that life proceeded more at its usual pace for just two days. Some St. Dunstaners did go to see "Aladdin" at the Dome, so they at least could not have been snoozing all the time. And some went out to sniff the ozone, which probably did them a lot of good.

One very pleasant social gathering was the Whist Drive and Domino Tournament and for these we were able to open our doors a little wider to admit several of the local St. Dunstaners, their wives and friends. It was quite a mini-reunion, and it gave us lots of pleasure to see them.

Came New Year's Eve and, as we all know, this happened on a Sunday this year which always queers our pitch somewhat. To suit the occasion, we held our St. Dunstaners Party, when quite a number entertained the rest of us mightily. We have some good voices and excellent memories amongst us and various items were given by Stan Duncan, Danny Daniels, Ted Garthwaite, Ted Kirman, Tommy McCann, Tiger Martin, Paddy Murphy, Ted Myles, Harold Pollitt and Harry Boorman. With a Tombola, a Guessing the Weight Competition, a Quiz, a Knobbly Knees Contest, and a bounteous buffet, we were all well away and towards midnight a general sing-song brought in everybody. Cyril and Dorothy, two excellent professional pianists, kept up the musical background throughout the evening, joined later by Henry Kerr on the drums, and many were the songs we sang. Not all old ones, either! There are several good songs high in the pop charts at the present time which are very singable and some of these became very popular with us from the Staff Concert onwards, the highest in the popularity stakes being "Amazing Grace". It *is* a good song, isn't it, and tho' we says it as shouldn't, we sing it as well as anybody. Well—almost anybody! Midnight came and with it 1973 and though some of our frailer members had toddled off to bed by then, we still had a good crowd present to sing Auld Lang Syne and wish "Many Happy New Years".

New Year Dance

Our New Year Dance took place on New Year's Day and for this the Winter Garden was very nicely full, with numerous welcome guests to help the party go. And so it did—one of those evenings that goes with a swing without any pushing. Looking back on Christmas it now seems to us that our celebrations, which were necessarily partly experimental, were much enjoyed and could be considered successful. We feel that we have had our Housewarming and that we can now settle in and really make ourselves at home.

So another year has come and gone, all too rapidly, and to crown it we have had a very Happy Christmas. We would like to mention all those who worked so hard behind the scenes, in particular Mr. James,

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Stanley Austin Bakewell of King's Norton, Birmingham, joined St. Dunstan's in December 1972. He served in the Dorset Regiment during the Second World War and is married with a family.

Mrs. Doris May Cohoon of North Ferriby, East Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's at the beginning of January, 1973. Mrs. Cohoon served in the A.T.S. during the Second World War.

John Rhead Nolan, M. M. of Crewe, Cheshire, who came to us in January, 1973. Mr. Nolan served in the Royal Army Medical Corps during the Second World War. He is married.

"Not Forgotten" Party

On Wednesday, 20th December, the "Not Forgotten" Association held its annual Christmas Party for disabled ex-servicemen and women in the Royal Riding School, Buckingham Palace. Among the guests were 12 St. Dunstaners with wives or escorts and Miss P. J. Rogers, Southern Area Superintendent. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, the Association's Patron, attended the party and two St. Dunstaners, William Brown, Ilford, and George Eustace, Chessington, were presented to her.

The programme consisted of a selection of music played by the band of the Irish Guards, followed by tea and the cutting of the Christmas cake presented by the Duchess, the speeches, and entertainment by a number of well known artistes. A most enjoyable afternoon.

KEMP TOWN NOTES—*continued*

Mr. Feldwick and their staff for a wonderful Christmas Dinner and lots of delicious refreshments.

We think of all our friends and wish you well in 1973.

From the Chairman's Postbag

From Frank N. Cross of Birmingham

I was interested to read in last December's *Review* your remarks on the use of the long cane. I remember the storm of controversy which arose after the introduction of this method of mobility many years ago, and I am very pleased to see your endorsement of its usefulness.

As one who could not travel more than five yards with a short cane, I have been very grateful for the long cane training I received at the National Mobility Centre, and have found it invaluable.

I hope more St. Dunstaners will take advantage of this form of mobility training, which I understand is now available in the home district of a number of blind people since there are now many more long cane instructors in the country.

From Frank Morris of Sydney, Australia

I am happy to say I enjoy fairly good health and I am now leading a rather quiet life.

This year on my 75th birthday I became the Great Grandfather of twins—a boy and a girl—which naturally made me very proud and caused a lot of excitement in the family—they are both doing well.

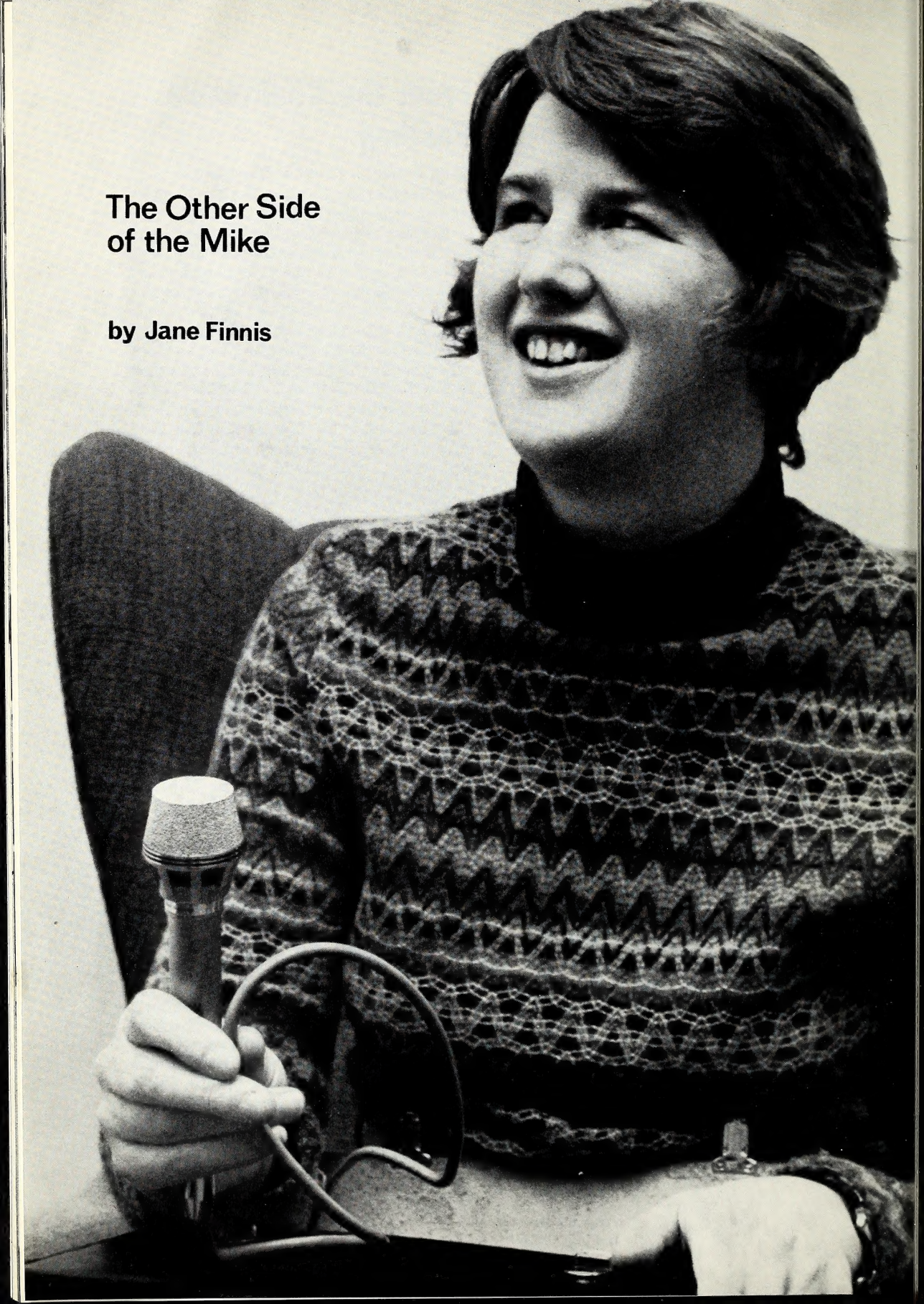
I am very glad to receive the St. Dunstan's *Review* each month; it does enable us to keep up with what is going on over there. The new Pearson House must be really something. I stayed there for a short time in 1918. Sir Arthur's sister was in charge at the time; they were really the "good old days".

NEW YEAR HONOUR'S LIST

The *Review* offers its congratulations to Mr. W. J. Harris on his appointment as a Member in the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in the New Year Honour's list. The award was made in connection with Bill Harris's service to race walking and sports for the disabled. Our readers may remember the article in last July's *Review* covering the presentation of a silver tankard to Bill Harris in recognition of his 50 years service to St. Dunstan's sportsmen.

The Other Side of the Mike

by Jane Finnis



At this time of year we often publish an article from somebody in the blind world outside St. Dunstan's. Jane Finnis has a small amount of residual vision but she is registered blind and was educated at Chorleywood College. She went on to London University and obtained a degree in history. Subsequently she has carved out for herself a career as a freelance broadcaster. Miss Finnis lives alone in a London flat and looks after herself in every way, cooking, etc., just as many fully sighted girls do. We feel sure that St. Dunstaners will join us in applauding the success obtained so far by this capable, courageous and self-reliant girl and in wishing her an ever widening circle of friends and admirers of her work.

The first person I ever interviewed was a bishop. I went along to his palace to talk about his forthcoming trip to the U.S.A., with a portable tape-recorder over my shoulder and a variety of butterflies inside; but I needn't have worried. Besides being an excellent talker, as you'd expect after all those sermons, he was a most charming man who, if he realised my inexperience, was far too kind to show it.

That was five or six years ago and long before I had any idea of making my living as a freelance interviewer. I was a radio producer then with the Central Office of Information, C.O.I. for short, producing Government-sponsored broadcasts for radio stations overseas on everything from the Common Market to the latest in British fashions. Mainly it was a backroom job, though I did a little interviewing after my visit to the bishop. I was researching stories, editing tapes and sending them to radio stations all over the world either as tapes or as transmissions over those high-quality broadcasting circuits that are used for sending voices from one radio station to another.

Freelance Interviewing

Much of the actual interviewing was done by freelances, so my job included commissioning them and sending them chasing off all over the place to catch the first words of returning explorers, or the happy enthusiasm of scientists showing off their latest inventions, or just a few breathless comments from triumphant sportsmen. Now I'm freelance myself and I'm the one that chases off to catch the voices. I see radio programmes from the other side of the producer's desk.

I find it surprises people sometimes to learn just how many of the familiar voices they hear interviewing or reporting on the B.B.C.'s numerous radio magazine programmes belong to freelances. In fact many magazine programmes depend heavily on them, partly for their skills as interviewers and scriptwriters and partly as a useful source of ideas. When I started freelancing, most of the jobs I got resulted from ideas of mine, suggested to producers over the 'phone or in the office. But gradually, as you become better known and established, producers increasingly suggest stories to you. At the moment I find about two-thirds of my work is commissioned by producers; the other third I generate myself. It varies from month to month, and, of course, from freelance to freelance. The really well-known, household-name interviewer is usually so much in demand that he can rely entirely on commissioned jobs if he wants to.

Varied Work

I've mentioned that the C.O.I. use freelances, as well as the producers of Radios 1 to 4, and there are other sources of work too. The local radio stations, for example, the B.B.C.'s External Services, which broadcast from London all over the world, and the British Forces radio service. Like most freelances, I work for several organisations. It makes the job more varied, and there's always that good old rule about the eggs and the baskets.

At present I find I'm working mainly for Radio 4 and for C.O.I., with occasional items for British Forces. But things are always changing and another few months might find me in quite different markets. You never know. That's one of the aspects of freelancing that appeals to me. Some people call it "insecurity" and find it alarming; but to me it's part of the excitement.

I was lucky to get into C.O.I. Radio. I'd applied to the B.B.C. at the end of my three years at University, and had been turned down flat: "No-one as nearly blind as you could ever, *ever* become a radio producer," I was told with depressing finality. So I spent a year trying to make my fortune as a song-writer and failing spectacularly, though I enjoyed it and



Editing a tape recording.

learnt a lot. Then I joined C.O.I. as a writer of reference pamphlets and when a job came up in the Radio Division, I applied. There was quite a lot of head-shaking and, well, shall we call it caution, to be charitable? But the division's Director was blind himself, and he over-rode the opposition by pointing out that if they gave me a try and I turned out to be useless, they could always throw me out.

It was up to me to prove myself. You can't ask fairer than that, so I joined as a very junior producer, making coffee and answering 'phones and doing paperwork, and gradually learning the art and craft of radio. Here again I was lucky in my immediate boss and my colleagues, who treated me just as any trainee would have been treated. Where I had problems, they were keen to help me to solve them but if I made a mess of something, there was no question of, "Poor you, you can't be expected to do that," or "Never mind, let *me* do it". It was, "Go back and do that again, and get it *right* this time". I say again, you can't ask fairer than that. I only wish more employers of visually handicapped people were as enlightened.

Much of what I learnt as a producer has stood me in good stead now that I'm freelancing. I learnt to find stories and research them, and to choose people to interview. If you're doing a five-minute report on, say, the International Boat Show, picking out three or four of the most interesting exhibits, you'd better do your homework properly beforehand if you don't want to come home with three hours of tape and an editor's nightmare. I learnt to edit tapes; not just the physical process of cutting out a sentence or a syllable or the "s" off the end of a word, but how to pick out the most important and lively parts of an interview or speech, without losing or distorting the sense of what's being said. By watching other freelances I picked up techniques of interviewing, and writing scripts that could make the most of interesting material or jazz up a dull subject or voice so that they became interesting too; and a whole lot more. I also learnt to work plenty of overtime, evening and week-ends; to keep going under pressure without flapping; and the importance of strong coffee in keeping a group of tired producers, writers, translators and engineers working together on some major bit of overtime till midnight.

Self-Employed

Life as a self-employed interviewer demands many of these qualities, not least the ability to make good coffee late at night. People often ask me what a typical day in an interviewer's life is like. I have to answer that there isn't a "typical" day, because no two days are ever quite the same. One day you might work entirely at home, editing tapes, writing a script, or looking for stories and 'phoning producers. The next, you'll be out with your recorder, doing several interviews, perhaps also going into Broadcasting House to record a report or hand in an edited interview. Most of the reports and interviews that go to make up a magazine are pre-recorded but the show is linked together live by the presenter in the studio. Most days are a mixture of the interviewing and the "before-and-after" parts of the job. Of course, there are the occasional days, when there's nothing in the diary and the summer sun or the Christmas shopping call, and you simply decide that, being your own boss, you'll award yourself a day off and do no work at all! Which is one of the pleasanter things about being self-employed

and makes up for the times when you find yourself working till 1 a.m. on a piece which has to be recorded in the studio at 9.30 the same morning.

Another question I'm often asked is whether there aren't some problems for someone as short-sighted as me. This may or may not be followed by that old chestnut about radio being "such a suitable medium for visually handicapped people". It's a better one than television, I suppose, but the assumption that all visually handicapped people must automatically be good at radio, or even like it, seems to me as daft as those other popular folk myths about our always being musical, or loving dogs. However, the question about the problems is more valid. Yes, there are some; but by luck, and help, and above all by being stubborn enough to keep on till I'd found a way round, I've solved most of them to my satisfaction.

Read Print

Let me make it clear at this point that I'm lucky in having enough residual vision to read print, though I do have to stick the page more or less on the end of my nose. This means that the morning papers and such things as press handouts are accessible at first hand but I can't read a script in the studio from a typescript, because there wouldn't be room to get the microphone between it and my nose. I narrate my scripts from Braille, putting the sheets on my knee under the studio table, which shields out any possible finger-noise. It's a bore having to Braille a script when you've also had to type fair copies for the producer and studio staff but it works. Another thing I can't read is the level meter on my recorder; even on the end of my nose, it's too small. This used to give me some worries at first, because, although you can easily set a suitable level for one speaker, it's harder to get a good balanced recording between two or three if you can't tell at a glance whether the levels are compatible; but you soon develop an instinct about where to hold the mike, which carries you through ninety-five per cent of the time. I'm experimenting at present with an audible level monitor that bleeps in your ear when you reach a pre-set level; but even though this may turn out to be very useful, I suspect when it comes to the crunch I'll prefer my instinct most of the time.



Jane keeps up her guitar playing and song writing as a sideline. She has broadcast some songs and recently composed two for a documentary film.

The only other difficulties are those which any short-sighted individual has: not being able to drive a car, and not being able to identify people visually. This last rules out some kinds of jobs, especially the hard-news ones, but in any case the daily treadmill of news and current affairs really is not my scene, so there is no conflict. I like a story you can cover in a bit more depth, where research and skill as a gatherer and presenter of information are crucial; and in this field a visually handicapped person need be at no disadvantage at all.

If I had to pick out one reason above the rest why I enjoy freelancing so much, it would be the independence of it. I like being my own boss, organising my time and carrying the can for my work, good or bad. I work hard but then I work for myself. I still haven't got over the childish thrill of getting my pay in the form of cheques through the post, instead of as a regular lump of salary coming into my bank account at the end of the month; and the size and number of those cheques depends on my own efforts. Of course there are depressing times, when an interview

WALKING—W. MILLER

Due to my being indisposed in the latter part of last year, walking notes have got somewhat behind. I will therefore congratulate the members themselves for turning out and keeping things going.

Here are the results of the three races held so far this season at Ewell.

Order of finish	*Handicap time*	*Actual time*	*Allowance*
1½ Mile. 14th October 1972			
D. Purches	**14.10**	**16.50**	**2.40**
M. Tetley	14.13	15.38	1.25
J. Wright	14.24	16.49	2.25
C. Stafford	14.49	17.04	2.15
S. Tutton	14.51	17.06	2.15
B. Young	14.57	17.02	2.05
W. Miller	15.06	15.06	scr
3 Mile. 18th November 1972			
D. Purches	**27.20**	**33.05**	**5.45**
S. Tutton	28.19	34.39	6.20
B. Young	28.39	34.49	6.10
J. Wright	28.41	34.26	5.45
M. Tetley	28.43	32.03	3.20
C. Stafford	29.11	35.26	6.15
R. Mendham	30.37	30.37	scr
4½ Mile. 16th December 1972			
S. Tutton	**43.05**	**51.35**	**8.30**
B. Young	43.35	52.20	8.45
C. Stafford	43.42	53.22	9.40
M. Tetley	44.53	49.28	4.35
W. Miller	46.07	46.27FL	0.20
J. Wright	46.30	54.40	8.10
D. Purches	47.38	53.38	6.00

CORRECTION

In one of the Chairman's Notes in the January *Review* it was said that a total of four St. Dunstaners had been the subject of "This Is Your Life", the Television programme. In fact, a fifth, Captain K. C. Revis, M.B.E., should be added to the list. He was the subject of "This Is Your Life" on 9th October 1962. We apologise to Ken and to our readers.

The Other Side of the Mike—*contd.*

goes badly or a producer doesn't like the way you handle a story; but not too many, touch wood.

I've been freelance for a little over a year now. What the next year or two will bring, I don't know; but if I get as much fun and interest out of the job as I've had so far, I shan't be complaining.

Braille Competition

National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, London SW1P 3BU announces that the forty-fourth E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition will be held on Saturday, 7th April 1973.

Unseen passages will be read, and prizes awarded for fluency, ease of diction and general expression. (Should the entries in any class be very limited, prizes will be awarded only if merited).

ADULT

Sturmey-Wyman Challenge and Medal Competition

This class is in competition for the Sturmey-Wyman cup and is open only to previous winners of the Open and Medal classes. The winner will also receive a silver medal. *Readers entering for this class may not enter other classes.*

Class A. Advanced readers in competition for the Blanesburgh Cup.

Class B. Other readers in competition for the Stuart Memorial Cup.

Class C. Readers who have lost their sight since 1939 and who have learnt to read Braille since the age of 16 (and who do not feel competent to enter the more advanced classes), in competition for the Lady Buckmaster Cup. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon, but winners will receive prizes in the afternoon).

Open Competition

A special competition open to all readers eligible to enter Classes A and B and to all previous winners of Classes A, B and C for reading from the poems of John Betjeman. **Class D. Moon.** Open to readers of Moon type—Grade 1 and Grade 2. (Entrants for this will not read in the afternoon but winners will receive prizes in the afternoon).

The eliminating rounds will be held in the morning in the Library and will commence at 10 a.m. The finals will be held in the afternoon at Church House (which is also in Great Smith Street).

Intending competitors should send their names to the **Secretary, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, London SW1P 3BU,** not later than Friday, 16th March 1973 stating whether they will be bringing a friend and whether or not they will be staying to lunch (at a cost of 25p per head).

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND



Last month in Midland Club Notes we reported the presentation ceremony to Miss M. A. Midgley and we published her letter of thanks. This photograph shows Miss Midgley receiving her gift from Doug. Cashmore.

LONDON

Glitter, holly berries and colourful paper-chains slung airily from corner to corner—the tinkle of teaspoon and sound of laughter. This was the sight and sound that met most of us who attended the Christmas Domino evening on Thursday, 14th of December. All this matched the mood of our members as they came in from the grey evening light of Marylebone Road into the festival atmosphere of the gaily decorated Club Rooms to spend what proved to be a highly successful and happy evening.

The first prize went to Roy Armstrong with Ralph Pacitti and Joseph Majchrowicz tying for a very close second.

Our Football Pontoon ended on the 30th of December after a run of five weeks. Mrs. Douglass and Jack Simmons tied for the Pontoon, their teams being Cardiff and Bolton respectively. Charlie Hancock won the "booby" with Oxford.

Members of the London Club will be very pleased to learn that our former member Bob Bickley who went to live in Peacehaven some years ago, returned home a few days before Christmas after having spent several weeks in Bevendean Hospital and latterly at Northgate House. We all wish you well Bob, and still miss your presence at the London Club. We send our best wishes to your wife, Nancy, and your daughter Alison.

We have also missed our old friend Bill Harding at the Club of late, and hope by the time this is published that he will be feeling much better and will be back with us once again.

I hope all our members' New Year's resolution was to make 1973 a bumper one, and to work for the further success of the London Club throughout the coming year.

W. MILLER

BRIDGE NOTES

Christmas Bridge Drive

Lord Fraser, in his address of welcome to a record crowd of St. Dunstan's bridge players, wives and friends, assembled at the London club rooms, on 9th December, paid a warm tribute to all those who had rendered valuable service to the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club during the year. The occasion was the Christmas Bridge Drive, the final club engagement of 1972 which again featured a truly representative gathering of St. Dunstaners and their wives and many old friends with long associations with our club in London and in Brighton.

During the presentation of prizes later on by Lord Fraser the scene that presented itself at headquarters was more typical of a Christmas party, anyone surveying the tables now covered with evidence of the Christmas feast that had gone before, and brightly coloured wrappings discarded from hastily opened Christmas parcels, would find it difficult to believe that a serious game of bridge had not long been concluded

Concentration!

Nevertheless, it was in an atmosphere of keen concentration at the card tables that Lord Fraser had entered St. Dunstan's Headquarters earlier on, finding time before tea to visit every table and chat freely with the St. Dunstan's players and their partners.

After the presentation of prizes and gifts from the raffle, which once again had been well chosen by Mrs. Armstrong, the retiring Captain, Mr. Roy Armstrong replied to Lord Fraser on behalf of the assembly. He spoke for all when he expressed his regret that Lady Fraser had not been well enough to accompany the Chairman and he conveyed good wishes to them both for Christmas and the New Year from everyone present.

Many St. Dunstaners and their wives and friends, influenced still by the spirit of Christmas, stayed on after the Drive had ended and continued to enjoy themselves with an informal party in the club rooms which included singing Christmas carols and dancing to taped music.

At the end of a happy afternoon and an equally enjoyable evening, the thoughts and wishes of all of us still present went, once more, to that unique pair, Norman and Flora Smith. May we, also, express our appreciation and good wishes for 1973 to them with words which will be familiar to at least one half of this grand pair, "Lang may their lum reek".

"R.W.E."

Prizes: **1. W. Lethbridge and Mr. A Field.**
2. R. Armstrong and Miss Sheila Lyons
3. W. Phillips and Mr. S. Lightning
4. L. Douglass and Mr. S. Horstead
5. R. Pacitti and Mrs. Pacitti

Parity: J. Padley and Mrs. Padley
Booby: S. Webster and Miss Molly Byrne

After the Christmas and New Year Festivities, our "Individual" Competitions got off to a flying start and the first was held on Saturday, 6th January both in London and Brighton. The results were as follows:

London

W. Lethbridge and W. Miller	78
P. Nuyens and R. W. Evans	69
H. King and W. Phillips	60
A. Caldwell and J. Padley	59
W. Allen and H. Meleson	59
F. Dickerson and R. Pacitti	53

Brighton

R. Goding and W. T. Scott	77
R. Fullard and W. Burnett	68
F. Griffee and Partner	65
F. Rhodes and A. Dodgson	62
S. Webster and C. Walters	57
J. Whitcombe and W. Claydon	57
J. Chell and A. Smith	48

P. NUYENS, *Secretary.*

Bridge Correction

In the January *Review* the Teams of Four Sir Arthur Pearson Cups should have read T. Wood not F. Wood and we apologise for this.

New Curb on Doorstep Selling

We think that the undermentioned notice, sent to us by the Department of Employment at the end of December, will be of interest to our readers.

From January 1, 1973, it will generally become illegal to try to trade on public sympathy for disabled people in selling goods across the doorstep.

From then on, no organisation or person trading for private profit will be allowed to claim that goods they are offering for sale or to exchange across the doorstep will benefit disabled people in any way. Making such claims by telephone or by post is also illegal.

This is because the Trading Representations (Disabled Persons) Amendment Act comes into force on New Year's Day. It was put forward as a Private Member's Bill by Mr. David Reed, MP for Sedgefield, and received Government support during its passage through Parliament earlier this year.

The only organisations or bodies which are permitted to make such claims are local authorities; sheltered workshops for disabled people approved by the Department of Employment under the Disabled Persons (Employment) Acts; and charities registered with local authorities.

Most of the organisations in the authorised categories under the new Act, such as the Royal London Society for the Blind and Remploy Ltd., for example, do not sell door-to-door. They go out of their way to ensure that their goods are sold on the open market on their merits.

The only people trading for personal gain who are allowed under the Act to claim that the sale or exchange of their goods will benefit disabled people are those disabled people who are themselves running their own business and have themselves actually made the goods.

Under the new Act, complaints about people claiming to be selling or exchanging goods on behalf of disabled people should be made direct to the nearest police station or town or county hall. In Scotland complaints should be made only to the police.

Those convicted of breaking the new law can be fined up to £400, or imprisoned for up to two years, or both.

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Downward of Gloucester, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 23rd December, 1972.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. George Poole of Lowton, St. Luke's, nr. Warrington, Lancs., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary in May 1972.

Sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor of Hounslow, Middlesex, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 10th January, 1973. Mr. Taylor was awarded the American Silver Star for bravery during the Second World War.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

George Jakins of Guildford, Surrey, who is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild, Suzanne Margaret Morris, born to his only daughter, Hilda, on 16th August, 1972.

Norman Nolde of Cheltenham, Victoria, Australia, who is proud to announce the birth of a grand-daughter, born to his daughter and her husband, Beryl and Graham Cooke, on 21st October, 1972. She is their first grandchild.

John Lee of Saltdean, Sussex, is pleased to report that his daughter, Francesca, aged 14 years, has passed her Latin American ballroom dancing examination and received a gold medal.

Alexander Sterno of Cheltenham is very proud of his grand-daughter, Ursula, who has passed a number of dancing examinations. She has received the following awards for her dancing from the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, Grade IV modern dancing—highly commended. Grade III National Dance—highly commended. Silver Medal Senior National Dance—highly commended.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

RONALD GADSBY of Leeds who mourns the death of his father on 20th December, 1972.

JOHN LORD of Todmorden, Yorks., who mourns the death of his mother, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Kershaw, who passed away on 25th December, 1972.

WILLIAM MAHONEY of Bartley Green, Birmingham, who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Lilian May Mahoney, who passed away on 31st December, 1972.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Dennis Dunn. *4th Welsh Regiment*

Dennis Dunn of Portslade, Nr. Brighton, Sussex, died on 13th December, 1972, at the age of 46 years.

Mr. Dunn enlisted with the 4th Welsh Regiment in 1944 and served with them until his discharge in 1945. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1960. He lived with his family in South Wales but on the deterioration of the health of his mother, Mr. Dunn was invited to reside at Pearson House, which he did with occasional visits home, until his marriage in 1970.

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn set up home in Portslade, Sussex. Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Dunn was a V.A.D. at Pearson House, and during Mr. Dunn's recent illness she nursed him devotedly.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jill Dunn.

Percy Edward Johns. *Grenadier Guards*

Percy Edward Johns of Torquay, Devon, died in hospital, on 14th December, 1972, at the age of 80 years.

He enlisted in the Grenadier Guards in 1912 and served with them until his discharge in 1916, when he came to St. Dunstan's.

After training he set up as a poultry keeper and continued with this work for some years. He gave this up in 1927 and made mats for a while before retraining as a telephonist. In 1928 he accepted his first position as a telephonist and moved to Chesterfield. He stayed in Chesterfield at his work until 1945 when he obtained another telephony post in Sheffield, where he continued to work until 1948, when his health showed signs of strain, he retired in 1949 and moved to Torquay.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Johns, two married daughters and an invalid son.

James Ingram. *8th Seaforth Highlanders*

James Ingram of Maidenhead, Berks, died on 18th December, 1972, at the age of 78 years.

He enlisted in the 8th Seaforth Highlanders in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1917, when he came to St. Dunstan's.

Mr. Ingram trained as a physiotherapist, and continued with this profession until 1931 when he was awarded a scholarship which was the first such scholarship given to a St. Dunstaner by the British School of Osteopathy.

On qualifying he secured an appointment in Maidenhead, where he settled and remained until his death. Mr. Ingram is survived by his son who lives in New Zealand with his family, and his daughter, Miss J. Ingram, who lives in the West Country. His wife predeceased him in 1969.

Mr. Ingram took a great interest in his early life in sporting affairs and in 1926 won the London to Brighton Walk for the third time and was presented with a silver cup (August *Review* 1972).

Albert Oldfield. *Royal Engineers*

Albert Oldfield of Sheffield, Yorkshire, died on 31st December, 1972, at his home. He was 81 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers and served with them until October 1917, when he was wounded at Ypres, and came to St. Dunstan's in that year.

He trained in poultry keeping and boot repairing and later became a shopkeeper, and continued with this occupation until 1971. His other interests were his greenhouse and he also kept poultry. In recent months his health was only fair but nevertheless his death was unexpected.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Marjory Oldfield.

Miss Marguerite Tickner. *Women's Royal Army Corps*

Miss Marguerite Tickner (also known as Margaret) of Hove, Sussex, died on 4th January, 1973, at the early age of 52 years.

Miss Tickner joined the A.T.S. (as it was then) in 1943 and served with them until her discharge in 1946. She came to St. Dunstan's in 1966. At this time she was already seriously disabled and confined to a wheelchair. Since her discharge from the W.R.A.C. she has been nursed devotedly by her widowed mother, Mrs. E. Tickner. Miss Tickner also had a sister and a brother, both of whom are married, and all the family have helped her throughout her illness.

Miss Tickner spent many holidays at Ovingdean and latterly at Pearson House and took a keen interest in social activities.

She leaves her mother, a brother and a sister.

Frank Stevens. *Leicester Regiment*

Frank Stevens of Derby, died in hospital on 31st December, 1972, at the age of 74.

He served in the Leicester Regiment from 1915 to 1919 and was the victim of a mustard gas attack. Although Mr. Stevens served in the First World War he did not come to St. Dunstan's until August last year when he was, of course, retired. He did not enjoy good health but nevertheless his death was most unexpected.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Constance Stevens.

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St Dunstans REVIEW MARCH



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 639 **MARCH 1973** 5p MONTHLY

PRESENTATION TO MR. LLOYDS

The small Committee formed to deal with the above, consisting of Messrs. F. Rhodes and P. Nuyens from World War I and T. Tatchell and W. Thornton from World War II, has met at Headquarters and agreed that the presentation should be carried out at the London Reunion on 31st March, the date of Mr. Lloyds' retirement.

It will not, of course, be possible for all St. Dunstaners who subscribed to the fund to attend, but consent has been given for an invitation to be extended to one St. Dunstaner from each area not represented at the Reunion, to come, and names will be drawn by ballot in due course.

LEGAL OFFICER

We are glad to inform St. Dunstaners that MR. W. C. WEISBLATT has been appointed Legal Officer and will be taking up his duties at Headquarters on 1st March.

Mr. Weisblatt is a Bachelor of Law, having graduated at London University in 1958. He comes to St. Dunstan's from the Civil Service where he has been engaged in probate and trust work. Mr. Weisblatt lives at Hampton in Middlesex and during his spare time has undertaken voluntary social work in that area.

Royal Tournament and Trooping the Colour

It is hoped that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Private View of the Royal Tournament at Earls Court on the afternoon of Wednesday, 11th July, and also for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony on the morning of Saturday, 2nd June.

Would any St. Dunstaner who wishes to apply for tickets please contact Miss Bridger at Headquarters by 30th April.

C. D. WILLS,
Assistant Secretary

COVER PICTURE: *Full frontal view of a Bullnose Morris. Our picture was taken at a rally of the Bullnose Morris Club in Cowley.*
See ways of Life on centre pages.

PROFESSOR A. J. M. MILNE, Ph.D., B.Sc.(Econ.)

Many congratulations to Alan Milne, who has just been made a Professor by Queen's University, Belfast. He writes: "I have been appointed to what is known as a 'personal chair'. Most universities have a small quota of these and they are filled by people whose standard of scholarship, teaching, and contribution to academic life is such that they would normally be expected to get regular chairs but have not done so. . . . It is quite an elaborate affair, they take external assessors' opinions of your work and so forth and generally make sure you are up to scratch". Alan first went to Queen's University as a lecturer sixteen years ago and was subsequently appointed Reader in Social Philosophy. Now all his friends will be delighted to hear of his latest outstanding academic success and will wish to send Alan and Anita their very best wishes.

British Sports Association for the Disabled

There are now Regional and Branch Committees in all areas of England and Wales, and many activities are being organised.

B.S.A.D. have Mr. Atkinson and Miss Newton travelling all over the country and helping with the new Clubs and Committees and Mr. Papps is the administrator. All this takes money beyond our Government grant.

I am now on the appeals sub-committee of B.S.A.D. and am organising a nationwide collection of green shield stamps. Many St. Dunstaners and their friends are already helping. Will you join in the Collection? Full books of green shield stamps can be sent to me but to save postage could be handed in at St. Dunstan's Reunions addressed to me—or to St. Dunstan's Clubs, or at Pearson House. We have a target of 1,000 books worth 60p each by the end of the year.

AVIS SPURWAY

Coming Events

SPORTS NEWS

Annual Sports 1973

The St. Dunstan's Annual Sports and the Lee-on-Solent Camp Sports will run in conjunction at Lee-on-Solent on Saturday and Sunday, 18th and 19th August. Would all St. Dunstaners who wish to compete in: (a) St. Dunstan's Annual Sports, (b) Camp Sports or (c) both, please write to: J. Carnochan at Pearson House for entry forms and further details. The British Sports Association for the Disabled, Sussex Branch, of which St. Dunstan's is a member, is holding a Festival of Sport for the disabled at the new Worthing Sports Centre, Shaftesbury Avenue, Worthing, on Saturday, 31st March from 2 to 5 p.m.

The purpose of this festival is to demonstrate to disabled people in the country and others interested some possiblities for sport and leisure activities and a wide range of such activities will be demonstrated by disabled sportsmen. St. Dunstan's will demonstrate rifle shooting and carpet bowls. If you are local or in the area on this date, come along, bring your friends and support this worthwhile project.

DERBY DAY COACH TRIP

It is proposed to run a coach trip for Derby Day, leaving H.Q. Old Marylebone Road, at 9.15 a.m., Wednesday, 6th June, this year.

Any St. Dunstaner wishing to join our party should send in his name not later than Saturday, 31st March to: **Norman Smith, St. Dunstan's London Club, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.**

The outing is always an unqualified success for the price charged. This includes the coach fare, a packed luncheon with either soft drinks or beer. This year the charge will be £1.50 per person. This must be paid when booking.

It is a most enjoyable day out and I hope more St. Dunstaners will wish to be included in this trip to the Derby. So hurry up and send your names in to Norman as soon as possible.

May it be noted that if insufficient St. Dunstaners book for the coach trip, this will have to be cancelled. W. MILLER

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Arthur Hill of Taunton, Somerset

My wife and I enjoyed a fourteen days' cruise over Christmas, calling at Lisbon, Dakar, Las Palmas and Madeira.

It was a great pleasure to meet the Rev. and Mrs. D. M. Harper. As St. Dunstaners will know, he was chaplain at Ovingdean two or three years ago. He met us at the ship and took us to his parsonage and entertained us for the afternoon. He sends his greetings to all St. Dunstaners and to Matron Blackford. He would like anyone visiting the Island to get in touch with him, and they would be very welcome.

We wish to convey our thanks to Rev. and Mrs. Harper for their warm hospitality and the happy afternoon they gave us, it was the highlight of our cruise.

Editor's Note

We repeat the Rev. D. M. Harper's address which we gave on page 4 of the November 1972 Review. *It is:* **The Rev. D. M. Harper, M.A., The Parsonage, Rua Do Quebra Costas, 20, Funchal, Madeira.**

STOKE MANDEVILLE SPORTS

B.S.A.D. Multi-Disabled Sports will take place from, **Friday, 7th September** to **Sunday, 9th September** at Stoke Mandeville. Entries must be in by 26th July to: Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.

H.M.S. DAEDALUS CAMP

H.M.S. Daedalus, Lee-on-Solent, Hants., will take place from Friday, 17th August, to Saturday, 25th August. Please let me have your entries as soon as possible. Closing date for entries—Friday, 4th May. Fares will be repaid in camp in full. Camp fee £5. Please write to: **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.** Tel. Bishops Lydeard 359.

CHANGED DATE

May it be noted that the Bridge Drive which was originally arranged to take place on 31st March, 1973, has now been altered to **14th April,** due to the fact that the London Reunion will now take place on the former date.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Having just emerged from January's dark days, we cheer ourselves by noting the lengthening of the daylight hours and looking forward to the end of Winter. On the South Coast we have been very fortunate in having an easy, mild Winter, which suits most of us very well. It does, however, lead the gardeners among us to wonder whether a few sharp frosts and a layer of snow wouldn't have benefited our gardens. All growing things seem to be too advanced at present and we notice that already the crocus are coming out in Brighton's public gardens. Very soon there will be a rich carpet of purple, yellow and white under all the trees in Old Steine—a most lovely sight each Spring. These thoughts lead us to look at our own Pearson House garden which is now taking shape. A lot of rose trees are being planted, there is to be a large lawn, plenty of sitting out space and a number of trees eventually, we hope. Visions of fragrant summer days ahead, sitting at our leisure in the garden! We can dream, can't we?

Life has been fairly quiet during January but certainly not dull. Our Wednesday Group was successfully re-opened with a General Discussion on topics of current interest, under the Chairmanship of Mr. J. Stokes. We were delighted to have with us Tony Ellis, Freddie Beard and Paddy Cooke, from Northgate House, also local St. Dunstaners, Vic Buck and Ted Frearson, so that with several Pearson House residents we were quite a goodly crowd and we found many interesting things to talk about. Perhaps here we might mention that if any other St. Dunstaners living in Brighton would care to come and join the Discussions some time, we would be very pleased to have them with us. Just contact Miss Dagnall for further details.

Sunday evenings have provided us with some interesting happenings. "Journey into Winter", our seasonal anthology thought up by Miss Dagnall and Mr. Tom Eales and presented by Miss Dagnall, Mrs. Dennis and Mrs. Williams was given its second performance to a very appreciative audience, to most of whose members it was new. Those who heard it last year enjoyed it just as much and all seem to find the mixture of words and music very good listening. Our Sunday Stereo concerts have continued, one of them being a very popular session run jointly by Mrs. Dennis and Mrs. Williams. These two originals find something fresh to amuse and entertain most of the time and between them they filled the Winter Garden with pleasure and amusement. Another of our musical stalwarts, Mr. Les Harris, also came along on Sunday with his own particular brand of recorded music which is always enjoyed.

The Winter Garden was full of St. Dunstaners and Staff when Miss Scott came to visit us to be presented with her retirement gifts. St. Dunstaners throughout the country were most generous in their contributions and Miss Scott chose a V.H.F. radio for their present. A substantial cheque for the balance will enable her to add to her house furnishings. The staff presented her with a very smart suede coat, pint size of course! Harry Boorman made the St. Dunstaners' presentation and Commandant for the staff. Both paid sincere tributes to Miss Scott's work and our affection towards her.

Miss Peggy Everett

St. Dunstaners in the North-West will be pleased to learn that their Welfare Visitor, Miss Peggy Everett, has become engaged to be married to Mr. Alexander Ballantyne on 1st March. After her marriage, Miss Everett plans to live in Sale and to continue her work with St. Dunstan's on a part-time basis.

We all wish Miss Everett and Mr. Ballantyne every happiness in their future life together.

Dancing St. Dunstaner

Congratulations to Harold Hitchen of Nelson, Lancs., who recently won a Cup for Old Tyme Dancing at the Burnley Blind Centre. Mr. Hitchen only started dancing after losing his sight—he came to St. Dunstan's in 1961.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1164

Kangaroo
by D. H. Lawrence
Read by Stephen Jack

This extremely descriptive novel about Australia, her people and their way of life is the first work by this author that I can say I have enjoyed. Set in the early twenties, Lawrence describes the friction between the socialists and a quasi fascist group. Somers, Lawrence's fictitious English immigrant wants only to watch from the sidelines but finds himself being drawn in by both sides. Himself a pacifist Somers is sickened by the ensuing violence and decides to quit Australia for America, although he knows he has fallen in love with Australia and one day must return.

Cat. No. 1178

Puppet on a Chain
by Alistair Maclean
Read by Michael de Morgan

Although not up to the standard of *The Guns of Navarone* or *Where Eagles Dare*, for hair-raising suspense this book, in which Major Paul Sherman of Interpol Narcotics goes out on a limb to tear asunder the Amsterdam drug smuggling syndicate, is packed solid with action. I think the fascination of this writer is his ability for super exaggeration while always keeping a firm grip on his reader's interest. With a couple of beers this story should make a lively evenings entertainment.

Cat. No. 1177

The Hired Man
by Melvyn Bragg
Read by Stephen Jack

Surely this book must be described as a modern classic. The author has an elegance of style and a simplicity of description which brings the story to life as it flows from sentence to sentence.

John Tallentire has incurred the wrath of his father by breaking off his apprenticeship to a blacksmith, marrying his sweetheart and setting off to hire himself out as a farm labourer. He loves his work and endures the poverty until the farmer's son lays siege to the affections of his wife. Encouraged by his brother he leaves the land and becomes a miner. He misses the land and the good fresh air but is happy in the comparative comfort of his family.

Then comes the 1914-18 war when he and his brothers join up. John after being wounded is put to work in a blacksmith's shop while his fourteen year old son puts up his age and fights at the front. When his son is killed on the day before the armistice John returns home to find that the strain has seriously affected his wife's health. He returns to the pit, while she, suffering from consumption, is forced to retire to bed. On the day she dies John is seriously injured in a mining accident. In a half coma he wakes in a hospital bed, secretly dresses and goes out seeking to be reunited with his wife. His instincts direct his feet up away from the town to the old farm labourers cottage where he and his young bride had first set up home.

The author concludes with a sense of irony showing John, now a broken man, retracing his former footsteps to a public fair where he hopes to hire himself out as a farm labourer to the highest bidder.

THANK YOU

My dear Friends,

I wish I could write to each and all of you to say thank you for my most handsome radio and very generous cheque, but so many of you have contributed, I would never in a "month of Sundays" answer you all.

I am most touched and quite overwhelmed, not only with your gift but your messages, letters, cards and your loving good wishes.

It was hard to leave after so many years. I felt quite lost, but as I now live in Brighton, I hope always to keep in touch and I am very much looking forward to Ovingdean re-opening and seeing you all when you once again come down on holiday.

As always, with my love and good wishes, Affectionately,

JANE SCOTT

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

William Birkby of Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's in January 1973. Mr. Birkby served with the 1/6 Duke of Wellington Regiment in the First World War. He is married.

Albert Marchant of Gravesend, Kent, came to St. Dunstan's in January 1973. He served in the Army Catering Corps in the Second World War. He is married.

Hugh Richard Hamilton of Eltham, joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1973. He served in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders in the Second World War and is married.

Alfred Howe of Mitcham, Surrey, came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1973. He served in the London Scottish Regiment during the First World War. After his discharge in 1918 he worked for many years as an Accountant and Company Secretary.

Noel Hughes of Clevedon, Somerset, came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1973. He served in the Royal Navy during the First World War. Mr. Hughes is married.

Herbert Hutchinson of Barnsley, Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1973. He served in both the Duke of Wellington Regiment and West Riding Regiment during the First World War. He is married.

John Herbert Underwood of Birstall, Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1973. He served in the King's Liverpool Regiment in the First World War and was a civilian prisoner of the Japanese in China during the Second World War. He is married with a grown-up family abroad.

Derby Sweepstake

Applications are once again invited from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in the *St. Dunstan's Review* Derby Sweepstake. The attention of everyone is drawn to the rule that **every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**

Tickets are 15p each, and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, 23rd May.** Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and, **with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed,** must be sent to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered.

Tickets will be issued consecutively, and are limited to twenty-four.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50 *per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.*

20 *per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.*

10 *per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.*

20 *per cent to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts in the race.*

No prize won in the Sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 31st May, the race being run on 6th June.

Common Market Joke

Q. What is the name for a French lawyer's child-minder?

A. Avocado Pear.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Microscope for Mauritius

In the June 1971 *Review* we printed an article by **Bob Young** on a holiday visit to Mauritius which he called "Stranger in Mauritius". Whilst on the island Bob learnt that a number of adults and even children had lost their sight because the serrated edges of the sugar cane leaf had pierced an eye whilst they were working in the plantations. On his return home he mentioned this to our physiotherapist, **Edward (Dick) Slaughter** who is past president of the Rotary Club of Salisbury and a member of the Rotary International Committee.

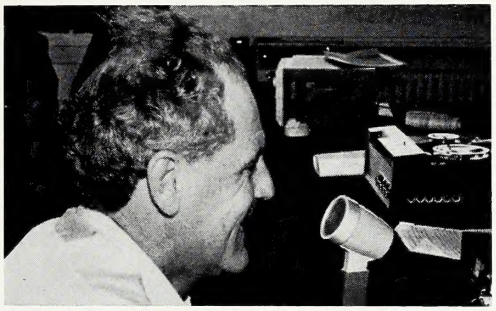
Dick Slaughter took the matter up with the International Committee whose secretary contacted the Rotary Club of Port Louis, Mauritius, and learnt that an operating microscope would be the most useful piece of apparatus for them because this would enable the island to dispense with routine visits by doctors from India which cost £300 annually.

As a result of this initiative the Rotary Club of Salisbury and other Rotarians in the district raised the sum of £400 to which was added the gift of £200 from the Rotary Foundation Fellowship. A sum of £600 has thus been made available and is sufficient to purchase the operating microscope which will be presented to the Port Louis Club by one of the past presidents of the Salisbury Club when he visits Mauritius on holiday this month. A suitable inscription will be attached and any necessary accessories will be supplied by the Port Louis Club.

This seems to me a splendid example of the blind helping the blind across a vast stretch of land and water with the generous support of many sighted friends in Rotary.

A Good QSO

Tommy Gaygan G4AFV—that's his radio call-sign — rang me to tell me about the success of the first St. Dunstan's net, a sort of reunion on the air between our war-blinded radio amateurs. "It was bad luck for Bill Shea — G4AUJ", he said, "because he had done so much to set up this idea and when the day came his set packed up. Eric Rowe, G3ULX down at Minehead took over the Chairmanship and he did it very well."



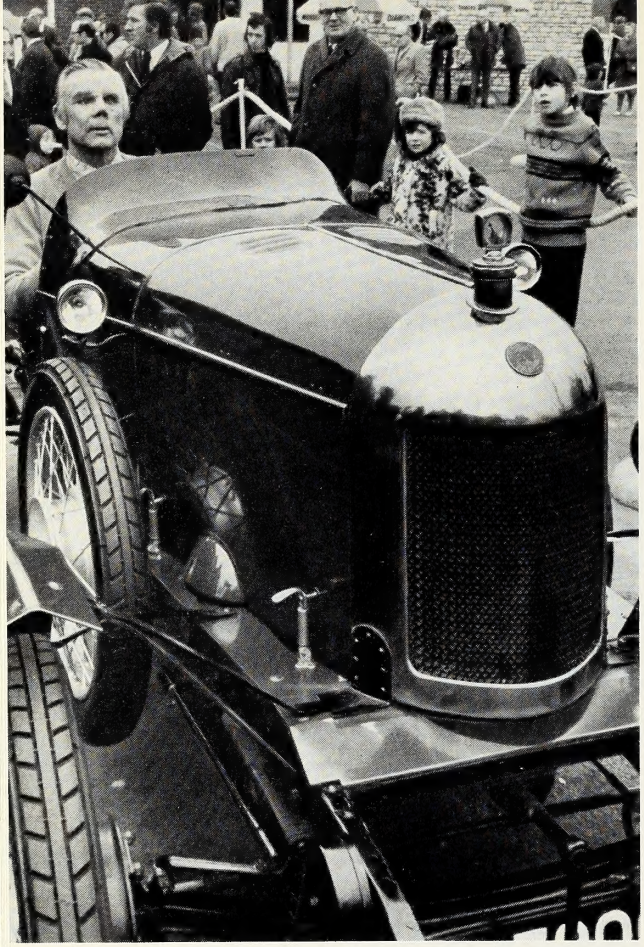
Eric Rowe

As well as Eric and Tommy, taking part in the hour long radio "confab" were Jock Inness, G4AJP, Cyril Parker, G3XTV, George Taylor, G4BNI, and George Cole G4AWI. In addition a non-St. Dunstan's blind amateur, John Morgan G3YIK of Stratford-on-Avon, joined in.

"There were no problems" said Tommy, "It was a quiet frequency—a good QSO. I hope the rest of St. Dunstan's radio hams will join in any Sunday at 11.30 a.m. on 3720 metres, plus or minus the QRM."

Off The Scale

We publish Silver, Ruby, Golden, even Diamond weddings in the Family News section of the *Review* so when I heard **Bill** and **Alice Dudley** of Horley, have been married 65 years, I looked up the book to see what anniversary theirs is. I found there isn't a name for the sixty-fifth—Bill and Alice have gone off the scale! It is not so surprising really because I should think the Dudleys have probably set a record among St. Dunstaners. They were married on 26th January, 1908 so they had been man and wife eleven years when Bill lost his sight in France in 1917. He is retired now and they live quietly in Horley, their four children are all married. In congratulating them I wish them more happy years together.



Ken Revis sits in the first MG.

DOING WHAT I LIKE—

Ken Revis

A glance along a man's bookshelf, they say, can give you a pretty good idea of the man himself. In Ken Revis's study there is quite a collection, many of them autographed by their authors. The books around Ken include a set of the "Encyclopedia Britannica", "The Lawyer", John Masterman's "Bowhani Junction", Lord Fraser's "My Story of St. Dunstan's", "The Guinness Book of Records", "Old Cars the World Over", "Highly Explosive" by John Frayn Turner, "A Treatise on the Law and Practice of Arbitrations and Awards", "The Powerless Ones", a book on gliding, "Veteran and Vintage Cars"; also hanging on the wall is a guitar.

In assessing Ken Revis from the evidence in his "den" the guitar is the clue because he is a man who does things as well as reading about them. Since he was totally blinded when, as a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, thirteen anti-vehicle mines exploded while he was working on clearing Brighton's West Pier, Ken has qualified as a solicitor, sung on television, worked in welfare, publicity and staff training for British Leyland; he has water-skied, piloted gliders and driven one of his company's fastest sports cars at a hundred miles an hour.

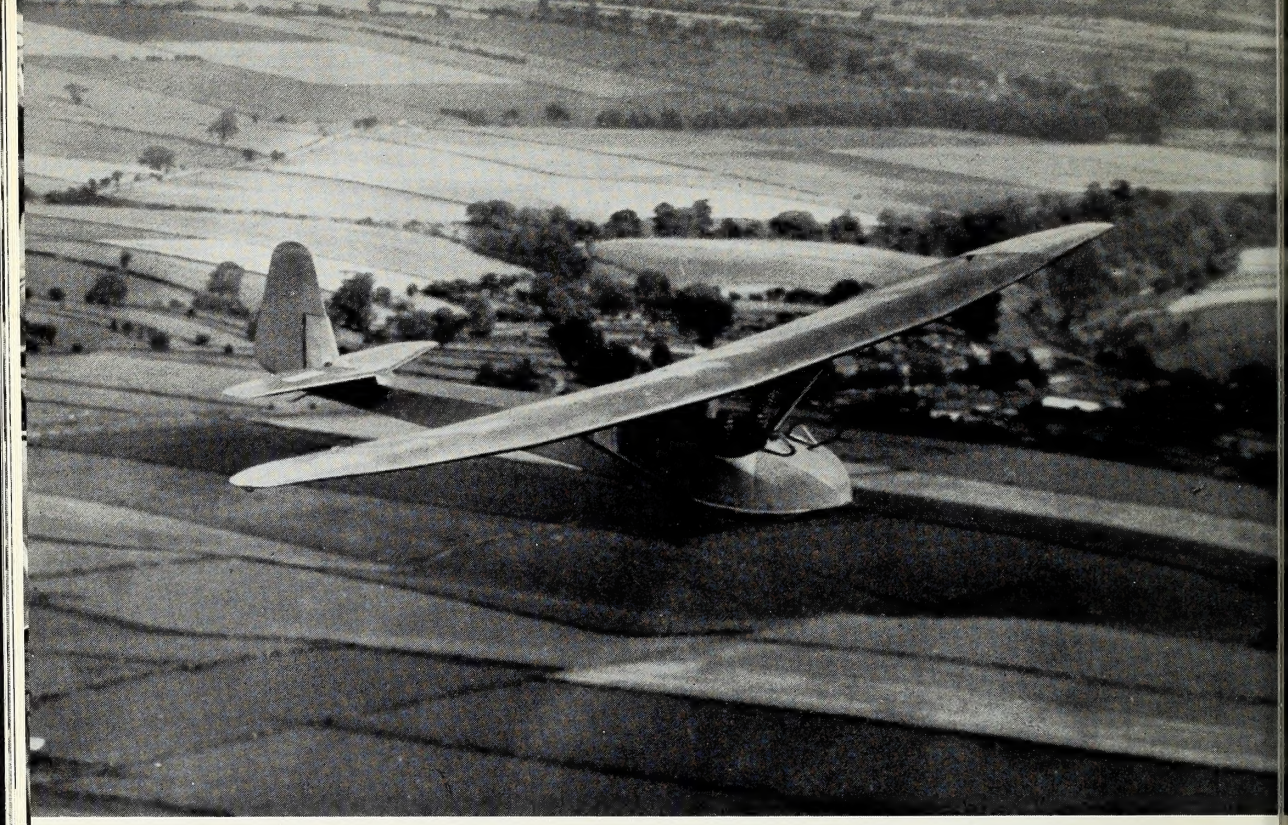
Strong visual memory

In his life he has been fortunate, or energetic enough to follow up most, if not all, his interests. It is as if he has been proving something and Ken agrees, "After all, most St. Dunstaners have been blinded in the prime of life. We've been blinded as young, pretty robust, adults. In my case I have a very strong visual memory. I feel sort of spurred on to do these things. I think we all like to be—this sounds rather shallow—but like to be admired. I feel that I've got these interests and I've got to keep them up".



Riding in a vintage Morris at last January's rally in Cowley . . . and, in contrast driving an MGA sports car at 100 m.p.h. in March 1961 with Jo as "navigator" on the runway of Chalgrove Airfield. Photo: Daily Mail.





Airborne over Yorkshire, Ken Revis pilots a glider. Photo: Daily Mail.

But there is more to it than just being admired as Ken explains, "Because I like them: I like cars, I like flying, I like singing, I like public speaking." Ken Revis, then, does the things he likes to do although some might say that a blind man piloting a glider or driving a car at 100 m.p.h. on an airfield runway are pointless. To them Ken replies, "Agreed, you can say that but then some blind people go to Ovingdean and they get on the rifle range where you can tell whether you are on target by the pitch in your headphones. That wouldn't interest me in the slightest degree. I don't know why. Some blind people throw darts at the dart board. I don't know how they do it. Somehow that wouldn't interest me but whether that proves that I am an extrovert I don't know".

"When you are gliding you can feel the swing of the glider, the wind on your face. You can hear the noise. If you are flying too fast then the noise is too loud and you've got to pull the stick back to slow the machine down. If you are flying too slowly it will be too quiet so you've got to push the stick forward. These are what I get out of gliding perhaps it's the more physical things." Ken flies with a "fast talking instructor" beside him as he puts it. In the car it is Jo, his wife, who gives him the vital running commentary to help him keep track down the runway. "It must be an open car, I wouldn't enjoy it if it wasn't. I wouldn't go in a closed glider because I wouldn't feel the wind."

Looking for a central thread running through a varied and full life the motor car is an obvious choice. Ken was not quite eighteen when he bought his first car, "It was a Rover 9 which had originally been one of those sort of aluminium bodies with a boat shaped back. It was an absolute scrap of a car and within 12 months I rebuilt it, got it going and got my first driving licence. The difficulties were with the actual body and I had a great deal of help over that." All that was in 1935 the year he started his articles as a civil engineer with the County Surveyor of Bedfordshire, a peace-time profession which led him into the Royal Engineers and the highly dangerous work of bomb disposal.

Perhaps surprisingly Ken was not a volunteer for this, "We were just posted into bomb disposal. Of course we were all a bit apprehensive. The way I looked at it was that once I had done the first one I could do it and I also used to think, well, if anything goes up it won't hurt me it will just kill me. Of course, in fact that wasn't so. When it did finally go up it wasn't big enough to kill me."

It was, however, big enough to make Ken feel that his practical interest in cars and in flying—another youthful enthusiasm dating from times at Cardington watching the airship R101—and, worse still, his profession as a civil engineer were over. It was something of a surprise to find himself, on his return from a spell of welfare work for St. Dunstan's in India, offered the chance to join one of Britain's giants in the motor industry—Morris Motors. He has been there ever since while his employers have become the British Motor Corporation and now, British Leyland. He has been in welfare, publicity and now on training as a lecturer to apprentices and to new supervisors.

Happy period

He was closest to the cars in publicity—an eight or nine year spell he describes as, "A very happy period in my life. It was my job to administer the fleet of press cars—loan them to press or television or any journalist who wanted to road test a car. I had to familiarise myself with all the cars. Literally scramble about them, be driven out in them and so on. You can get a good impression from the models used in design, that's a quarter scale which makes a car about 3 foot 6 inches long scaled down from a 14 foot car. You can literally feel the front and over the top to the back—you can pick it up in your arms. I would feel the actual car as well and, of course, I read up their brochures."

When Ken began, his fleet covered the latest in the Nuffield Organisation, Morris, Wolseley, Riley, MG and Van den Plas—examples of each model under these marks, "I had many of each model because, for example, the Morris Minor, there was the saloon version, the tourer, there were two door and four door, and some models had automatic or manual gear systems." It was Ken's job to administer this fleet, its servicing and maintenance, "This was not in any way a special group of cars in the sense that they were tuned but we did have a show bay that prepared cars for the Motor Show and as a sideline they used to fill up my cars, make sure the tyre pressures were right, they kept them clean and made sure everything was working properly."

With the enlarging of the group Ken's press fleet grew too, taking in the Austins as well until he was keeping track of some fifty or sixty cars. "When the 1100 was launched in 1962 we ordered sixteen brand new ones specially to hand over to the press. We wined and dined all the journalists in one of the Oxford Colleges. We took them out, gave them picnic lunches with a bottle of wine and a flask of coffee and they could go on a pre-determined route. I'm afraid they didn't stick to it! But we did map out a route for them because the car wasn't officially announced. This was to be a couple of weeks afterwards so that they could get their reports written and ready for announcement day."

Feature writer—Ken

In addition Ken was employed as a feature writer for the Corporation's newspaper. He was, of course, also involved in the day to day work of contact with the press and other writers. It was through this that he became connected with the Bullnose Morris Club. "One of the leading lights of the Club was writing a book about the car. In fact it's up there on the

In the cockpit before take-off, Ken is shown the controls by Ralph Stothard while Jo keeps an eye on things. Photo: Daily Mail.



shelf with his signature on it, *The Bullnose Morris*. I helped in the research for this book by getting old catalogues, even asking people personal reminiscences, people who'd been there from Lord Nuffield's day. Lord Nuffield, himself, was in fact the first President of the Bullnose Morris Club. Well, he died in 1963 and some weeks or months after that they wrote and asked me if I would be President. Of course, I was very bowled over by it."

"I'd always been interested in the history of motoring. I think it started because my father was the senior local taxation officer for Bedfordshire. He used to tell me all about the early days when driving licences came in and how a man would register a car and the number was taken from one car to another. He told me about the Motor Car Act of 1903 and the Roads Act of 1920 and when discs—licence discs —first came. This goes back to my school-days. One of the masters at school had a supercharged Lagonda. I remember how we all used to think how wonderful it was."

No vintage car

Yet Ken has never thought of owning a vintage or veteran car. "Of course I've wanted to but I couldn't do justice to it if I did. We haven't the space. I know some blind people do muck about with cars but I just felt we hadn't the space here, and they are not cheap to own." As President of the Club Ken finds himself participating in many rallies. He has been driven in a 1902 Wolseley in the London-Brighton Veteran Car Run and in 1968 travelled from Cape Town to Durban in a 1926 two-seater Bullnose Morris. To a sighted person such rallies would seem to be essentially a visual experience, "That is true but there is something about sitting in a veteran or vintage car. You've got the feel of it, the open air and the lack of suspension, you know. There's the sound of the motor. It obviously is a visual experience but it's one you can enjoy without vision."

"All sorts of people belong to the Bull-nose Morris Club, literally all sorts. Quite a lot of them are in the motor business. There's a chap in Abingdon who runs a carpet business; civil servants and maiden ladies, all sorts really." . . . And the reason they cherish these old cars? "I think the reason is this, people regard a vintage car as being properly made—craftsmanship. That is why vintage will not change. Vintage isn't age. Vintage is before a certain year—before the end of 1930. Flow production as we know it today hadn't taken a grip by then. In the very early days when Morris built his first cars they were literally a chassis with a cluster of men round it putting bits on—humping the engine in, bolting the springs on and lifting the body on and so on."

History of the car

Ken often gives talks on the history of the car. He enjoys public speaking, "I like being asked to go and give a talk on the motor car and there's no doubt I like class-room work." The classes Ken refers to are part of his present work with British Leyland, "I give lectures on the principles of organisation, the history of the Corporation. Then I give them an introduction to Law—just a little bit of how Law developed—Common Law, Statute Law, Common Law duty as to safety, in other words negligence, and of course, modern legislation such as the Factories Act."

That Ken is qualified to talk on legal subjects is due to a decision he took in 1954. "I said I'd like to become a lawyer. I felt it would give me wider scope so I got myself articled to an Oxford solicitor. The Corporation were jolly good to me, they gave me a sabbatical five years. They were marvellous and they kept paying me because, obviously, there was no pay as an articled clerk."

In fact it was a five and a half year stint that Ken did, working at the solicitor's office and studying through readers and tape recorders in his spare time. "I had two periods of full-time studies in London either at the Law Society's School of Law or what they call crammer courses, specially designed for particular exams. Things don't stick when you are 38 like they do when you are 18. You've got to read things many more times. I did find that."

At examinations Ken had an amanuensis supplied by the Law Society, "I was put into a little private room and, at the stroke of nine or ten or whatever it was, the envelope with the questions was opened and they were read to me as many times and in whatever order I wanted. I dictated the answers and was allowed an extra half hour on a three hour paper." He heard that he had passed in a night club in

Liverpool, where he was listening to an artiste for the production company in which he is associated with Jo and Bill Scott Coomber, vocalist with Jack Payne between the wars and afterwards a BBC producer. It was Bill who got the news for Ken from the *Liverpool Echo* news desk.

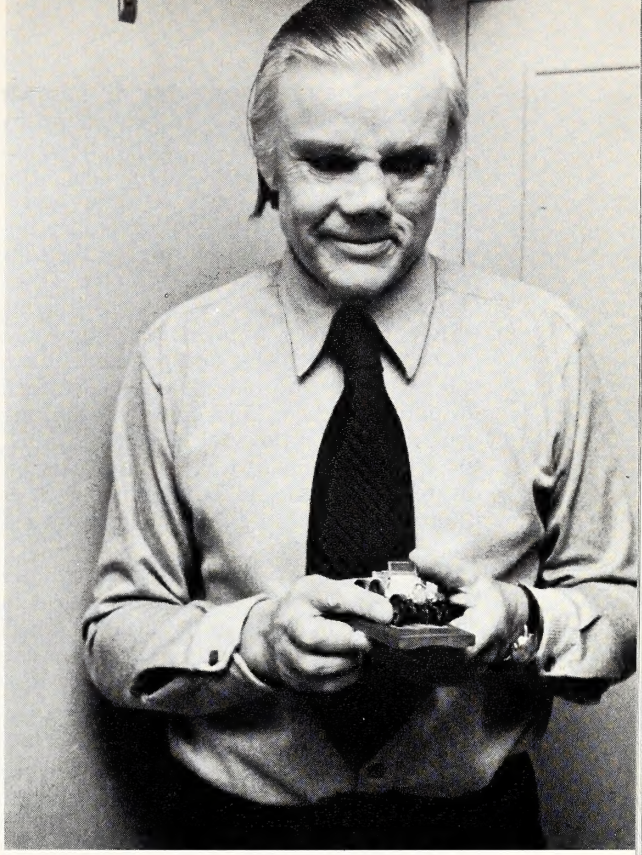
"I was delighted to have passed but I think being admitted as a solicitor, that happened a few weeks later in a ceremony at the Law Society, I think really that was just about the proudest moment of my life." Prouder than receiving his M.B.E. from King George VI at Buckingham Palace? "Yes, I think so. I suppose I thought I had done more. It had taken me five years."

Sandra Productions

Ken also uses his legal knowledge in contract work for Sandra Productions, the theatrical company named after his former guide dog. As local guide dog organisers he and Jo arranged the heats for Oxford's Top Town team for BBC television. "I sang one song specially written for me called 'Sandra by my Side'. Bill was Assistant Producer of the Top Town contest. I think it was always his ambition to run his own little company and when he met up with us and found we were leaning towards it, we formed Sandra Productions Ltd. We produce a show every year at Filey and we've done shows in Bridlington, Cromer, Minehead and Scarborough."

There is another segment of Ken's life which links with his interest in law. It began when he arranged for some ex-car carpet to be supplied to a discharged prisoners' hostel. "That is how I got on the Committee which is the Oxfordshire Prisoners' Aid Society. I go into the hostel and chat with these chaps. They seem to accept me immediately. It's christian names straight away and I don't seem to be regarded as Committee. Perhaps it is because I am blind. I have found that people are more willing to unburden themselves to a blind person."

He is quick to point out that he is not a "do-gooder" and he is also active on the side of crime prevention as Chairman of the Oxford District Crime Prevention Panel. "It is interesting work but it can only be telling people. We can't alter the criminal's mind. We can't stop him being a criminal. All we can do is to tell the public to be more careful of their own belongings. To lock their houses and their cars and their daughters, if you like."



Ken uses a model to get to know the lines of an early Bullnose Morris.

Pressed, Ken will admit that prevention cannot stop crime altogether "You will never stop the professional. It's an awful problem, I really don't think punishment can ever be a deterrent because people never think they're going to get caught. I know prison is meant to reform and deter and in some sense to be a retribution and it is intended to fit the man for a better and more useful life. Whether it succeeds I wish I could tell you. I just don't know."

His legal qualification has opened another door for Ken. Recently he became a Fellow of the Institute of Arbitrators. "I read up the book, *Treatise on the Law and Practice of Arbitrations and Awards*. I didn't have to pass an examination, I merely had to fill in a form, a pretty comprehensive thing about my life and the fact that I was a qualified solicitor. You have to have a professional qualification."

Ken hopes to practise as an arbitrator in civil disputes, "It could be anything,

breach of contract, negligence or nuisance or people thinking they've been done by the shops. First of all the parties have got to agree to go to arbitration. The arbitrator's jurisdiction rests on that agreement. In other words you never get unwilling litigants. The hearing could take place anywhere. You can hire the Town Hall or you could have it in your drawing room. The rules of evidence apply—no hearsay. The claimant and respondent can call witnesses who may be cross-examined on oath and then, after consideration and generally not on the spot I wouldn't think, the arbitrator makes what is known as his award, which should be in writing. It is known as a judicial hearing. The award is final and binding."

Ken points to the fact that we are beginning to hear more of arbitration in disputes, particularly in the holiday travel field. It can be quicker and less expensive than going through the courts. He is now on a panel of arbitrators organised by the Industrial Society and is to attend a long weekend residential course at York University in May run by the Institute of Arbitrators. "I think the difficulty will be acceptance. There are a lot of people who don't accept blindness. But then Henry Fielding, the Chief London Magistrate in the old oppressive days, was blind".

He sets quite a store by arbitration for the future: "I would like it to happen but I can't honestly say that it is happening". Looking back on Ken's life so far it is clear he is the kind of man who, if he wants things to happen, generally manages to make them happen. "I think if you didn't, you would simply just sit and you would be regarded as just another blind chap."

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

The Football pontoon ending on 3rd February was won by Mrs. Meleson with Coventry, the booby prize went to Mrs. Carney, her team being Liverpool.

The Domino Winners were:

4th January	1	**J. Padley**
	2	R. Pringle / C. Hancock
11th January	1	**R. Pacitti**
		G. Stanley
18th January	1	**J. Majchrowicz**
	2	R. Fullard / J. Padley
25th January	1	**W. Miller**
	2	J. Majchrowicz

The Sir Arthur Pearson Domino Competition winners were:

Aggregate Competition
1 **W. Miller**
M. Sheehan
2 D. Watkins

Fives and Threes Competition
1 **J. Padley**
2 R. Fullard

W. MILLER

Annual General Meeting

There were fifteen St. Dunstaners present at the 26th Annual General Meeting held in the Club Rooms on Saturday, 10th February.

The Chairman, Bill Miller, outlined the activities of the London Club during the past year and thanked the Committee for its effort on the members' behalf.

He remarked on the upward trend in attendances at the Club in the year 1972 and in particular the fact that the sections now appeared to be coming closer together. Only a couple of years ago, Bill continued, domino players did not play bridge, or vice-versa, but today most members who lived within reach of the Club took part in both dominoes and bridge, and some in swimming, too, in the warmer weather. Togetherness—what Clubs are formed for—Bill prays the union will continue.

The Bridge Section has had an excellent year, he said, with the November Congress, the recent Instructional weekend, the Harrogate week, the London Business Houses' League, the Masters' Match and the Christmas Bridge Drive, being six of the star attractions from a galaxy of interesting events. Paul Nuyens as the secretary, and the captains, both past and present, are to be congratulated on a wonderful job of organisation. Dominoes followed by Bridge instruction on a

Thursday evening had proved a very popular feature.

Bill thanked Jim Padley for looking after the Indoor Section and Mrs. Padley for her efforts in running the Monday evening Yoga classes. Yoga followed by swimming made an excellent combination during the summer months.

Walking had continued mostly at Ewell and this, too, had gained a little strength, he remarked and seems good for some time to come. The enthusiasm of David Purches had been like a kiss of life to that section.

Competitions for the Sir Arthur Pearson prizes were held in all sections and the Derby Day outing and the Football Pontoon were as popular as ever, and Bill could safely say that 1972 was a very satisfactory year for the London Club.

In ending his report Bill thanked Norman Smith, his wife Flora, the staff of St. Dunstan's, the wives and the many helpers who had helped to keep the Club running smoothly.

The accounts were read by Mr. A. D. Lloyds and approved by the members present.

On the election of officers, Bill Miller and Jim Padley, who were due to retire, were re-elected. Roy Armstrong retired. J. Lynch and Bill Phillips were proposed and elected.

A vote of thanks by Bill Miller was heartily accorded to Mr. A. D. Lloyds for his work and interest in the Club over the many years. The committee and the members present joined in wishing him a long and happy retirement.

Miss Carson, too, was thanked for her work in connection with the London Club.

Mr. A. D. Lloyds replied as the meeting ended saying it had been a pleasure to have served the St. Dunstan's London Club.

J. PADLEY

MIDLAND

The club calendar for 1972 was completed very well with an excellent Christmas dinner at the Royal British Legion, Northfield, Birmingham, on 16th December. We were made extremely welcome by our friends at the Legion and this year for the first time we had the pleasure of Miss Newbold's company.

Everyone enjoyed the meal and also the dancing which took place later in the evening. Christmas and the New Year were well celebrated that evening.

1973 started quite well, with our first meeting for the year held on 14th January. We had two or three new faces with us, including Tom O'Connor. It was good to see them and I trust they will enjoy our company and come along regularly to meetings whenever possible.

The draw for the dominoes competitions was made and we have got under way with the Sir Arthur Pearson competition.

An evening out, some time in March is now planned and ideas were asked for as to where we should go for our outing this year.

It would be very nice to see more local St. Dunstaners joining us, the more members we have the more outings and other events can be planned. If you do not come to meetings, why not give it a try? Come along and have a chinwag on one of the second Sundays of any month at the **Royal British Legion, Thorp Street, Birmingham,** commencing at 3 p.m. You will be made very welcome.

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

BRIDGE NOTES

The second Individual Competition of both London and Brighton was held on Saturday, 10th February. The results are as follows:

London

A. Caldwell and J. Lynch	**69**
W. Allen and J. Padley	68
W. Phillips and F. Dickerson	68
W. Miller and R. Stanners	65
W. Lethbridge and H. Meleson	56
P. Nuyens and R. Pacitti	52

Brighton

R. Fullard and F. Rhodes	**77**
W. Claydon and R. Goding	77
J. Chell and S. Webster	71
A. Dodgson and C. Walters	64
W. Burnett and J. Whitcombe	59
M. Clements and F. Griffee	48
A. Smith and W. Scott	46

BRIDGE INSTRUCTION WEEKEND

Owing to the temporary closing of Ovingdean the annual Bridge Instruction weekend was held at the Ocean Hotel, Saltdean, on 2nd-4th February, this year. Thirty-two members took part including Mrs. V. Delaney, Miss Vera Kemmish and Miss Blodwyn Simon, and also some wives and escorts. Mr. J. D. Connell, Mr. A. Field and Mrs. Nora Field, having divided the number into three groups, held an instruction competition for teams of four. This was won by the following members:

1 **F. Dickerson and W. Lethbridge**
W. Phillips and R. Evans
2 E. Carpenter and A. Smith
W. Allen and R. Fullard
3 R. Armstrong and J. Lynch
A. Caldwell and P. Nuyens

Also the pairs competition gave the following results:

N/S
1 **Mrs. V. Delaney and Mrs. J. Lynch**
2 A. Dodgson and M. Clements
3 R. Evans and W. Phillips

E/W
1 **J. Whitcombe and R. Goding**
2 S. Webster and T. Woods
3 Mr. and Mrs. Meleson

On Friday evening Miss B. Simon, Miss V. Kemmish and her sister, Doris, visited J. Clare at Northgate House. Joe very much regretted that he could not be with the Bridge Party at the Ocean Hotel but sent his very best wishes. Matron Blackford very kindly brought them back to the hotel, and this gave her the opportunity of meeting and having a word with all those present.

Bridge Drive

On our final afternoon a Bridge Drive was held for the whole party, and was won by the following members:

1 **Mrs. W. Phillips and M. Clements**
2 Miss Vera Kemmish and P. Nuyens
3 Mrs. V. Delaney and K. Cole

. . . and so ended a pleasant and most enjoyable weekend.

P. NUYENS

BRIDGE CRUISE

This matter was fully discussed at the meeting held at the Ocean Hotel, Saltdean, during the Instruction weekend. Tom Woods gave some details of such a cruise now taking place on the *Alexandr Pushkin* for a duration of thirteen days sailing from Tilbury, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Tenerife, Tangiers, Rotterdam and back to Tilbury. He was asked to obtain firm details for a similar voyage during January/February 1974.

I have just heard from him that this ship will not be doing this similar voyage next year, but instead her sister ship the *Mikhail Lermonton* also of 20,000 tons will undertake a similar cruise to the Atlantic Islands during April 1974. Details will only be available in two months time. This seems a more favourable time when the weather would be more stable for sailing through the English Channel.

It was further stipulated that each St. Dunstaner should have his own escort. So far eight St. Dunstan Bridge Players with their escorts have notified me. Should there be any other Bridge Players interested will they please let me know as soon as possible.

When further details are available I will inform those whose names I have already received.

A party of 25-50 people would benefit by a reduction of 10% on the charge.

P. NUYENS

FAMILY NEWS

Births

Many congratulations to EDWARD AND BARBARA PEPPER of Bognor Regis, Sussex, on the arrival of a son, Robert, who was born on 11th January, 1973. Robert is another brother for David, Carol and Susan.

Silver Weddings

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. JOHN CASWELL of Reading, Berks., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 14th February, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. RONALD FREER of Gravesend, Kent, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 28th December, 1972.

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. JAMES LEGGE of Bristol, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 31st January, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ERNIE STENT of Worthing, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 14th February, 1973.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

ERIC ASHBY of Coventry, whose daughter presented him with a grand-daughter, Clare, on 5th January, 1973. She is a sister for Simon.

GUY BILCLIFF of Sutton Coldfield, who is pleased to announce that his eldest daughter gave birth to a girl, Janet, on 22nd January, 1973. Guy now has six grand-daughters and two grandsons.

CECIL PARKER of Grantham, Lincs., who is proud to announce the arrival of his second grand-daughter, Clare, born on 4th January, 1973.

ALFRED WATERS of East Bergholt, Near Colchester, Essex, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his third grandchild, Sarah on 11th January, 1973, and his fourth grandchild, Joanne Ruth, who arrived on 29th January, 1973.

Great Grandfather

Many congratulations to:

HAROLD CRAMPHORN of Eastbourne, Sussex, who has recently become a great grandfather for the first time on the birth of a great grand-daughter, Karen.

Long Life and happiness to:

Michael, son of HENRY WALTER BRAMLEY of Prestwich, near Manchester, who married Christine Edwards in Scotland on 16th December, 1972.

Michael, son of THOMAS JONES of Telford, Shropshire, who married Miss Gail Clements on 9th December, 1972.

Robert, son of JOHN LOACH of Dudley, Worcs., who married Elaine Taylor on 11th November, 1972, at St. Augustine's Church, Dudley.

Constance, daughter of JOHN SIMPSON of Brighton, Sussex, who married Graham Earl at St. Paul's Church, Thornton Heath, on 13th January, 1973.

Michael, son of RONALD TINGAY of Dartford, Kent, who married Sandra Nash on 14th October, 1972.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

JOHN B. CAMPBELL of Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham, who mourns the death of his wife, Christiana on 30th January, 1973.

THOMAS GEARING of Lewes, Sussex, on the death of his wife, Mrs. E. L. Gearing on 26th December, 1972. Mrs. Gearing had been in ill-health for some time.

WILLIAM GLOVER of Bristol, on the death on 22nd January, 1973 of his only sister, Mrs. Winifred Seymour who lived in Birmingham, and was his last link with his family in that city.

Mrs. Hamson of Lower Stoke, Rochester, Kent, wife of our St. Dunstaner RONALD HAMSON, mourns the death of her mother last October, at the age of 99 years.

ERIC JENKINS of Ferring, Sussex, who mourns the death of his wife Ivy Jenkins, on 17th January, 1973, after a long illness bravely borne. Our sympathy is extended to friends and helpers who assisted Mr. Jenkins to nurse his wife over many years.

ERNEST JORDAN of Rottingdean, Sussex, who mourns the death of his brother last October.

SIDNEY LETCH of Hatfield Peverel, Herts., who mourns the death of his only son John, at the age of fifty-two, in hospital on 11th February after a short illness.

Mrs. Tingay of Dartford, Kent, wife of our St. Dunstaner, RONALD TINGAY, mourns the death of her mother at the beginning of January this year.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

William Frederick Aldridge. *Royal Field Artillery*

William Frederick Aldridge of Birmingham, died in hospital on 4th January, 1973. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in the winter of 1916. Mr. Aldridge was wounded in Mesopotamia in 1916 but his sight did not fail completely until much later in life and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1972. Because of the injuries he received Mr. Aldridge was never able to undertake any employment following his discharge from the services. His health was not good but nevertheless his death was most unexpected.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Gladys Aldridge.

John Burley. *Royal Air Force*

John Burley of Lancing, Sussex, and late of Northgate House, Brighton, died on 27th January, 1973, at the age of 85 years.

He served in the Royal Air Force from 1916 until his discharge in 1919, coming to St. Dunstan's in that year.

He trained in joinery, netting and typewriting. On completion of his training Mr. Burley continued with carpentry work but in his earlier days gave a lot of thought to inventing and making a model bed-chair. He showed great initiative in his carpentry work and at one time made a set of parallel bars for a gymnasium. He also made a large radio cabinet with fire screen to match. In his spare time he worked hard in his garden and greenhouse.

Mr. Burley never married and he lived with his sister who looked after him for many years until her death. In recent years when Mr. Burley's health was less robust he went to live at Northgate House where he died peacefully.

He leaves a brother-in-law and family who live in Leeds.

Charles Herbert Hale. *Royal Engineers*

Charles Herbert Hale of Bristol, died in hospital on 3rd February, 1973. He was 58 years of age.

He served in the Royal Engineers from 1939 to 1943 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1959. He trained for industrial work and from 1961 he was fully employed in this type of work.

Mr. and Mrs. Hale moved to the West Country when Mr. Hale took up his employment and he had been in very good health until a sudden illness necessitated his admission to a local Bristol Hospital, where despite every medical care, his condition gradually deteriorated and he died in hospital.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Louisa Hale and a son and a married daughter.

John Henry Hogg. *Royal Artillery*

John Henry Hogg of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, died on 10th February, 1973, four days after his 53rd birthday.

He joined the territorials in 1937 and was called to the colours in 1939 serving with the Royal Artillery. He was discharged in 1941 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1965. Mr. Hogg's sight began to fail some fifteen years before he was admitted to St. Dunstan's and his disabilities included deafness. In view of his rather poor health Mr. Hogg could only undergo Hobby Training and he completed this in 1968. Mr. Hogg undertook a good deal of basket work for local sales and this was his occupation up to his death which was sudden and most unexpected.

He leaves a widow Mrs. Jean Hogg.

Ernest William Love. *Machine Gun Corps*

Ernest William Love of Chelmsford, Essex, died in hospital on 14th January, 1973, at the age of 74 years.

He enlisted in the Machine Gun Corps in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Love's sight did not deteriorate until later in life and he had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1966. He was able to enjoy several holidays at Ovingdean and Mr. and Mrs. Love celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in April of last year. Mr. Love had kept in reasonable health until he was admitted to hospital in the summer of last year but was later discharged and was making steady progress at home when he was taken ill again and re-admitted to hospital where he died on 14th January, 1973.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Love and two sons.

Daniel McAudley. *Royal Army Service Corps*

Daniel McAudley, late of Blackpool, Lancs., and latterly a patient at the Whittingham Hospital, Nr. Preston, Lancs., died on 12th January, 1973, at the age of 54 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps and served with them until his discharge in 1949 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1950. Mr. McAudley trained and settled in industry, but for health reasons had to give up this occupation in 1952. He was admitted to the Whittingham Hospital in 1964, where he remained as a patient until the time of his death. There were no next of kin but his landlady, Mrs. G. Jones, with whom he stayed before entering hospital was always kind enough to visit our St. Dunstaner from time to time, and of course, St. Dunstan's kept in touch with the hospital in addition to our Welfare Officer's visits.

David Sachan Munro. *Royal Army Service Corps*

David Sachan Munro of Woodside, Aberdeen, Scotland, died in hospital on 10th February, 1973. He was 83 years of age.

He served in the Royal Army Service Corps from 1915 to 1918 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1919.

He trained as a basket maker and took many prizes for his work at local shows. Mr. Munro continued with this occupation until 1971 when he retired. He enjoyed good health until the last couple of years when he began to suffer with heart trouble. He was admitted to hospital in December, 1972 and was discharged home during January but unfortunately his condition deteriorated and he died in February.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Eleanor Munro.

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St Dunstans REVIEW APRIL



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 640 **APRIL 1973** 5p MONTHLY

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

by David Castleton

This is the story of the Three Blind Mice. No, not the nursery rhyme characters—these three are St. Dunstaners: Bob Osborne, of Saltdean; Ron Smith, of Seaford, and Winston Holmes, who lives in Hove. There is no farmer's wife but there is Joan, wife of one of the 'mice', Bob Osborne.

'Joan and the Three Blind Mice' is the billing for a fine singing group. Their signature tune, 'Gee, But it's Great to be Here' has introduced them to audiences all over Sussex. They fulfill some thirty to forty engagements a year—mostly in the winter months—at places like Worthing, Seaford, Crowborough, Brighton, Forest Row, Tunbridge Wells and Lewes. They have even been to Wales where they gave concerts in a Rugby club and in a United Services Club, "It was packed and we got paid quite a compliment there", said Bob Osborne. "They said it was the first time it had been full right to the end. Instead of leaving to catch their buses they stayed and walked home that night".

Free Shows

The Three Blind Mice give many performances free to clubs for pensioners, blind people and the physically handicapped, "We have a particular charity called The Bluebird, disseminated sclerosis people, and we have gone there several Christmases now", Bob told me. "We get booked up from one twelve months to the other and they are a marvellous audience and we love doing it for them, they are so appreciative".

The fees they receive from Masonic Lodges or from British Legion Clubs who can afford them, help to subsidise their charitable efforts. When I visited the Osborne's home in Saltdean to interview them the Three Blind Mice were rehearsing for a big British Legion concert at the Royal Pavilion Theatre in Brighton. It was the South East Area Conference of the Royal British Legion Women's Section and the group had been invited by the President, Mrs. E. F. Dacre to sing at the concert which opened the three day event.

Their professional attitude to their singing impressed me and even in rehearsal in an ordinary room their attack lifted their songs and their harmonies made a beautifully full sound. Small parts of the act received painstaking attention and the discipline of their singing would not have disgraced a top-flight choir. I was quite sure it would be all right on the night —and it was.

Tremendous reception

Some three hundred people, including the Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton gave the St. Dunstan's group and Bill and Alice Griffiths, who shared the bill, a tremendous reception. The Three Blind Mice's finale was 'Let the Whole World Know'. Ron Smith heard it on 'Sunday Half Hour' sung by the Emmanuel Singers, "I was so impressed by this that I wrote care of the B.B.C. and told them how much I enjoyed this song and would they mind very much if our little group learnt it and sang it. They sent me a wonderful letter back giving me all particulars where to get the book and saying that we could use any song in the book with their permission". Bob Osborne's verdict is, "Well, we like it. A terrific song, swing in it, the lot". The British Legion audience seemed to agree judging by their applause.

The Three Blind Mice was formed in 1967 but the origins of the group go back much farther than that. To Church Stretton

FRONT AND BACK COVER. *On stage at the Royal Pavilion Theatre.*



Joan and the Three Blind Mice. (l.-r.) *Ron Smith, Bob Osborne and Winston Holmes.*

days, in fact, when Joan was a music instructor and Win Holmes was learning to sing, "It was devilish because while I was singing in one room there was a very narrow corridor and then over in the other room there was Joan with Tommy Gaygan and David Bell on trombones!" Win recalls. "We did a show once and Joan, Gwenny Obern and Beryl Sleigh were all in grass skirts. There were Ron Smith, Tiny Hill Brown and myself chasing after them with cigarette lighters". Joan is the daughter of our St. Dunstaner, the late Joe Walch and she sang duets with him. At Church Stretton and through her music she met Bob Osborne, they were married and, later, sang as a trio with Joe Walch.

As Win mentioned, Ron Smith was also a member of those concert parties at Church Stretton. His interest in the stage began when he was seventeen and belonged to a dramatic society in Duffield in Derbyshire. "Also we used to run a concert party. Of course we had a marvellous lot of fun. I went from there through hospital work, I was doing books and accounts. I used to run concerts in the hospital and, hang me, even when I got in the Army I went into it again. Along with an accountant I used to run the whole of the entertainment for the battery, 400 people".

It was many years later that the present group came together as Ron described to me, "Joan and Bob used to do quite a lot of duets. You know, getting around and doing stuff like that. They were giving a concert somewhere and they asked me if



Joan Osborne: 'We really enjoy ourselves'.

I would give a hand. I did one or two monologues and took part in a bit of a trio. Win Holmes was up at St. Dunstan's then for a little while and he joined in and this is how we got started".

The name came later. It was the idea of Joan and Bob's son Keith, "You ought to call yourselves Joan and the Three Blind Mice", he said one evening. Bob takes up the story, "We were singing at one of the reunions a few years ago. Ken Lyon's band was playing and he asked what should he announce so, on the spur of the moment, I said Joan and the Three Blind Mice, just casual, not thinking, but it stuck".

Joan did not like it, "I thought it was a gimmick when everybody was getting names. Win is a carpenter, you know, and he made a lovely carving knife. I used to put this on the piano and pretend waving it. I could see everybody laughing and relaxing so I thought, 'Oh, perhaps it's not such a bad idea after all', and we've been that ever since".

This question of the audience's reaction to a blind act is an important one as Bob explained, "At the beginning they are a bit apprehensive of us. We look like a chain gang going on—bringing one another on to the stage and someone might say, 'Oh, poor chaps', but honestly we've had some wonderful receptions".

Ron agrees that audiences can be apprehensive, "I think this does apply, you know. We've got to be very careful because I think blind people really, if you are going to make a good job of anything you have got to really make it better than anybody else. So we don't get any of this sympathy. We don't want any of this, 'Oh, they're blind, they're not bad for a blind group'. It has got to be a group, a good group".

I asked him if the Three Blind Mice name, with its joking approach, summed up the character of their act. "Yes, I think it is a happy affair altogether. We were once told, 'You know why the audience enjoy your show so much; simply because you enjoy it so much'. This was a very nice compliment".

Young people

It is not only the old and middle aged audiences that enjoy the 'Mice'. Joan told me of a concert at Lewes Town Hall where they discovered, on arriving, that their audience was to be some 200 young people, "It was a group of young people who work for charity—the Lewes Guy Fawkes celebrations and they go round collecting money for charity. They were having their annual dinner. It is a great big hall and we were outside getting ready after the dinner. We were a bit sceptical about the audience because they were rather young.

"I said, 'Well, that's it. Come on let's get cracking and in we went'. They were absolutely fantastic. We did 'The Whole World in His Hand' and they clapped with it—anything with a rhythm they were clapping. We were amazed how many of the young people came up to us afterwards to say how much they had enjoyed it".

Of course it is not always like that. They have a blacklist of two or three places they will not go to again. Like the concert where they had to wait two hours while the organisers drew the raffle. "There were about 160 guests and instead of giving them all a present they had a raffle and everybody got a prize", said Joan."... And we were like three penguins, I'll tell you, up on the stage waiting in our dicky bows and suits!" chimed in Bob. There have been

occasions when Ron has stopped speaking because of the noise, "We've had some terrible ones where there has been a bar in the place. We said we'd never go again and there have been occasions when I've stopped talking on the stage". They all chuckled when Joan remembered the village Vicar who thanked them saying, "It is a long time since I have heard such robust singing".

This is probably the secret of their success: That they can all laugh against themselves. If the audience is bad or the compliments double-edged or the weather is foul on a winter night it helps if you can laugh. As most of their engagements are in the winter months, Joan often sets out with sacks and spades in the car boot. Once they were due at Uckfield and Ron rang the local police: "He said, 'Oh, No—three blind men?' I said, 'Yes, and there's just the lady driving'. He said, 'No, not under any circumstances. The snow is piled up here and it's getting very slushy, very dangerous'. But we went".

Knee-deep in cement

It is not only the snow that can be deep. Winston Holmes remembered a story involving Ron Smith. "I had arranged to meet them outside this cinema. It was a wild night, snowing, raining, terrible. Bob and Joan went to pick Ron up at the bottom of the hill at Saltdean. They couldn't find him". When they did Ron was up to his knees in concrete. In evening dress for the show, Ron had been dropped off at the wrong stop and walked into the new concrete. "Straight off the bus", recalled Ron, "I felt this soft and then, taking another step, I thought good gracious this is all cement. I was frozen stiff". A drop of whisky and some cleaning up by Joan soon put Ron right, "They were the best creases he ever had in his trousers", Bob commented.

Joan keeps a record of every programme they sing so that when they re-visit a particular organisation they vary their songs unless there are favourites that are requested again. She told me they sing most things from spirituals to modern ballads, "Win does the old favourites like 'Just a-Wearyin' and 'Roses of Picardy', all these sort. Bob tries to keep up with more of the modern ones. We do lots from the shows—selections by the whole group.



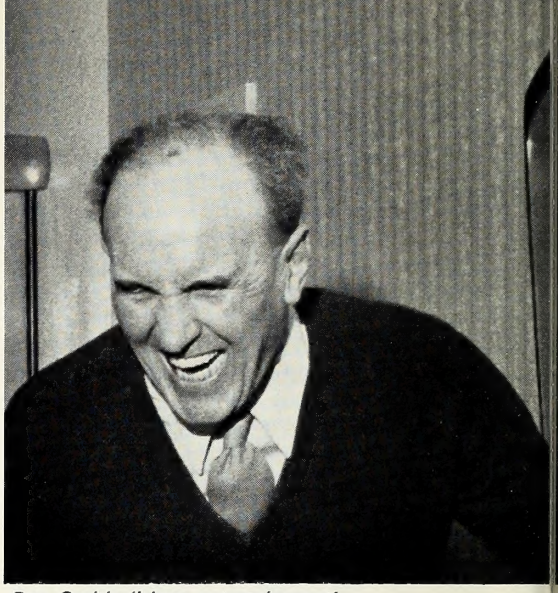
Ron and Bob enjoying a rehearsal.

Winston Holmes: 'Well, for me its companionship'.





Bob Osborne: 'I like to meet people'.



Ron Smith: 'I love entertainment'.

We do modern stuff we arrange ourselves. not pop but modern ballads so we've got quite a good repertoire".

Every song that is added to that repertoire has to be played over and learned by the boys and living in quite widely separated places means a lot of travelling just for rehearsals. Once a programme is arranged and rehearsed they stick to it as Ron explained, "Because we've rehearsed it and, by jove, it's important to run through these things all the time because you forget words". The time they give to these rehearsals is well worthwhile for they achieve what I can only describe as a professional gloss.

It is particularly hard work for Joan: singer, pianist, secretary, driver and road manager. Often she has driven over 100 miles for an evening engagement. Then there are the pianos. One had six notes which did not play! There was the time the music stand fell on to the floor, "Yes, and we were doing 'Dry Bones' in which every line you have to go up half a tone and I am not very good playing without music. I was trying to look at it on the floor and this old man was being very helpful. He picked the music up and held it upside down so I did a quick change around the right way up but no he wouldn't have it like that. He had to turn it back again but we all finished up all right—together!"

As compere and humorist of the group Ron relies a lot on Joan. He throws in a lot of jokes as he introduces the numbers, ". . . If I find that Joan gives me the wire, because I always stand next to her at the piano. If she says try a monologue or something I'll probably slip a small one in. That does depend on the audience I think and the jokes depend on an audience. You have to be careful, you can offend people. I don't like using filthy jokes—it's got to be a joke with probably more than two meanings to it. I don't like anything so pointed, you see I think this, if you've got an audience and you are going to offend two people, then you have offended two people too many".

Ron describes himself as a "baritone, more or less", and he and Joan, soprano, provide the harmony while Bob, a tenor, sings the melody with Win singing bass baritone in unison. Finally I asked each of the group what it was that made all the time and trouble they give in preparing and putting on their shows worthwhile:

Bob: "Well for me, I like to get out and meet people and I love singing".

Joan: "Probably the companionship of the boys. We really enjoy ourselves. It's just . . . good".

Winston: "Well, for me it's the same, companionship and I like getting insulted occasionally by Ron and Bob".

Ron: "I just love entertainment of any kind and I do think we get great enjoyment from giving these concerts".

As the song says, "That's entertainment"—and that is the story of the Three Blind Mice.

WAR PENSIONS INCREASES

St. Dunstaners will be interested to learn that, in a statement to the House of Commons on the 7th March, 1973, Sir Keith Joseph, the Secretary of State for Social Services, proposed a number of increases in War Pensions and Allowances.

The Basic Disability Pension will go up from £11·20 to £12·80 (an increase of just over 14%) and there are corresponding increases in most of the allowances.

The War Widow's Pension will go up from £8·80 to £10·10.

All the changes are due to take effect from the week commencing 1st October, 1973.

There will be more detailed information and comment in the *Review* in due course but in the meantime two examples of the revised payments are set out below.

If St. Dunstaners have any enquiries will they kindly write to Mr. L. A. Slade, our Pensions Officer at Headquarters.

EXAMPLES OF PENSIONS

Employable	*Totally Blind*	
	Present	*New*
	£	£
Basic Pension	11·20	12·80
Attendance Allowance	4·50	5·15
Comforts Allowance	1·70	2·20
Wife's Allowance	0·50	0·50
Child's Allowance	0·38	0·38
	£18·28	£21·03

Unemployable	*Totally Blind*	
	Present	*New*
	£	£
Basic Pension	11·20	12·80
Attendance Allowance	4·50	5·15
Comforts Allowance	1·70	2·20
Unemployability Supplement	7·35	8·40
Wife's Allowance	4·15	4·75
Allowance for First Child	3·30	3·80
Invalidity Allowance	0·70	1·00
	£32·90	£38·10

W. C. Weisblatt,
Legal Officer.

Derby Sweepstake

The Closing Date of the Derby Sweepstake is Wednesday, 23rd May.

Tickets are 15p each, and are limited solely to St. Dunstaners or St. Dunstan's trainees.

Each application must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, should be sent, with the stamped addressed envelope, to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

The Draw will take place at the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 31st May. All those drawing a horse will be notified.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Canadian Welcome

Home again after a wonderful Christmas with their family, friends and new friends in Canada, are **Mr. and Mrs. William Brocklehurst,** of Doncaster.

Their way was prepared through St. Dunstan's by Mr. W. M. Mayne of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, and as a result of his letters, Harvey Lynes of North Vancouver and Ivan White of Victoria, Vancouver Island, got in touch with the Brocklehursts' daughter and promised a Canadian Welcome . . .

Following their arrival the Brocklehursts were invited to afternoon tea at Harvey Lynes' home. "Subsequently he arranged a lunch at the Grosvenor Hotel in Vancouver to meet all the available St. Dunstaners," Mr. Brocklehurst told me. "During this lunch we had the opportunity to discuss matters of mutual interest and when the time came to break up, farewells were made with the expression: 'It won't be long before you're one of us."

"The trip to see the Vancouver Island group was arranged with our request for a hotel to be booked for our overnight stay. This was met with a firm 'No! You are going to stay with us . . . ' Mr. and Mrs. White of Victoria were our hosts. Ivan White took two days off from his shop to be with us. He and his wife met us at the Bus Station in Victoria, picked up Miss Isabelle Beveridge, District Administrator, Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Victoria, and took us out to a wonderful lunch followed by a visit to the Victoria headquarters of the C.N.I.B.

"That evening we were entertained at a social which the group had arranged at one of the member's homes, St. Dunstaner's had been prepared to make up to a 120 mile journey through snow and ice to meet us and Canadian hospitality was at its best.

" The star of this evening was Charles Hornsby, one of the original St. Dunstaners who came from Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire. His charm, wit and general vitality had to be seen and heard to be believed. At the end of the evening my wife and I were given, as a token of our visit, a model of one of the lamp standards which are such a feature of Victoria.

" My wife and I enjoyed meeting these wonderful people who went out of their way to make us welcome. We left feeling we had made new friends who would be pleased to see us again as we would be pleased to see them."

Memorable Evening

I have just heard from **Tommy McKay** of Brighton that, with his wife, Phyllis, he was a guest at a reception given at 10 Downing Street by the Prime Minister on 8th March for war pensioners and ex-service organisations. This was the first time this annual event has taken place at No. 10 with the Prime Minister as host, and as luck would have it, fell on one of the days the railwaymen were on strike. The day was further disfigured by the bomb outrages in central London.

Tommy and Phyllis travelled up by road, "Our journey as far as Kennington was uneventful but from there it was hardly even a crawl taking us two and a quarter hours to do the last five miles—because of the bomb explosions many roads were closed. However, we did reach Downing Street eventually at a few minutes to seven, and after showing passes we were rushed into the lift and upstairs.

"Mr. Heath made a short speech thanking the company for the work they were doing on behalf of disabled ex-servicemen and apologised for having to leave as he considered it his duty to visit those unfortunate people who had been injured in the explosions," said Tommy.

Tommy told me he had met Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Social Services and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Vallance. Mr. Vallance is Superintendent of Linburn

House, the Scottish National Institution's centre, in Midlothian.

"Another pleasure was to meet Mr. A. D. Lloyds and his wife."

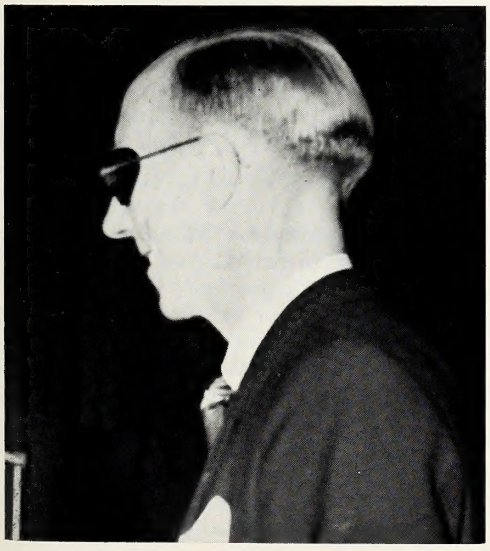
Tommy, who was one of only three blind people present, did not have the honour of meeting the Prime Minister but nevertheless felt his four hour journey was well worth while. "We left just after eight and reached home a few minutes before ten after a most memorable evening," he said.

Lost and Found

Bertie Barnes, whose article on rug-making appears elsewhere in this issue is also a physicist. In 1914 he was the first recipient of the Neil Arnott medal for Physics—a handsome bronze medal inscribed with his name and bearing a profile of the founder of the award in high relief on the obverse and the Arms of the University of London on the reverse. Bertie earned the medal in open competition with the whole of London University.

You can imagine his dismay when this first issue medal was missing after his house was burgled around Christmas time in 1971. "I described the medal in a letter to the Police, who caught the two men involved. They searched through things in their possession and found the medal. So I sent them a small subscription to the Police benevolent fund and congratulated them on bringing the men to book."

Les Dennis



MARK and the Magnificent Six

This is the story of Mark the Dot,
He touches the six quite a lot,
His fingers they glide over signs standing alone,
Cor, what a lark, I think I'll go home.
His signs, upper and lower, are nice and small,
I think he's quite fond of the old 'Staringble,'
And when he spoke of Contractions one day,
I thought, this poor chap's in the family way.

With the six we fiddle and fumble, knowing not what we do,
When up pipes Mark with a whistling clue,
The lesson's coming to an end, fingers feeling sore,
I hope the next trainee will soon knock at the door,
The seconds drag, at last I hear a sound outside the room,
A knock, a twist, the door swings in, a figure starts to loom,
It's Avon from the jungle, a white coloured coon,
He slumps down into a chair, he knows he's in a fix,
For now the time has come for him to do battle with,
Mark and the Magnificent Six.

Yours,

from one dotty man,
to another,

Bert Wood.

Editors Note:
Bert Wood's poem was written as a typing exercise for Mrs. Carol Locke and another typing trainee, Norman Maries sent it to the *Review.*

Bowling for England

Les Dennis, better known as a long distance race walker, has been turning to bowling in recent years. At Hastings he has been successful in tournaments for blind competitors. His wife, Joan, has also become a good bowler and, together, they often play against sighted opponents.

Now Les has been picked to travel to South Africa, he left on 20th March, with two other English blind bowlers to play in the South African National Tournament in Durban and in a Test Match against South Africa and Rhodesia in Pretoria on 3rd and 4th April. Joan will be one of the sighted helpers on the greens.

"I think they are more advanced in bowling," Les told me "The tournament sounds wonderfully organised. They have their own greens, pavilions and uniforms. I asked him what he thought of the England team's chances, "We don't know what the opposition will be like", he said, "You can only take it as it comes".



Bertie Barnes at work on a diamond pattern rug.

Lieutenant Bertie Barnes, O.B.E., B.Sc., lost his sight as a result of mustard gas during the First World War in which he served in the Royal Engineers. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1951 and is now totally blind. He took up rug-making as a hobby specialising in complicated patterns with several colours. He is now starting his twentieth Turkoman rug and he has made many others. His most ambitious project was to carpet his hall, an area of more than 90 square feet involving, he calculates, some 148,000 individual tufts.

Rug-making is a hobby that has given me the greatest satisfaction especially in recent years. At first I was satisfied with plain rugs and with rugs in simple patterns in two colours, for instance, white bars on a blue background for the bathroom, say, or white dice on a mastic background. In fact the hall of my home was covered with white dice on a mastic ground and it was admired. Let me say at once that I always do every row in the canvas and this is, I think, essential in patterned rugs.

In more recent years, I have developed a technique which permits me to make rugs in sophisticated patterns in five, six, seven and eight colours. One particular Turkoman rug I have made many times. In the original pattern for this there was a deep rose for the background, with cream, black, beige and cardinal red for the pattern. I have used other combinations of colours such as dark green for the background and with cream, black, gold and light green. This combination of colours was chosen

Rug Making

by Bertie Barnes



'Miaow', who is a connoisseur, likes the Turkoman rug.

by a friend to whom I gave this rug, and it was to lie on a gold carpet with a green suite. I do not sell my rugs, but give them to the Church and other Charities for raffles, or for use, and to relatives and friends.

I will now try to describe the technique I have developed. Firstly I never try to make a rug on my knees because it is impossible to keep the row straight. I always work on a hard surface, the dining-room table or a garden table when out of doors.

I always buy the stiffest canvas; this is one produced by Paton and Baldwin with the loose thread running down the side of the canvas of a red colour. It will hurt your fingers at first, but persevere and you will get used to the canvas very quickly. As the rug proceeds keep it face downwards on the table with the canvas turned back over the back of the rug, and this will bring the next row to be done under the fingers. Also you must learn to count the tufts in a row, and I have found that it is best to do so with the thumb and fore-finger of the left hand moving along the row and counting the actual knots. I buy the very stiff canvas locally and will not allow it to be folded keeping it rolled always. The wool I get through St. Dunstan's.

My patterns are worked out by a sighted person row by row from a graph or stencil, and written down on foolscap. Then the rows are dictated to me, usually 10 rows at a time, and I take them down in Braille shorthand on my shorthand writer. I tear off the ribbon and rewind the ribbon backwards on the spool and thread it into the machine and with the spacing key I



Hazel Barnes helps Bertie display the dice pattern with border.

bring forward each piece of instruction on to the embossing plate which is read with the left hand, such as 2 deep rose, 3 beige, 5 cream and so on.

The wool I keep in separate containers, easily identifiable, and for these I use coffee tins screwed to a piece of wood. In the front there are three tins and two in the row behind, and when I am working eight colours I have another three coffee tins screwed to another smaller piece of wood. I get a sighted person to sort out the colours and place one 2 ounce unit of each colour in the right container. The wool can be obtained from St. Dunstan's in 2 ounce units of cut wool in the various colours.

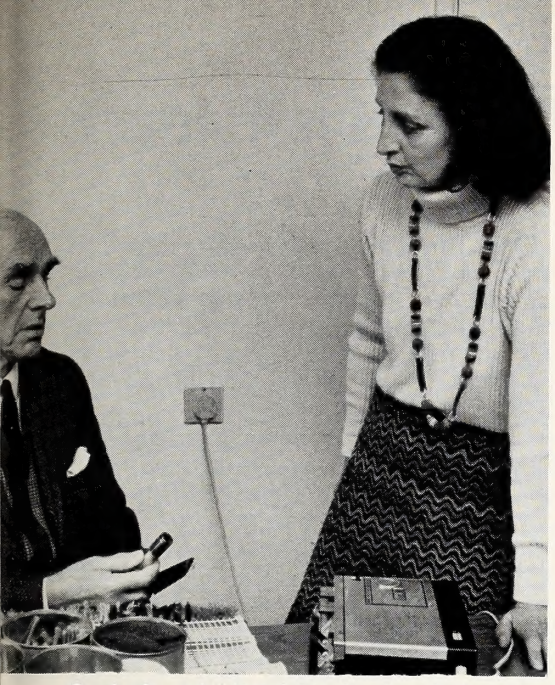
There is one point I will insert here. The pattern of the Turkoman rug was written down on foolscap paper with the original colours viz:—deep rose for the background and cream, black, beige and cardinal red for the pattern. When I wanted the same pattern in a different combination of colours I asked the sighted person to put the new colours into the containers of the original colours thus: as dark green was to replace the deep rose then it followed that the dark green was placed in the deep rose container. When the instruction is for say, 5 deep rose, I shall in fact put in 5 dark green and so on, with gold replacing the beige and light green replacing cardinal, the cream and black being as before.

Having now obtained the stiffest canvas and the coloured wool being in the containers let us commence row 1. I always leave about five rows of canvas which will later on be turned back under the rug and fastened down with adhesive binding. Now starting with row 1, the wool is inserted according to the instructions and at tuft number 10 count the actual knots to agree the number 10 only has been inserted according to the instructions. After the tuft has been put into the canvas a hairpin is put in the canvas between numbers 10 and 11. I always use a Kirby Grip as it holds tighter in the canvas. Proceeding along the row putting in the tufts, another hairpin is placed between 20 and 21 and so on for 30 and 31, 40 and 41, and so on to 80 and 81.

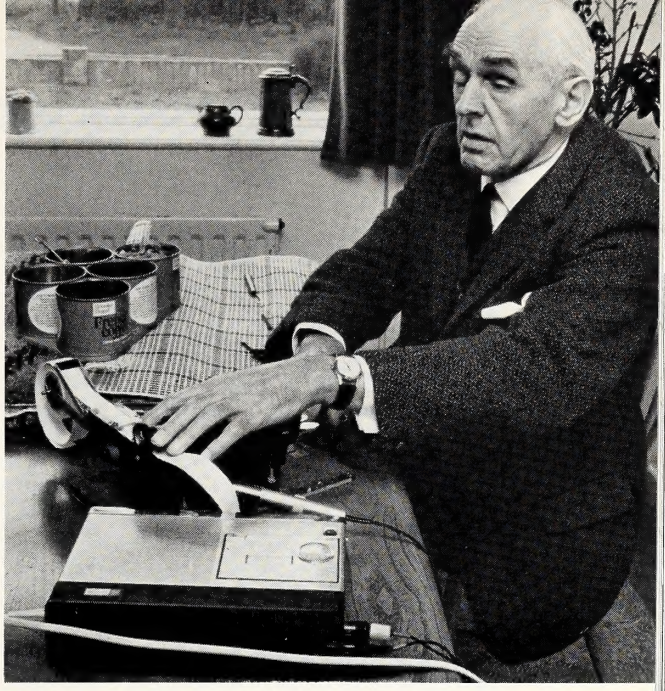
If the tufts are put into the canvas in row 1 exactly, then row 1 is correct and it might be wise for a sighted person to check this and it can then be used as a guide for row 2 as follows. For instance, when doing row 2 confirm that tuft 10 of row 2 comes exactly opposite the 10 in row 1 and after putting number 11 in row 2 insert the hairpin between numbers 10 and 11 of row 2. Proceeding along row 2 the same checks are made at 30 and one of the hairpins inserted between 30 and 31 and so on. This will ensure that row 2 has been correctly made and so the same procedure must be followed, and must be applied along each row to the end of the rug.

Great care must be taken in taking coloured wool from the containers as the pieces of wool are inclined to stick to the fingers and may drop off either on to the canvas or even into other containers. It is wise to ask a sighted person to look at the containers now and again to make sure that the wrong colours are not in the containers. Also you should from time to time feel over the canvas to find any stray pieces of wool that have accidentally fallen out of place; these should be put aside for a sighted person to identify later.

I think that I have said enough to show that a great deal of patience is required in making the patterned rugs, and it is essential that you have to keep your concentration. I would not advise anyone to start on the patterns until he has had a deal of practice in rug-making.



Conferring with Hazel, his daughter-in-law, who tape records some of his patterns.



Using the Braille shorthand machine as a tactual reminder of the pattern.

Bertie Barnes displays the Lily pattern. In making this particular rug he uses seven colours.



An easy but very effective pattern in 2 colours is the Dice pattern and this pattern can be carried in the head. I will give the pattern below for a rug 54 inches long and 27 inches wide, i.e. there should be 90 tufts in a row and 180 rows, so buy a piece of canvas a few inches more than 54 inches.

Here is the Dice pattern, assuming the ground colour is blue with white dice.

Rows 1 to 10 are all blue.

Rows 11, 12 and 13:

7 Blue, 3 White, 2 Blue, 3 White, 2 Blue, 3 White, 8 Blue and this should be 28 tufts. Then 3 White, 2 Blue, 3 White, 2 Blue, 3 White and 8 Blue, and this should be 49 tufts, continue along this row in the same way finishing the row with all Blue. The next rows are 14 and 15 and these are all Blue.

Rows 16, 17 and 18 are like rows 11, 12 and 13.

Rows 19 and 20 are all Blue, and

Rows 21, 22 and 23 are like rows 11, 12 and 13.

Then do 8 rows of all Blue and this will make 31 rows done. For the next rows start the Dice pattern again with 2 rows like rows 11, 12 and 13, and so on to the end finishing with 10 rows of Blue. These are rows 171 to 180.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Writing once more during the not-so-happy season of strikes, fuel-cuts and go-slows, which seem to be a feature of our Winter lives these days, some of us, following the news, want to cry "Stop the world, I want to get off!" Others endure it grimly and some of us just fold our petals, so to speak, shut it all out and hope it will soon all blow over. We at Pearson House have folded our petals to good effect during the upsets and have not been greatly inconvenienced. This does not prevent us from feeling sympathy towards those who are, and indeed we are thankful to be able to jog along in our usual comfortable way.

February had its share of noteworthy events in the entertainment line. The first was a concert organised by Bill Jack, which took place in a crowded Winter Garden. The "Maestro" had gathered together an accomplished band and singers Betty Brown, Arthur Carter and Harry Boorman gave of their best with solos and duets. Harold Pollitt recited a John Betjeman poem and Freddie Barratt showed more than one facet of his personality in his varied monologues. There were the "Singalongs"—Tony Parkinson, Avon Williams, Bert Wood, Bill Cronk and Eric Bradshaw, who, with straw hats and walking canes reminded us of the "good old days" in more senses than one. The songs they sang were old favourites that called for us all to join in and those of us with long memories of St. Dunstan's were very much reminded of early concert-party days at Church Stretton and in Ovingdean's old music hut. Henry Kerr played a piano solo and shared the accompaniments with Mrs. Wright who had also helped considerably with all the rehearsals. It is a pity that, of the Singalongs, four had completed their training programmes and were departing for home pastures soon after the concert, otherwise we would have used their talents on future occasions. We hope they flourish with their newly acquired skills and would mention especially Avon Williams who is now on his way back to his home in Johannesburg, taking with him, we hope, happy memories of St. Dunstan's in England.

Mr. Tom Eales, now happily recovered from his recent illness, gave us an evening of unalloyed pleasure, with music chosen from his extensive library of records. With his super-stereo sound it was a delight to sit back and just listen—and listen—and listen. More please, soon, Tom!

As a change from being entertained by other people's efforts, we used our own brains to good effect when the Wednesday Group met for a Discussion on "Recipes for Happiness". Our Chairman on this occasion was Mr. T. H. Jelliss of the Brighton and Hove Debating Society, a most accomplished speaker in his own right and he, in introducing the subject, invited us to consider many suitable "recipes for happiness" and to submit some of our own. An amazingly large number of different views were aired by most of those present and a most satisfying hour was spent in this way. At the close, Mr. J. Stokes, our resident Chairman, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Jelliss, in which everyone readily joined. We have several local friends who come in to join our Discussions among whom Mr. Jelliss can often be counted, and it is a stimulant and a pleasure to us to have them with us.

To close, we would just hark back to last month's remarks about the roses in our Pearson House garden and tell our readers, among whom we know many gardeners, that Percy (no—not Thrower . . . our own gardener!) tells us he has planted 220 rose trees in the garden already, including many varieties. Thanks, Percy—we cannot wait to see them bloom.

Annual Sports 1973

You are reminded that St. Dunstan's Annual Sports are to be held this year in conjunction with the Lee-on-Solent camp sports on Saturday and Sunday, 18th and 19th August. Entry Forms and details are obtainable from:

J. Carnochan,
St. Dunstan's, Pearson House,
Abbey Road, Brighton, BN2 1ES

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1167

The Endless Steppe
by Esther Hautzig
Read by Carol Marsh

Esther, the daughter of a Jewish manufacturer is reading in bed on a June morning in 1941 when her mother rushes into her room and bids her dress hurriedly and take a matchbox to her maternal grandmother. She returns home to find the house full of Russian soldiers. Soon they are packed into cattle trucks and are off as slave labour in Siberia. There they endure starvation, freezing cold and burning heat. Her grandfather is killed felling timber and her father is drafted to a Labour Battalion at the front. Then the cattle trucks start to arrive again, only this time full of German soldiers. A letter from Esther's father says he is to return to Poland after demobilisation and soon they hear they are to be allowed to join him. Esther is afraid to return and leave the Steppe to which she has become adjusted.

The irony of this book lies in the fact that although the Soviet government acted brutally in sending them into exile yet they did save her and her parents lives, for with the Nazi advance against the Russians all her other relatives were rounded up and liquidated in concentration camps.

A beautifully written story about survival in a totalitarian state.

Cat. No. 1124

Cop Out
by Ellery Queen
Read by Marvin Kane

Here is a good "edge of the seat" piece of reading with all the best ingredients of light fiction.

Wes Malone is a small town cop and by nature and upbringing a loner. Happily married with a nine year old daughter, Malone goes conscientiously about his duties. Then drama strikes in the little town. Murder and a wages snatch. Wes Malone comes home to find three gangsters installed in his home holding his wife and daughter as hostages. Malone has to consider his duty as a cop and his duty to his wife and daughter. He and his family are in for a rough time and Malone has to step outside the law, but he has reckoned without the help of his chief John Secco who plays his ace card at the last instant saving Malone's life and scooping both gunmen and loot.

Cat. No. 1093

The Double Image
by Helen MacInnes
Read by Stanley Pritchard

John Craig, veteran of the Korean war is in Paris to meet his sister and brother-in-law who have just returned from Moscow with the diplomatic corps. In a street he chances to meet one of his old college professors who is looking very bewildered. Over a drink he tells Craig that he has just come face to face with a Nazi war criminal. John who has planned to visit the Greek Islands preparatory to writing a history of ancient trade routes soon finds himself recruited to help N.A.T.O. Intelligence round up a vicious Soviet spy ring. Of course there is a beautiful girl caught up innocently in the affair which gives John added inducement to help Partridge, the C.I.A. man, bring Heinrich Berg, alias Insarov, to his death.

This book holds the listener's interest from start to finish, spoilt only for me by the Scots accent of the reader which seemed incongruous to the personalities and the setting of the book.

Wedding Acknowledgements

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER BALLANTYNE are deeply appreciative of all the letters, cards and telegrams sent to them on the occasion of their wedding. Owing to the number involved they cannot acknowledge them individually as they would wish but express their sincere gratitude for all the good wishes received.

Editor's Note:

We recorded the marriage of Miss Peggy Everett to Mr. Alexander Ballantyne in last month's Review.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND

There was quite a good attendance once again, for our meeting held on 11th of February.

We are getting on very well with our domino competitions and a number of first round matches have now been played off.

Different ideas for outings for this year were discussed once again and I am now looking into the cost of these as the new V.A.T. is going to make quite a difference —especially with catering prices.

The tea for this meeting was arranged by Mrs. Joan Cashmore and everyone thanked her for the delicious spread.

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

LONDON

We are happy to see most of our friends still join us on Thursday evenings despite strikes and inclement weather. Now the Spring weather is upon us we hope for an even larger group on our Thursday evenings.

Domino winners for the month of February were as follows:—

1st February	1. **C. Hancock**
	2. R. Cameron
8th February	1. **J. Padley**
	2. R. Pacitti
	W. Miller
15th February	1. **C. Hancock**
	2. R. Pacitti
22nd February	1. **C. Hancock**
	2. W. Miller

Our Football Pontoon ending on 3rd March was won by **Miss Vera Kemmish** with Crystal Palace, and booby prizes were won by Mrs. Fullard, R. Fullard, Mrs. Allen, W. Phillips and F. Pusey.

W. MILLER.

BRIDGE NOTES

The third Individual Competition of both London and Brighton was held on Saturday, 3rd March. The results are as follows:—

London

P. Nuyens and H. King ..	76
R. Evans and R. Pacitti ..	70
W. Miller and J. Padley ..	68
A. Caldwell and W. Allen ..	64
W. Lethbridge and J. Lynch	58
W. Phillips and H. Meleson ..	54
R. Stanners and F. Dickerson	48

Brighton

R. Fullard and M. Clements..	75
J. Whitcombe and Partner ..	66
W. Scott and A. Dodgson ..	66
F. Rhodes and S. Webster ..	57
C. Walters and W. Burnett ..	52
J. Chell and W. Claydon ..	51
A. Smith and F. Griffee ..	50

HARROGATE

Contrary to what the manageress had written we now find that the accommodation charges for double rooms are £20 per person, plus 10% service charge—plus 10% V.A.T. on the total bill. For single rooms the charge remains the same as before i.e. £22.00 plus 10% service charge, plus 10% V.A.T. on the total bill.

Mrs. Slater also states that it is essential to have a firm booking, anyone not having written in should do so at the earliest possible moment as it will be impossible to secure accommodation for late comers.

P. NUYENS, *Secretary.*

H.M.S. DAEDALUS CAMP

H.M.S. Daedalus, Lee-on-Solent, Hants., will take place from Friday 17th August, to Saturday, 25th August. Please let me have your entries as soon as apossible. Closing date for entries—Friday, 4th May. Fares will be repaid in camp in full. Camp fee £5. Please write to: **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.** Tel. Bishops Lydeard 359.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome a St. Dunstaner recently admitted to membership. The Review hopes he will settle down happily as a member of our family.

Joseph Spence of Heywood, Lancs., who came to us at the end of February, 1973. Mr. Spence served in the Pioneer Corps during the 2nd World War and lives with his sister.

STAFF RETIREMENTS

MISS MARGERY WOLFF retired from St. Dunstan's after 35 years of service. She came to us in 1938 on our Domestic Staff and has been personal maid to three Matrons of St. Dunstan's during her service. Miss Wolff has been presented with a watch, suitably inscribed, for her long service.

MR. JAMES LEWIN retired after 12 years' service as maintenance and handyman at our Ovingdean Home until its closure for alterations last October.

MR. HERBERT CLARK retires from the Joinery Department at Easter having worked in this Department at Headquarters for 12 years. He is an excellent craftsman and his main job has been finishing and polishing joinery work sent in by St. Dunstaners.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

COOK: TAYLOR. On 2nd March, 1973, ALEC COOK of Ferndown, Dorset, married MRS. AMY TAYLOR. Mrs. Taylor was for some years a V.A.D. at Ovingdean and St. Dunstaners will join the *Review* in wishing them every happiness in their married life together.

Silver Weddings

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. EDWARD ANDERSON of Woodthorpe, Yorks., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary in August, 1972.

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. REGINALD CRADDOCK of Warrington, Lancs., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 7th February, 1973.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL JACOBS of Wallasey, Cheshire, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 22nd March, 1973. They were married by the Rev. Davies at St. Paul's Church, Wallasey. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs' children and grandchildren send love and congratulations.

Golden Weddings

Very many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. MATTHEW EASTWOOD of Sidcup, Kent, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on Christmas Day, 1972.

Very many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. HERBERT LEA of Whythall, Birmingham, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 10th March, 1973.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:—

ALEXANDER SCOTT of Belfast, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his fifth grandchild, Fiona Helen, born on 18th September, 1972.

Great Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:—

ALBERT BRIGGS of Norwich, who is pleased to announce the arrival of his sixth great grandchild on 1st January, 1973.

Long Life and happiness to:

Brian, elder son of WILLIAM MORRIS of Bournemouth, who married Anne Elizabeth Andrews, on 30th December, 1972, at Holywood Methodist Church, Holywood, Belfast, Co. Down.

Christopher, son of HERBERT WARD of Leeds, married Janie O'Neill on 28th December, 1972.

EDWARD ANDERSON of Woodthorpe, Yorks., is very proud of his elder son, Edward, who has been promoted to Captain Quartermaster in the R.E.M.E. and is stationed in Germany. His younger son, Anthony is also in the Army and has been promoted to Sergeant.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:—

WALTER LE ROY BIRD of St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, on the death of his wife, Mrs. Eva Lilian Bird, who passed away peacefully on 23rd February, 1973.

CHARLES BROWN of Burton-on-Trent, Staffs., who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Gladys Brown, on 27th February, 1973. Mrs. Brown had not been in very good health for the past few months.

PATRICK VINCENT LOWRY of Saltdean, Sussex, who mourns the death of his mother in a Nursing Home in Ireland in January, 1973.

JAMES MCGUIRE of Hove, Sussex, who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Winifred McGuire, who passed away in hospital on 6th March, 1973.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families, and friends.

Oscar Davidson. *King's Liverpool Regiment. (1st World War) Pioneer Corps. and Royal Air Force (2nd World War)*

Oscar Davidson of Southport, Lancs., died in hospital on 12th February, 1973. He was 85 years of age.

He enlisted in the King's Liverpool Regiment in 1915 and in the Pioneer Corps and Royal Air Force in the 2nd World War. Mr. Davidson did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1967 and had retired. Formerly he had been a music-hall artiste and light comedian. There are no next of kin.

John Henry Dalton. *7th Battalion Green Howards*

John Henry Dalton, late of Middlesborough, Teesside, died on 10th March, 1973, at Northgate House, Brighton, where he had been living for some time. He was 64 years of age.

He enlisted in the 7th Battalion Green Howards in 1941 and served with them until the end of 1943. He came to St. Dunstan's in the same year. He was wounded in North Africa.

He trained and settled in factory employment. Following the death of his wife in 1967 Mr. Dalton made his home for a while with members of his family but finally came to Northgate House, Brighton, in 1972. Unfortunately since then his health deteriorated and he passed away at Northgate House.

He leaves sons and daughters and two step-daughters.

Harold Heugh Gibson. *Royal Field Artillery.*

Harold Heugh Gibson, of Beaminster, Dorset, died on the 25th February, 1973, at the age of 84 years.

He was Commissioned and served in the First World War in the Royal Field Artillery until he was wounded and totally blinded in 1917. He was awarded the Belgian Croix de Guerre. He subsequently came to St. Dunstan's and took up farming for some years. He then trained as a physiotherapist and went into practice in London in 1938, but moved to Dorset after the Second War and continued in private practice and hospital work and with his farming interests. He went on treating some private patients, even after a major illness a couple of years ago, until he became very seriously ill at the beginning of this year. At his Memorial Service in Beaminster the Church was crowded with patients and friends.

He leaves a widow and son.

Albert Conway Evans. *4th South Wales Borderers*

Albert Conway Evans of Newport, Monmouthshire, died in hospital on 1st March, 1973. He was 76 years of age.

He enlisted in the 4th South Wales Borderers and served with them from August 1914 until January 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in October 1915, and was therefore one of our senior St. Dunstaners having come to us in the early days.

He was wounded in August 1915 at Suvla Bay when he was 19 years of age. He trained at St. Dunstan's in basket-making and netting and was a very good craftsman. In 1941 Mr. Evans went into munitions work to assist the war effort and at the end of the war, he continued in industrial employment until he retired in July, 1961.

During his lifetime he served on the local Committee of the British Legion and other Committees for the help of ex-servicemen. He was also an active member of the St. Dunstan's Cardiff Club while it functioned and was at various times its Secretary and Chairman. He kept in good health until he sadly suffered a stroke on 19th February from which he did not recover.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Olive Evans, and a married daughter, Mrs. Jane Smith.

Frank Green. *The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surreys)*

Frank Green of Banbury, Oxon, died at his home on 18th February, 1973, at the age of 79 years.

He enlisted in the Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surreys) in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Although Mr. Green was wounded on the Somme in 1916 he did not come to St. Dunstan's until September 1972 by which time he was in very frail health. Earlier in his life Mr. Green held an appointment as Hospital Secretary at Woking General Hospital but he retired from this post in 1948.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Green, and two sons, one of these, Mr. Vernon Green, had made a home for his mother and father.

Hilary Francis Walter Foster May. *Royal Navy.*

Hilary Francis Walter Foster May of Cleeve, Somerset, died in hospital on 15th February, 1973. He was 58 years of age.

Mr. May served in the Royal Navy and after his discharge worked as a milk roundsman until ill health forced him to retire. He came to St. Dunstan's in June 1972 and had been nursed devotedly by his wife who had moved into a specially equipped bungalow to enable her to continue to nurse him at home but unfortunately Mr. May died in hospital a few days before he was due to return to his new home.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Phyllis May, and other members of his family.

Harry Roxford Prior. 10*th London Regiment.*

Harry Roxford Prior of Portchester, Hants., died in hospital on 8th March, 1973, at the age of 79 years.

He enlisted in the 10th London Regiment and served with them from 1914 until 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1922. He trained as a boot maker and mat maker and he carried on with this work for many years. Mr. Prior had a very good knowledge of the boot trade and during the thirties he was able to change his business premises for a new shop in Hampshire. In addition to boot repairing Mr. Prior continued with his mat making and in his spare time took a keen interest in gardening. During the 2nd World War Mr. Prior worked very hard both on boot repairing and mat making. The mats he sent to our Stores for sale. Soon after the end of the war he decided to retire and he and his wife continued to live in Hampshire. Unfortunately both Mr. and Mrs. Prior have suffered ill-health in recent years.

He leaves a widow, a married son and a married daughter and their families.

Harris Turner. *Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.*

Harris Turner of Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, died in the Veterans Hospital, Victoria, British Columbia, on 12th August, 1972, at the age of 84 years.

Mr. Turner served with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry from 1915 until 1917. He was wounded at Ypres in June, 1916, after which he was admitted to St. Dunstan's. He returned home to Canada in 1917 and in that year was elected as soldiers' representative to the Saskatchewan Legislature where he served until 1921, being known as "the honourable member for France." In 1924 Mr. Turner was elected House Leader of the Opposition in the Saskatchewan Assembly.

Before his war service, Mr. Turner had been a journalist and he was later founder and editor of the *Western Producer*, a weekly published in Saskatoon. He retired to Vancouver in 1931 but moved to Toronto in 1935 where he served as a Liaison Officer for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. In Saskatoon he also served as a city alderman, was President of the Rotary Club and Vice-President of the Canadian Club.

Mr. Turner was in England with his wife in 1937 and was present at the laying of the Foundation Stone at Ovingdean in September that year. Mr. and Mrs. Turner visited England again in 1959 and 1967. In 1968 Mr. Turner suffered a stroke, after which his health gradually deteriorated.

He leaves a widow and two sons.

Alfred Walker. 4*th Seaforth Highlanders.*

Alfred Walker of South Harrow, Middlesex, died on 25th February, 1973, at the age of 82.

He enlisted in the 4th Seaforth Highlanders in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1961. He did not take up any occupational training as he was over retirement age but had many hobbies including gardening, radio and bowls. Mr. and Mrs. Walker celebrated their Golden Wedding in June, 1972.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Walker and all members of her family.

Arthur Henry Whitthorn. *Royal Marines.*

Arthur Henry Whitthorn of Exeter, died at Northgate House, Brighton, on 28th February, 1973. He was 83 years of age.

He served in the Royal Marines from 1907 until 1923 and again from 1939 to 1945. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1949 and trained in rug making and netting.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitthorn spent many years in Exeter and they celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 17th June, 1966. Unfortunately the following year Mrs. Whitthorn died and Mr. Whitthorn went to live with his son, Arthur Whitthorn who also lived in Exeter.

Mr. Whitthorn suffered from poor health for some time and was admitted to Northgate House on 18th January, 1973, where he since died.

He leaves sons, a daughter and grandchildren.

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St Dunstans REVIEW MAY



Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., F.C.A. *Photo: The Times*

Cover Picture: *Daphne Gilbert shows her St. Dunstaner husband, John how she thinks it should be done. Archery was a sport demonstrated at the Disabled Festival of Sport reported in this issue.*

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 641 **MAY 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Mr. A. D. Lloyds, CBE, FCA

Mr. A. D. Lloyds retired from the post of Secretary of St. Dunstan's on the 31st March; he had served for 35 years, 18 of them as Secretary. He came to us before the War broke out, but soon joined up and, after receiving his Commission in the Royal Artillery, fell into the hands of the Japanese, with whom he was a Prisoner of War for some four years. Knowing how badly P.O.W.s fared in many cases, I have always rejoiced that Mr. Lloyds was tough enough to endure the hardships and came back to a full life of increasing responsibility.

Under our Constitution, the Secretary of St. Dunstan's is the head of staff and the principal permanent official of the Executive Council—the equivalent in commerce of a Managing Director. Mr. Lloyds was only the third to occupy this important post in 57 years, following Mrs. Chadwick-Bates and Mr. Askew.

As Chairman, I was naturally in very close touch with him, meeting him frequently in Committee or at the office, and he invariably gave me good advice; but of course responsibility for the day-to-day conduct of St. Dunstan's affairs rests on the shoulders of the Secretary, who must be prepared to act on his own initiative and he never failed to do this with patience and good judgement, very much to the benefit of us all. Apart from showing high qualities in administration, Company Law and procedure, and finance, he always deeply impressed me by his personal kindness to St. Dunstaners, their families and the staff.

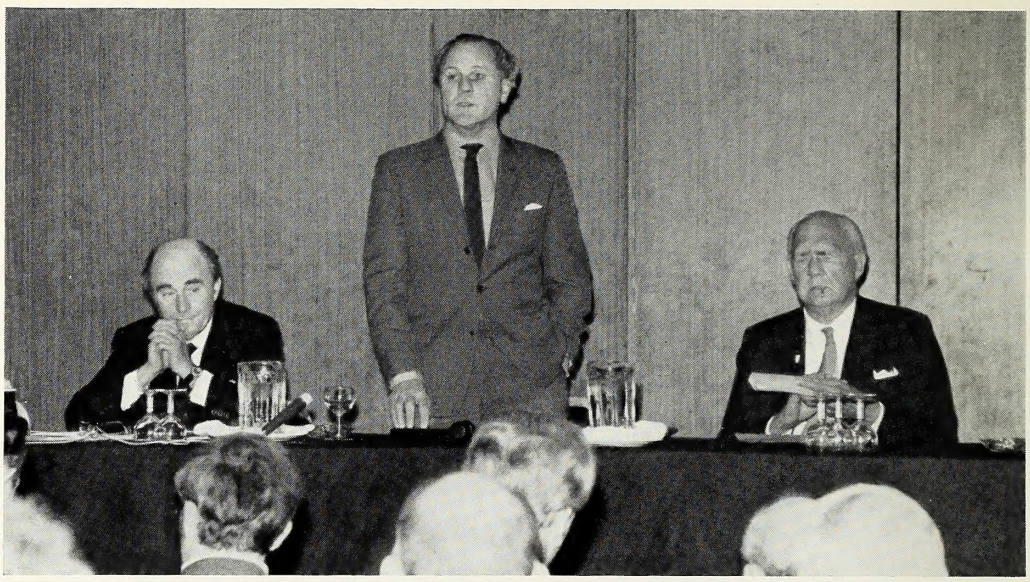
Mr. Lloyds also paid much attention to the relationship of St. Dunstan's with the rest of the blind world and will continue to serve as the senior member of the United Kingdom delegation to the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind, in which he has played a leading part for many years. During his career he visited India, Nigeria, the Continent, the United States and Canada, and St. Dunstaners in Toronto made him an Honorary Member of the Sir Arthur Pearson Association as their special mark of appreciation.

A very modest man, somewhat reserved, he nevertheless was regarded with affection and trust by those with whom he worked, and this was clearly shown by the pleasure with which his award of the C.B.E. was greeted last year. These feelings were recently demonstrated again when the staff, present and retired, and St. Dunstaners on their separate occasions made presentations to him at warm-hearted meetings. Finally, the Council of St. Dunstan's is paying its own tribute, and Lady Fraser and I are particularly happy to have been present on all three occasions as our personal acknowledgment of the great help he has been to St. Dunstan's and to us both.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyds, to whom we also pay a warm tribute, have settled in Sussex, not very far from the Brighton coast, and we hope he will visit us there from time to time and also meet his old friends at Reunions and other gatherings.

All of us who knew Mr. Lloyds personally and many others who knew him only by his fine reputation in the blind world generally in this country and overseas will thank him for his exceptional services and wish him and his wife and family the very best of good luck.

Fraser of Lonsdale



P.A.C. Chairman, Eric Rowe, reports to the Conference. Also in the picture Mr. R. Priestley, Physiotherapy Superintendent and Lord Fraser.

Physiotherapy Conference 1973

In grateful recognition of his fifty years interest in the work of St. Dunstan's physiotherapists, Lord Fraser was presented with a case of champagne and two boxes of cigars at a dinner/dance held at the Londoner Hotel on 7th April. The presentation was made by Eric Rowe, current Chairman of the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee and Barbara Bell presented Lady Fraser with a bouquet of flowers. Sidney Tarry, O.B.E., who represented the First World War members, also spoke in praise of Lord Fraser's interest and work for our physiotherapists. This very happy evening's entertainment concluded the week-end conference which had opened on Friday, 6th April with the reception of the physiotherapists and their wives.

The only business of that day was in the Physiotherapy Advisory Committee which met to finalise conference arrangements.

Speaking at the dinner, Lord Fraser thanked Eric Rowe, Sidney Tarry and the members and said:

"It is 50 years since, as head what was then called the 'After Care Department' of St. Dunstan's, I became seriously engaged in settling and looking after St. Dunstaners in their own homes. You have reminded me of this particularly and I call to mind the early placements and activities of many of our earlier colleagues. They blazed a trail which many of you, who came to us as a result of the Second War, have followed so excellently. The success and example set by physiotherapists in Britain has been emulated in Canada, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa and it is one of the brightest pages in St. Dunstan's history".

58 physiotherapists were able to attend to take part in the Annual General Meeting and listen to the lectures on Saturday. The A.G.M. opened at 9.15 a.m. under the Chairmanship of Eric Rowe with Lord Fraser and Mr. R. Priestley also on the platform. Eric Rowe reported on the work of the P.A.C. since the last A.G.M. His report was accepted with

warm praise for the manner of its presentation.

The meeting agreed to a reduction in membership of the Committee from twelve to nine. In the election which followed Bill Shea of Huntingdon, and Norman Perry of Grimsby were re-elected and a new member Ted Bunting of Scarborough was elected.

There was a warm welcome for Professor Sir Ludwig Guttman, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., whose lecture on "Sport and the Disabled" was a history of the development of the Stoke Mandeville Games and international competitions.

Harry Davis, of Stratford-on-Avon, as P.A.C. Vice-Chairman, proposed the toast to the guests during luncheon and replies were made by both the distinguished speakers.

After luncheon, Dr. Hugh C. Burry, M.R.C.P., D. Phys. Med., from Guys Hospital gave the second lecture. As a former "All Black", New Zealand Rugby International, he chose an appropriate subject—"Athletic Injuries and their treatment".



Speakers at the luncheon: **above,** *Harry Davis. Vice-Chairman, who proposed the toast to the guests, Dr. Burry, beside him and Professor Sir Ludwig Guttman,* **below,** *seen making his reply.*



Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Bertram Bashford of Malden, Surrey came to St. Dunstan's in March 1973. He served in the First World War with the Middlesex Regiment and is married with a grown-up family.

Alan Kenneth Cotterill of Darlaston, Walsall, Staffordshire, came to St. Dunstan's in March 1973. He served in the Royal Artillery during the 1950s and is married with a ten year old daughter.

Derek Cribben of Leigh, Lancashire, who became a full St. Dunstaner in April, 1973. He served in the Royal Signals during the Second World War. He is married.

Reginald Frank Edwards of Bognor Regis, Sussex joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1973. He served in the First World War in the Rifle Brigade. He is a retired Bank Official and due to temporary ill-health both he and his wife are staying in a Nursing Home in Bognor.

Arthur Reginald Joseph Hopkin of Ely, Cambridge, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1973. He served in the Suffolk Regiment during the First World War and is a widower.

Gomer John Hopkins of London, S.W.12, became a full St. Dunstaner in March, 1973. He served in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War and is married with one young daughter. He is employed in industry.

Joseph Edwin Lewis of Manchester became a full St. Dunstaner in March 1973. He served in the Royal Artillery during the Second World War and is married.

Edward Philpot of Brentwood Essex, joined St. Dunstan's in March 1973. He served in the Norfolk Regiment during the First World War. Although injured

BRIDGE NOTES

The fourth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on 7th April. The results are as follows:—

R. Goding and S. Webster	78
A. Dodgson and F. Griffee	72
F. Rhodes and M. Clements	61
J. Whitcombe and R. Bickley	57
J. Chell and R. Fullard	55
C. Walters and W. Scott	55

P. NUYENS,
Secretary.

STOKE MANDEVILLE SPORTS

B.S.A.D. Multi-Disabled Sports will take place from **Friday, 7th September** to **Sunday, 9th September** at Stoke Mandeville. Entries must be in by 26th July to: Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.

H.M.S. DAEDALUS CAMP

H.M.S. Daedalus, Lee-on-Solent, Hants., will take place from Friday, 17th August, to Saturday, 25th August. Please let me have your entries as soon as possible. **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.** Tel. Bishops Lydeard 359.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's—*continued*

Mr. Philpot was able to carry on his work as a nurseryman for some years after his discharge from the Services. In recent months his sight has deteriorated and he has become at St. Dunstaner. Mr. Philpot is a bachelor.

Harry Roberts of Warrington became a full St. Dunstaner in March 1973. He served as a Despatch Rider in the National Fire Service in Blackpool, during the Second World War. He is married with a grown up son.

Arthur Leslie Young of Harrow, Middlesex, came to St. Dunstan's in March 1973. He served with the Royal Engineers during the First World War and is married.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

These jottings originate nowadays from an office on the top floor of Pearson House with windows looking down to the sea, high up among the roofs and chimney pots of Kemp Town. For a different view of the town this is the place to be. The area surrounding Pearson House at ground level is fascinating enough, but the chimney pots! They march across the rooftops, row upon row, all at different levels, as far as the eye can see! They are all shapes and sizes—some tall and slender, some short and squat, some with hats on, some without. Television aerials abound too, of course, but these always remain just—television aerials. The pots vary in colour from very dark, almost black, through many shades of terra-cotta, burnt sienna and grey, to a deep cream. Here and there one of them leans a little sideways in a slightly tipsy way and a number of them wear pointed crowns, looking exactly like pieces on a chess board. Indeed, a lot of them remind one rather of chessmen lined up for a game. One very attractive grey pot was shaped like a knight in armour with his helmet on and his vizor down, but this brave fellow has, much to our regret, disappeared during the past week, together with a whole row of his brethren, in a conversion project on three of the houses at the top of Portland Place. We wish they could have been left there, even though they served no useful purpose! Most of these chimney pots no longer issue smoke. From here this afternoon we can see just one in action, so someone in the houses opposite has a fire. It leads us to wonder if eventually all our chimney pots will disappear as more and more conversions take place and new houses are built, all with central heating. We hope they don't as we should miss them—they look friendly—each with its own different characteristics, like people in their infinite variety.

From the chimney pots we come down to earth to tell you of a few of our doings during the past month. Now and again among our visiting entertainers we find some of outstanding ability and one such group came to give us an anthology called "Marriage Lines". Mr. John Nicholson, who is County Drama Adviser for East Sussex, brought the members of his Drama Workshop and with his partner, Vera McKechnie, gave most accomplished readings of various prose and poetry excerpts covering a wide range of characters and emotions. The third member of the group Elizabeth Vernon, accompanied herself on the guitar in a number of very appealing love songs and the whole programme was quite delightful.

Another charming young visitor came to one of our Wednesday Group meetings. This was Miss Caroline Dudley, one of the curators of Brighton Museum. Several of our members who were present wondered how such a young thing could possibly be a curator, no doubt under the impression that museums are all rather stuffy places. This, of course, is something they are not, and Miss Dudley helped us to understand that they are, in reality, very interesting and often exciting places. Her talk was about "Currency through the Ages" and to illustrate it she brought along several items which we were able to pass round and examine for ourselves. This was another of those "different" occasions which remain in our memories and we shall look forward to having Miss Dudley here again.

Our musical evenings continue to flourish and in response to many requests Mr. Tom Eales gave us another recorded programme, this time called "Round the World in Stereo". Music means so much to most of us here, whether we are St. Dunstaners or sighted people, and we do appreciate these fine programmes which are given to us so generously.

Chairman

Walter Thornton of Birmingham has recently been elected Chairman of the Midlands Council of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind.

Mr. Arthur Weston

St. Dunstaners who kept poultry, will be sorry to learn of the death of MR. ARTHUR WESTON, who was Poultry Adviser for some twenty years before he left in 1955. Mr. Weston died quite suddenly of a heart attack. He leaves a widow.



From bow and arrow to rifle; **above,** *Dickie Richardson, with Norman French, St. Dunstan's research engineer, learns a little about archery and,* **below,** *demonstrates St. Dunstan's rifle with the assistance of sports officer, John Carnochan.*



Festival of Sport at Worthing

The Festival of Sport displayed at the Worthing New Sports' Centre by the Sussex branch of the British Sports Association for the Disabled on Saturday, 31st March, proved to be very successful. Many disabled people in the area who attended now realise the variety of sport and recreation that are open to them.

Part of this inspiration came from St. Dunstan's contribution in the Rifle Shooting and Carpet Bowls very ably displayed by John Gilbert and "Dickey" Richardson.

The Carpet Bowls was made more interesting by the St. Dunstan's pair playing in a match against two blind bowlers of the Hastings Club, with Mrs. A. Maplesden and Mr. B. Bourne, the Hastings team winning 8-5.

It is worth mentioning that other St. Dunstaners are actively engaged in the B.S.A.D. regions. Ernie Cookson is on the committee of the Surrey Branch as is Peter Spence in Somerset, among others.

J. Carnochan, *Sports Officer*



Douglas Bader, opening the Festival, seems to be telling his audience to aim high.

John Gilbert bowling in the demonstration carpet bowls match.





Mr. Lloyds with Walter Thornton after the presentation. The silver coffee and tea service is seen in the foreground.

Mrs. Trevor Tatchell presents a bouquet to Mrs. Lloyds.



Presentati

St Dunstaner's g

For the second year in succession the Grosvenor House Hotel in London has been the scene of an important event for St. Dunstan's. On 31st March almost a hundred St. Dunstaners met in the Ballroom for the London (Central) Reunion. Together with their wives and escorts, members of the staff and guests some 250 people sat down to lunch with Lord and Lady Fraser of Lonsdale.

But this was more than the first of the 1973 reunions. It was also Mr. A. D. Lloyds' last official engagement as Secretary of St. Dunstan's upon his retirement that day and the highlight of the occasion was the presentation by Walter Thornton of a gift subscribed for by St. Dunstaners all over the world.

Lord Fraser

Introducing Walter Thornton Lord Fraser said: "This is a great occasion and you may be interested to know that there are 96 St. Dunstaners present. They include those who normally come to the first London Reunion and in addition, one representative from each area of the United Kingdom, the West, Wales, the North, the Midlands, Northern Ireland and Scotland to whom we give a very warm welcome. There are present with us a number of members of St. Dunstan's staff and a number of ex-staff. We give a very warm welcome to those elder members of the retired staff who have come to join us today. With us is one particular family: Mr. Lloyds, Mrs. Lloyds and their sons Timothy and Robin. I want to thank four of my St. Dunstan's colleagues for having made a committee which brought about this occasion today and they are Mr. Nuyens, Mr. Rhodes, two representatives of the older generation, Mr. Tatchell and Mr. Thornton. And now, since it is not my business to tell you what the special occasion is, I'm going to call upon Walter Thornton".

o Mr. Lloyds

: London Reunion

Rising to make the presentation, Walter Thornton began,

"It is my privilege to represent all those friends in St. Dunstan's who responded immediately to the suggestion that we should make this presentation. We are presenting to Mr. Lloyds things that he and his wife have chosen and in doing this we take note that he has in the last 35 years been, including war service, a faithful servant of St. Dunstan's. Eighteen years ago he succeeded Mr. Askew as the General Secretary of our organisation. He has, in addition, undertaken many other responsibilities and I will refer only to some of these. He has been the United Kingdom's senior delegate to the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind, and is going to continue placing his vast experience and knowledge at the service of that organisation. He has been the Chairman of the International Committee of the Royal National Institute for the Blind; he is a member of the Blind Persons' Committee of the National Advisory Council on the employment of disabled persons. Last year his services were recognised when he was made a Companion of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire and in this, as in so many other ways, he brought credit not only to himself but to St. Dunstan's.

Man of Character

"For a person who is the secretary of an organisation like St. Dunstan's, it is often impossible to have personal contact with many of the members," continued Mr. Thornton, "But I know that Mr. Lloyds has steadfastly sought this and by diligent attendance at reunions, by constant visits to Ovingdean, and by always being available to those who have a problem or who are seeking advice, has made himself known as an individual to a very large number of our members. If I were asked to summarise the qualities which I think people would immediately associate with Mr. Lloyds, I'm sure they would refer to his somewhat droll sense of humour, dry not sweet, his concern for other people and his capacity for hiding his light under a bushel.

Family Gift

"The committee were most concerned that the gift which we should present on your behalf to Mr. Lloyds should be something that Mrs. Lloyds could share too. We are delighted that they have chosen something which is going to be a real family thing because we do appreciate that the servants of St. Dunstan's so often give their service as the priority and that many, many times the family take second place. There has never been any question that the commitments of St. Dunstan's have not come first with Mr. Lloyds, and obviously in this he has had the wholehearted support of Mrs. Lloyds. In expressing our wholehearted gratitude to them both may I mention that the gift will consist of a silver coffee and tea service; there is a silver plated tray inscribed:—"To A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., F.C.A., from his St. Dunstaner friends in grateful appreciation. 31st March, 1973". On your behalf may I make the presentation to Mr. Lloyds and wish him every happiness and fulfilment and many happy years of retirement and associate Mrs. Lloyds with the same good wishes".

Mrs. Trevor Tatchell then presented a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Lloyds.

Replying Mr. Lloyds said: "I'm most grateful to you, Mr. Thornton, and to the members of your committee, Mr. Nuyens, Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Tatchell for organising this presentation to me, this delightful gift of a silver tea and coffee set and tray. It is really most kind of you all and I do thank you very much.



Timothy and Robin Lloyds share a joke as their father chats with Len Curnow, who served with him in the 35th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery. Mrs. Curnow is on the extreme left.

For relaxation you have been kind enough to give me as well some gramophone records and I shall much enjoy listening to those.

"Thirty-five years is quite a time and many changes have taken place during that period. One thing, however, will never change and that is the strength and the spirit of St. Dunstan's. St. Dunstan's continues to be held in great esteem in all parts of the world. And the success of this organisation is due in very large measure to the example which you yourselves have set.

"Looking back over my time at St. Dunstan's I think two events stand out above all others: the Jubilee celebrations of 1965 when we were honoured with the presence of our Patron, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II; the other—Lord Fraser's 50th anniversary, as our Chairman, last year. How much we owe to Lord Fraser's inspiration and leadership and to Lady Fraser for all her help. And I think what has impressed me most during my time at St. Dunstan's has been the increasing participation by St. Dunstaners from all walks of life in a great variety of accomplishments; such as taking part in community affairs, helping other handicapped persons, following some interesting sport or hobby, mastering a difficult job and in many other ways. And in all these activities you have been helped tremendously by your wives.

"I have enjoyed every minute of my time at St. Dunstan's," Mr. Lloyds continued, "It has been a great privilege, a very great privilege, to work for and to be part of such an organisation, and in fact I could not have wished for a better job. So once again may I thank you all, not only for these most generous gifts but for the thoughts that go with them and for the sentiments expressed from you by Mr. Thornton. I do thank you all for the kindness and help you have shown to me over the years and if in some small way I have been of help to St. Dunstan's and to any of you personally then that is my reward, so good luck and may God bless you all".

Mr. Lloyds Writes:

I do thank you, my St. Dunstaner friends, very much for your generous gift to me on my retirement. My wife and I are delighted with the silver tea and coffee set and tray which were presented to us, from you, at the London Re-union, and which will be a happy reminder of all your kindnesses.

As I said at the Re-union, it has been a great privilege to have worked for St. Dunstan's and with you all. Thank you very much, everyone, for your good wishes; I do trust that much happiness and good fortune will come your way in the future.

Three Useful Books

Two of the books that have come to us recently are intended to give useful information to blind and partially sighted people. In each case the motivation has been the arrival of information about blindness and services for the blind that has come to the authors and has evidentally made them feel that this information should be more widely known.

"In Touch", produced by the B.B.C. at 60p, is the work of Miss Thena Heshel, for a number of years producer of the "In Touch" programme, in collaboration with Mrs. Margaret Ford, a professional social worker who has specialised in blind welfare for more than twelve years. This book gives a mass of information on subjects such as—how to get help, money, employment, getting around, reading and writing, everyday living, in the kitchen, leisure, housing and homes, the pleasure of listening, travel and holidays, parents and children, the deaf-blind, and 'finding other ways'. It is of perhaps greatest value to social workers with responsibilities for visually handicapped people and relatives of those who have recently lost their sight.

"Cambridge for the Visually Handicapped" is a book with a somewhat different purpose, which is to give blind people living in the district some useful local knowledge. Chapter headings include —clubs, colleges and education centres, communications, equipment and electrical repairs, interests, libraries and bookshops, local publications, lodgings, medical and health services, organisations, public services, shopping, and transport and travel. The original stimulus here was that Miss Jessica Deed, an almost blind school teacher, had blind students frequently referred to her for information. She thus perforce enlarged her own knowledge of Cambridge and compiled the book with the active support of the Cambridge Lions Club, two wives who could type and a member who was a printer. Other districts might consider following this example.

"500 Recipes for Cooking for One" by Catherine Kirkpatrick is the third book to mention and it may be of special interest to girl St. Dunstaners. There is also a selection of recipes for two-four people. This book is published in Braille by the Scottish Braille Press as is also the "In Touch" book, both obtainable on application to Mens Supplies at Headquarters.

Scouting

Dennis John Freeman of Wyken, Coventry, Warwicks, has recently been appointed as Assistant District Commissioner for the Venture Scouts, this is in addition to his position as Venture Scout Leader.

Mr. Freeman will be leading a party of 33 Venture Scouts to Wurzburg in Bavaria in July of this year. The trip will include visits to the Mayor and Bishop plus sightseeing. Accompanying Mr. Freeman on this trip will be Mrs. Freeman, who will act as Treasurer for the expedition, his son, Raymond who is an instructor, his daughter Anne who is a Ranger and son Stephen who is a Scout. This is a return visit as last Summer the Coventry Unit entertained a German Scout Group while they were in England.

STAFF RETIREMENT

After ten years service as a visitor for the Basket Department, Mr. F. Corcoran has now retired from his duties.

For some time past he has had indifferent health and both St. Dunstaners and staff hope this will greatly improve on retirement.

V.A.T.

The R.N.I.B. have produced a Braille pamphlet entitled "An Introduction to Value Added Tax (1973)" which summarises the salient features of the new tax as they will affect the consumer. Free copies of this pamphlet may be obtained from Men's Supplies Department at Headquarters.

FAREWELL TO STAFF

A gathering of members of St. Dunstan's staff from all departments, from the Chairman's Office and from Brighton took place at Marylebone Road on 30th March.

In the presence of Lord and Lady Fraser, Mr. C. D. Wills made a presentation on behalf of the staff to Mr. A. D. Lloyds. Mr. Wills said:

"Looking back over the years my memories of my association with you are all happy ones. You have always been accessible and ever ready to give friendly help and advice. You are deeply conscious of your responsibilities and have never failed to give the most earnest consideration to the welfare of St. Dunstan's, St. Dunstaners and of the staff".

After mentioning Mr. Lloyds' work for blind welfare outside St. Dunstan's and internationally, his interest in research and some of the areas in which St. Dunstan's had progressed in his time as Secretary, Mr. Wills referred to his personal modesty, "Consequently much of what you have achieved has escaped publicity but there is no doubt whatever that you have left your mark upon the affairs of St. Dunstan's and long will we remember you".

Gifts

Mr. Wills then presented a mantel clock and a gold wristlet watch engraved "1938-1973. St. Dunstan's. To A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., from the staff". He concluded, "They are given with our heartfelt good wishes for a long and happy retirement in the company of your wife".

Thanking staff members for their company at the presentation, Mr. Lloyds said, "I am deeply touched that many of those who have retired have taken the trouble to come up here to be with me to-day".

He thanked the staff for their loyalty and support over the years, "I have always felt complete confidence that if I wanted any extra help or any special job done by any of you, you would never fail; and you never have".

He ended by saying, "Thank you very much for these delightful and very generous gifts from all of you. I am very grateful to you and I would just like to wish you all the best of luck".

R.N.I.B. Tribute

Friends of Mr. Lloyds at the R.N.I.B. entertained him to lunch at the National Liberal Club on 20th March, and presented him with an onyx cigarette box which bore the following inscription . . ."In appreciation of your many years of devoted service to blind people and wishing you great happiness in your retirement from your friends at the Royal National Institute for the Blind".

HOUSE of LORDS DEBATE

"It certainly is not true that drunkenness is rife in our country or that the pub is a bad and evil place. It is nothing of the kind". Lord Fraser made this defence of that English institution, the Public house, in a debate in the House of Lords on the Erroll Report on Licensing Laws.

The Report, which among other things recommends longer licensing hours including afternoon opening, the lowering of the permitted age to 17 and suggests pub-cafes where families, with children, could eat and drink together, came under criticism from peers and peeresses.

Lord Fraser, after declaring his interest as Chairman of a wine and spirit business, spoke up against some of the criticisms.

"I was a soldier in my young life. I was President of the British Legion for 11 years, a society which promotes, fosters and regulates very many clubs in which a lot of beer is drunk . . . They are places where it is not only the drink that you can have but the comradeship of people who you knew in the Services. These are good things and if there is a tendency to liberalise them and get a little away from straitlaced and overstrict rules, I am inclined to be in favour of them".

Lord Fraser also pointed out that tourists from abroad demand a little liberalisation in the rules which are used in this country. Saying that it will be some time before the Government would be considering the report seriously and that there would be the opportunity for the expression of public opinion before legislation, Lord Fraser praised its principle as a sound one. "I would rather have my modest tot of gin and my health than the health which might have been mine if I had nothing at all. I prefer a free choice", he concluded.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND

Since my last report we have held two club meetings, the first on 11th March, and the second on 8th April.

Quite a number of domino games were played off at these meetings and I am pleased to say that we are now getting on very well with this year's competitions.

A lot of thought and discussions have gone into outings for this year and it has now been decided to have two half-day trips, the first one will be to Matlock in May. The second one will probably be to the Cotswolds in September.

Owing to the gas strike we had to cancel our evening out in March, but this is still very much on the calendar of future events.

Our April meeting was mainly taken up with a "Bring and Buy" sale. It went off very well indeed and quite a good sum of money was taken towards club funds. It is hoped to hold another one in September as these are of good financial benefit to the club.

The tea for our March meeting was arranged for us by Mrs. Sallie Bilcliff and the April one by Mrs. Cath Androlia, both these ladies were thanked most sincerely for putting on excellent teas.

We have missed our old friend, Bert Lane, very much, at the last two meetings. Bert has not been at all well and we all hope sincerely to see him turning up again in the very near future.

Our next meeting will be held at the usual place, on **Sunday, 13th May.**

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

LONDON

It was with great pleasure that the London Club greeted Mr. A. D. Lloyds who visited the Club on Thursday evening, 12th April, to say "Au Revoir" to them. Mr. Lloyds delighted all the St. Dunstaners and their wives by chatting in the Club Rooms for a considerable time with everyone who was present.

Charlie Hancock rose to express our appreciation of all that Mr. Lloyds had done for our members in the past and in particular for the Thursday Club. He went on to wish Mr. Lloyds a long and happy retirement.

Obviously moved by the tribute Mr. Lloyds expressed his thanks to all St. Dunstaners and wives who were present and hoped he would meet them again in the future.

The football pontoon ending on 14th April was shared by Mrs. Evans, R. Fullard and H. Kerr, their teams being Birmingham, Hull and Brighton respectively.

The Booby prize went to Mrs. Harding, her team being Preston.

The Domino Winners for the month of March were as follows:—

1st March	**1**	**R. Pacitti**
	2	R. Cameron
		J. Padley
8th March	**1**	**R. Pacitti**
	2	R. Cameron
15th March	**1**	**G. Stanley**
	2	C. Hancock
		J. Majchrowicz
22nd March	**1**	**G. Stanley**
	2	J. Majchrowicz
29th March	**1**	**C. Hancock**
	2	J. Padley

W. MILLER.

MR. AND MRS. W. HARDING of North Finchley, London, N.3, wish to thank all friends and members of the London Club for the many kind visits, flowers and letters received during Mr. Harding's indisposition. Owing to the very many good wishes Mrs. Harding regrets that she cannot reply individually but they both wish to express their sincere gratitude to all their kind friends.

TRIBUTE TO MIKE DELANEY

Mike Delaney died suddenly at work on Wednesday 11th April. The news of his sudden and untimely death will have come as a great shock to his physiotherapy colleagues who, only a few days previously had been renewing acquaintance with their colleagues during the St. Dunstan's Physiotherapy Congress. I count myself fortunate that much of my time during this reunion was spent in the company of my old friend and his wife, Vi.

For many years after completing his training as a physiotherapist Mike, as a bachelor, had many difficulties to overcome both in his work and everyday life, but he rapidly acquired a degree of independence and self reliance which commanded the respect and admiration of all who came in contact with him.

As all Mike's friends know so well his main recreation was contract bridge, a game in which he excelled, and loved to play, and when not playing loved to discuss. It is in this field that we wish to remember him here.

Some years ago Mike strengthened his association with Mrs. Vi Formstone as she was then known, when they teamed up to form a brilliant partnership in our own bridge club. This happy and successful combination became later on, a still more successful partnership in marriage. From then on, "The Delaneys" became outstanding personalities, not only in the St. Dunstan's bridge club but also in the world of bridge outside, where their names are as well known as they are to us for their skill, enterprise and courage.

Although Mike's face will not be seen again by his sighted friends, nor his voice heard by his St. Dunstan's colleagues, wherever and whenever bridge is played in St. Dunstan's circles it is certain that his name will always be on the lips of his old friends.

R.W.E.

DISCS FOR SALE

Readers may be interested to learn that L.P. records ordered from the R.N.I.B. and not taken up, are available at prices quoted below. These can be ordered through **Mr. Paul Nuyens** (please send money with order) to: **St. Dunstan's, P.O. Box 58, 191, Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.** The list of records is as follows:

The Sound of Music (2 records available)	£2.03
Two Renaissance Dance Bands	£1.13
Gerard Souzay Henri Duparc 12 Melodies	£1.13
Edmundo Ros and his Orchestra Dance Again (2 records available)	£1.70
The Melos Ensemble of London Beethoven Octet, Sextet, Rondino & March	£1.74
The Moody Blues Seventh Sojourn	£1.88
CASSETTES	
Overtures of Old Vienna Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra	£1.90
The World's Most Glorious Melodies Reginald Kilbey	£1.90
SPECIAL OFFER!	
Coriolanus by William Shakespeare Recorded by the Marlowe Society *Only*	£7.00

Sporting Tribute

The late **Alfred Walker,** whose death we reported last month received a fine tribute from the Secretary of Roxeth Bowling Club, Mr. W. C. Lawrence who wrote in a Harrow paper:—

"Johnnie had been a member of the Roxeth Bowling Club for over 50 years, President from 1928-1959 and a committee member until shortly before his death. He presented the championship cup to the club in 1923 and was the first winner. He also over the years won all other club competitions.

He presented a Hunting Horn for competition between Roxeth and Harrow Weald, and this is still competed for annually. He played for Middlesex on several occasions."

Pick the Winner!

Derby Sweepstake closing date: Wednesday, 23rd May.

Tickets: 15p each plus stamped and addressed envelope to: **Editor, D.S.S., 191, Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.**

The Draw will take place at the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 31st May. All those drawing a horse will be notified.

Frank Reviews —

Cat. No. 1169
by J. B. Priestley
The Prince of Pleasure and his Regency
Read by William Jack

A reconstruction of the life and times of the Prince Regent, later George the Fourth.

As might be expected from this author this is no glossy romantic account of court life. Although he gives credit where credit is due in that the Regency has left us many historical and artistic buildings, these were largely paid for by the exchequer while the poor starved. To stop civil war the government put an agent provocateur into any social group which sought reform, then having led them into revolt betrayed them to the government who dutifully saw that the reformers were hanged.

Cat. No. 1199
The Husband
by Sol Stein
Read by Robert Gladwell

Peter has been a one woman man since his early High School days. Now in his mid-fifties he finds he is thoroughly bored by his wife and the only consolation in his marriage are his two children. Then into his life comes Elizabeth. Peter is a first rate copy writer with an advertising firm and Elizabeth a colleague from the art department.

When Peter decides to leave Rose he finds her lawyer and old family friend has him so firmly tied up that all he is likely to be left with is his false teeth. Being something of a sexual athlete Peter is intimidated by his boss, a sexual pervert who threatens him with the sack unless he co-operates.

Another title for this book might well have been "Variations on a Sexual Theme", and yet I cannot condemn it as pornography because it has a good plot and is most constructive. Peter retains his job but looses his home, his kids, and his beloved painting. Certainly not a book to be listened to within the hearing of children grandmothers or maiden aunts. Even our cats left the room while certain sections of this book were being read. But then the wife was cooking fish in the kitchen!

MY SHADOW

by T.C. McKay

A most persistent fellow he,
Sticking ever close to me
Whether by accident or design
His feet are always touching mine
Yet never pushing in a crowd
And never, never talks out loud,
And when I stop to have a chat,
He is content to lie quite flat.

In early morning when I go out,
He is a giant, without a doubt,
But I am never scared of him
Though I'm rather small and slim,
Because he follows each step and tumble
Without as much, as even a grumble.
Ever faithful and ever true,
Always black but never blue.

By the middle of the day,
He has almost passed away,
Shrunken now so very small,
Very nearly not there at all,
Sticking ever closer still
On easy road or heavy hill.
Could any love more constant be
Than this fellow is to me?

In the evening's gentle fall
Again he is a giant tall,
Following my weary footsteps home,
Silently as any gnome.
Close beside me to the door,
I step inside, he is no more . . .
In the morning when I step out
He'll be there again, without a doubt.

EDITOR'S NOTE
Tommy McKay won 1st prize with this poem in the Edwin Dickinsen Literary Competition organised recently by the Queensland Society of Blind Citizens in Australia.

Grocers' Summer Outing

Sussex Grocers' Association are organising an outing for St. Dunstaners on the afternoon of Wednesday 20th June to the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells. Coaches will leave Pearson House, Abbey Road, Brighton, at 2.30 p.m. getting back about 9.30 p.m.

Any St. Dunstaners who may be holidaying in Brighton at that time and who would like to go on the outing are advised to write or telephone:

Mrs. M. G. Lillie,
Sussex Grocers' Association,
11, Lancaster Road,
Brighton BN1 5DG.
Tel. Brighton 554 648

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Mrs. Eva Scrivener, London, N.21

Many readers of St. Dunstan's *Review* may at times wonder what happens to retired members of the staff.

I would like to tell you if I may, one of the things that is happening to Ernest George of Felsted, Essex. He conducts a choir of Senior Citizens, some over 80! They go around singing the most delightful songs of this day and age and of the distant past.

How do I know this? Mr. George invited my sister (Miss E. R. Abbiss, who was his secretary for many years) and myself (also ex-staff of the Netting Dept.) to a concert in Kensington last week. It is a long time since we spent such a pleasant afternoon.

One can but admire Mr. George, he could sit at home and dwell on the past but no, he gives his time and energy to bring joy to others.

On the day we heard the Felsted Choir Mr. George had arranged a coach outing for the day picking up choir members and others (who came for shopping) en-route through the village where they live. How they must have enjoyed a day trip to town.

Twenty Five Years Service

JOHN JOSEPH MOONEY of Chadderton, Lancs., attended a reception with his wife at Hawker Siddeley Aviation Ltd., where the Managing Director, Mr. J. Wood presented our St. Dunstaner with a gold wristlet watch for twenty-five years' service.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

NOBBS-HURSEY. On 24th March, 1973, ROBERT E. NOBBS, who lived at the Royal Air Force Association Home, Storrington, Sussex, married MISS PRISCILLA HURSEY at Torch House Chapel, Hurstpierpoint, on 24th March, 1973. We wish them every happiness in their married life together.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. JOHN BAILEY of Guildford, Surrey, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 17th April, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ROBERT OSBORNE of Saltdean, Sussex, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 24th April, 1973.

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ABDUL (BRIAN) RAHIM of Perivale, Middlesex, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 24th December, 1972.

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. JESSE SALT of Morecambe, Lancs., who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 21st April, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. TREVOR TATCHELL of Cardiff, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 27th March, 1973.

Golden Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. PERCIVAL PEACEY of Saffron Walden, Essex, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 31st March, 1973.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:

HARRY BLUNDELL of Warrington, Lancs. who has a second grandchild. Philip John arrived on 21st March, 1973, to carry on the Blundell line. He was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Blundell.

GEORGE DENNIS of Enfield, Middlesex, is pleased to announce the arrival of his first grandchild, born to his son Alan and his wife, on 20th January, 1973. She is to be called Nicola Jane.

George's daughter Patricia, then gave birth to her first child, a son, Graham James, who was born on 28th February, 1973.

REGINALD NEWTON of Salfords, Surrey, is pleased to announce the birth of his sixth grandchild, Daren Newton, born to Derek and Dorothy Newton on 26th November, 1972.

CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT of Windsor, Berks., is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild, Stephanie Christina Newton, on 4th May, 1972, to their only daughter.

GEORGE SALTERS of Liverpool, on the arrival of another grandchild, born to his daughter-in-law, Irene, a son, who is to be called Kerry John. He arrived on 22nd January, 1973, and is a brother for Paula.

PATRICK SUTTON of Audenshaw, Manchester, is delighted to announce that Mary, wife of his son Stephen, gave birth to a boy on 22nd January, 1973. The baby is to be named Stephen James, and his father is at the moment serving in the Far East with the Royal Navy.

MRS. SADIE STOKES of Salford, Lancs., is proud to announce the arrival of another grand-daughter, her daughter Carol having given birth to a baby girl on 11th March, 1973. The baby is to be called Rebecca.

KEN WARD of Exeter, Devon, is pleased to announce the arrival of two new grandchildren.

His second son, Ken Ward, a sailor in the Royal Navy, and his wife, presented our St. Dunstaner with a grand-daughter, born on 26th March, 1973, at Gosport, Hants.

His third son, Ronald and his wife are pleased to announce the birth of a son on 12th December, 1972.

Ken now has 18 grandchildren.

Great Grandparents

Very many congratulations to:

GEORGE FALLOWFIELD of Worthing, Sussex, is pleased to announce that he now has six great grandchildren. Three boys belonging to his eldest grandchild, William Armitage, and three girls belonging to William's brother, Steven Armitage. Both wives, Mavis and Heather Armitage, are sisters and both families are now living at Brighton, Queensland, Australia.

MRS. LILIAN WEST of Egham, Surrey, who is proud to announce the birth of her second great-grandchild, Stephanie Jane Tubman, born on 2nd February, 1973.

Long Life and happiness to:

Alex, son of JAMES MILLER of Glasgow, who married Miss Susan Ayres at the Wallington Register Office, Surrey, on 16th December, 1972.

Yvonne, daughter of STANLEY FOWLER of Beeston, Notts., who married Kevin Molyneux on 21st March, 1973.

Isabel, daughter of JOSEPH BAKER KELLY WALTON of Sunderland, married John Corner on 24th March, 1973.

Sally, daughter of HERBERT FREDERICK BOUGHTON of Northampton, has recently won a Queen's Guide Award. Sally is 14 years of age.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:—

ALBERT GEORGE BRIGGS of Norwich, who mourns the death of his wife Mrs. Ada Briggs, who died suddenly on 20th March, 1973.

ROBERT CAMERON of Wembley, Middlesex, who lost his mother, Mrs. Laura Cameron when she died on 9th April, 1973 at the age of 83. Mrs. Cameron lived in Portsmouth.

WILLIAM HART of Chichester, Sussex, who mourns the death of his brother, Mr. Henry Lionel Hart on 2nd March, 1973. Mr. William Hart is a bachelor and has lived with his brother and his wife for many years.

WILLIAM F. KENNEDY of Maidenhead, Berks., whose wife, Mrs. Minnie Frances May Kennedy, died suddenly on 8th April, 1973.

HARRY PIERREPONT of Boston, Lincs., mourns the death of his wife on 17th March, 1973.

LIONEL FRANK TANNER of Stroud, Glos., mourns the death of his wife, Elsie which occurred in Cash's Green Hospital, Stroud, on 2nd March, 1973, where Mrs. Tanner had been a patient for the last four years.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Michael Patrick Delaney. *Anti-Aircraft Battalion.*

Michael Patrick Delaney of Mossley Hill, Liverpool, Lancs., died suddenly at the hospital where he worked as a physiotherapist, on 11th April, 1973. He was 54 years of age.

He enlisted in an Anti-Aircraft Battalion in November, 1939 and served with them until his discharge in 1942 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He was injured whilst practising mine laying.

Mr. Delaney trained as a physiotherapist and continued working in the profession right up until the time of his death which occurred very suddenly.

He married our St. Dunstaner, Mrs. Violet Formstone, in 1966, and both he and his wife were enthusiastic bridge players, taking part in competitions in many parts of the country.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Violet Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. Bushell, sister and brother-in-law, and a sister, Mrs. Sheila Ward, a widow of Edward Ward, who was himself a St. Dunstaner.

Alfred Albert Dembenski. *18th County of London Regiment*

Alfred Albert Dembenski of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, died on 3rd April, 1973 in hospital where he had been admitted whilst he was staying at Pearson House. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in 1916 in the 18th County of London Regiment and served with them until his discharge in 1918 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He was wounded in September 1917 in Peronne and after his admission to St. Dunstan's he trained in mat making. Mr. Dembenski continued with his mat making until 1942 when he took up factory employment, in which he worked until 1956, when he retired due to poor health. He kept fairly well at home until last March, when he was admitted to Northgate House, Brighton. Unfortunately his condition deteriorated and he had to go to hospital, where he died.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Irene Elizabeth Dembenski, and four grown-up children.

William Mahoney. *Grenadier Guards and Royal Artillery*

William Mahoney of Birmingham, died on 31st March, 1973. He was 72 years old.

He enlisted in the Grenadier Guards in 1921 and served with them until 1933. He enlisted in the Royal Artillery in 1941 and served with them until 1946. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1967, when he had already retired, and as his health was rather poor he did not take up any hobby occupation.

Eric James Laker. *1st London Regiment*

Eric James Laker of Cambridge, died in hospital, on 4th April, 1973, having been admitted from Northgate House, where he had been staying since February. He was 76 years of age.

He enlisted in the 1st London Regiment and served with them from 1914 until his discharge in 1918, when he was wounded in France. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1919 and was trained in basket and rug making. He continued with basket making until a few years ago, when his health began to fail. He went to Brighton in February and was subsequently admitted to hospital for an operation. He seemed to make a good recovery but unfortunately this was not maintained and his death came suddenly. His wife died in 1959 as a result of a motor accident and after this Mr. Laker made his home with his son and daughter-in-law.

He leaves a son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren.

William Andrews Perrin, O.B.E., *A.I.F.*

William Andrews ("Bill") Perrin, of Melbourne, Australia, died on the 10th March, 1973, at the age of 79 years.

He enlisted in Australia in 1915, served abroad with the Army and was Commissioned; he was mentioned in despatches three times and awarded the M.B.E. On his return home after the War, he became an Insurance Broker and continued with the same firm until he retired because of ill health in 1953. His sight gradually failed and, in 1936, he came to St. Dunstan's for training, returning home again in 1937.

Throughout his life he was actively engaged in public and social work, including Melbourne Legacy (which cares for the widows of ex-Servicemen and their children), the Red Cross and other welfare interests; he was awarded the O.B.E. in 1950 for his services to the community. His wife died in 1966 after a long illness and his own health deteriorated seriously through the years, but he was cared for devotedly in his own home. He was an outstanding Australian St. Dunstaner, who will be remembered with pride and gratitude for his varied public activities and service to others.

He leaves a brother and sister with their families, and many friends.

Charles William Titcombe. *Royal Artillery*

Charles William Titcombe of Swindon, Wilts., died on 1st April, 1973, at the age of 83 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Artillery in 1914, and served with them until 1919, but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1971. He had already retired from work when he joined St. Dunstan's, but his great interest was his garden and greenhouse. He was surrounded by an affectionate family, who have helped him considerably in every possible way, and our sympathy is extended to his daughter, Miss Joan Titcombe, who lived with her father. Mr. Titcombe was a widower and also leaves other married sons and daughters.

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St Dunstans REVIEW JUNE

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 642 **JUNE 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Companionship

I hear from some of my St. Dunstan's friends and from members of our Welfare Staff that there are some members who might find life much more interesting if they could get out and about and meet people a little more. Loneliness affects us all from time to time and I think we want to avoid it if possible. With increasing years and the difficulty of finding people who will help in the house or garden, one's wife has rather a full day in running the house and, apart from the routine visit to the local shops, she is often too tired to contemplate a good walk or spend a day out. Consequently, we tend to lack the exercise and male companionship which so often adds to the pleasure of retirement.

I have always advocated that St. Dunstaners should join the local British Legion Branch and whatever other Club may be within reach of their homes and so get to know people who live in the area. Many districts have an active Residents' Association which arranges meetings and discussions on local and national topics—an excellent opportunity for exchanging views. Many local Councils have done, and are doing, a lot more to encourage Senior Citizens to take part in weekly Club meetings. We tend to think that it is only the women who enjoy a good "natter" but I am assured on the best authority of our Welfare Visitors that we men can also do our share of chatting—and it should be so.

If any St. Dunstaner thinks I may be able to help him to break the ice, so to speak, I hope he will write to me. I expect I could write to some one in his neighbourhood and suggest that he or she might join him for a walk, read the daily newspapers, escort him to a sports function and so on. There must be dozens of retired sighted men who are equally at a loss for a companion and would find a St. Dunstaner a splendid chap with whom to discuss gardening or other hobbies and so forth. It is well to remember that, if you make a friend and he takes you to the pub or the club for a drink, you must be as ready as he is to pay for a pint. Indeed, in many cases you may be a good deal better off than he is for ready cash.

St. Dunstaners may also like to be reminded that we have our Hostel in Hampstead and many St. Dunstaners have found that two days in London gives them an opportunity of a short break and of meeting other St. Dunstaners staying there. The London Passenger Transport run a variety of bus and coach trips with a guide to explain the places of interest en route. The initiative for arranging such visits to London must come from the St. Dunstaner himself and, if anyone writes to me, I will try and help.

The Clock

Last year St. Dunstaners gave Lady Fraser and me most generous presents, which included a fine old hand-made clock with a pleasing striking mechanism. This stands in our drawing-room at St. John's Lodge, a room which we do not often use and therefore I hardly ever heard the clock.

COVER PICTURE: *Playing an iron shot to the Green is St. Dunstaner, Gerry Brereton, who took part in the Pro-Am Tournament at Gravesend.* 'See It Strikes Me'. *(Photo. M. Turner).*

It happens that in my house there is a circuit of loudspeakers in four or five rooms and it was a fairly simple job to put a microphone in the back of the clock and an amplifier in the corner of the room, so that the strike could be relayed to the rest of the house. I thought of this idea and it has been carried out, so that at many hours of the day, excluding sleeping time, I can hear the chimes in our dining-room, my study, bedroom, etc.

This is not only most useful, but it gives me very real pleasure because it frequently reminds me of the source of the gift and this has a highly sentimental and nostalgic sense of the community of interests and the generosity that produced the gift.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Council's Tribute

At a meeting of the Council of St. Dunstan's on the 11th May, 1973, the following resolution was passed:

That on the occasion of the retirement of Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., F.C.A., after 35 years service this Council places on record its deep appreciation of his devoted and able work for St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners both at home and overseas; that the Council expresses its thanks for his continuous endeavours to improve the harmonious relationships between St. Dunstan's and other Organisations for the welfare of the blind and acknowledges his valuable contribution, as senior member of the United Kingdom delegation to the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind, to matters concerning the blind throughout the world. The Council records the gratitude of British War Blinded men and women and their own gratitude for his personal help; they wish him and Mrs. Lloyds every happiness in the future.

On behalf of the Council, Lord Fraser presented Mr. Lloyds with a transistor radio of his choice and Mrs. Lloyds received a bouquet.

Mr. Dennis Lloyd, a member of the Committee of St. Dunstan's (South Africa), who was visiting the U.K., presented Mr. Lloyds with a silver cigarette box on behalf of St. Dunstan's (South Africa).

COMING EVENTS

MALE VOICE CHOIR

Miss P. Bawtry who is a professional singer and an A.R.C.M., is hoping to form a Male Voice Choir of at least 200 voices, to give a yearly concert in Central London and also to accept, when possible, engagements in France and Germany under their cultural organisations.

The rehearsals will be held in a hall in Central London once a week.

The first meeting of persons interested is likely to be arranged in London in June or July but rehearsals will not start until next September. It does not matter if you do not read music, it is a good voice that counts.

If any St. Dunstaner is interested would he please contact **Miss Rogers at Headquarters.**

10th International Literary Braille Competition

The Jewish Braille Institute of America, Inc, are holding their 10th International Literary Braille Competition and all entries must be received by 30th December, 1973. Several thousand dollars will be awarded in prizes. These prizes will be awarded in fiction, non-fiction and poetry. Any of our Braille writers who are interested please write for further details to: The Jewish Braille Institute of America, Inc, 110, East 30th Street, New York, N.Y.

Grocers' Summer Outing

Sussex Grocers' Association are organising an outing for St. Dunstaners on the afternoon of Wednesday, 20th June to the Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells. Coaches will leave Pearson House, Abbey Road, Brighton, at 2.30 p.m., getting back about 9.30 p.m.

Any St. Dunstaners who may be holidaying in Brighton at that time and who would like to go on the outing are advised to write or telephone:

Mrs. M. G. Lillie,
Sussex Grocers' Association,
11 Lancaster Road,
Brighton BN1 5DG.
Tel. Brighton 554 648

Blind Bowlers in South Africa

My husband, Les Dennis, was fortunate to be one of the three blind bowlers invited by the National Association of Blind Bowlers in South Africa (affectionally known as "N.A.B." by their members), to represent England in their 10th National Tournament in Durban, this year, followed by a Test Match in Johannesburg between South Africa, Rhodesia and England.

On 20th March, our party of the three blind bowlers (the other two being civilian blind—Ernie Hart and Harry Briggs), their sighted manager, and their sighted coaches, left Heathrow Airport on a tour that was so wonderful, that none of us will ever forget it. We departed at 15.10 hours, stopping at Luxembourg, Rome and Libreville (in the Belgian Congo) arriving at Jan Smuts Airport in Johannesburg the next morning at 09.30 hours, where we were welcomed by Dr. Julius Sergay, President of "N.A.B.", Tom Braithwaite, the Secretary and other members of the Executive Committee. Our reception was overwhelming and immediately we were asked to call them by their Christian names, and this type of friendship was extended to us throughout our stay.

Like Royalty

After stretching our legs, and getting acquainted with our new friends, we were given refreshments and at mid-day we caught another plane to Durban. Here again we were greeted "like Royalty". There were members of the Durban Tournament Committee, the press and photographers to welcome us, and cars to take us to our hotel, the Malibu. This is the newest hotel in Durban, 23 stories high and overlooks the sea. While we were all changing into summer clothing, as the temperature was 89°F, the hotel manager sent a bowl of flowers to each of our rooms.

The next day we were driven to Albert Park Bowling Greens. Here was to be our Headquarters for the Tournament which was to start on Sunday, 25th March. A very pleasant surprise awaited our bowlers. They were each presented with a set of new bowls, a gift from Mr. Ray Hensell, whose factory made "Hensellite" bowls, and they were made especially for our bowlers, having a "Dimplex" grip on the non-bias side only. Each set was in a leather case, a gift from "N.A.B.".

So the practice on that day and the next two days was to enable our players to get the feel of their new bowls and the greens. Practice took up only a couple of hours each day, as we had to get used to the glorious sunshine and the humidity. The rest of the time, we were entertained by our new friends.

The opening of the Tournament was a most moving experience. On three sides of the greens, stands had been erected. On the fourth side, sat the Mayor of Durban, Officials and V.I.Ps. The stands opposite the official party were reserved for the 120 blind bowlers and their coaches, each player having his or her own coach. Behind them stood flag poles and the players sat in front of their own flag. The other two sides were filled with supporters and spectators.

The flags were unfurled to the swirl of bagpipes and then our party were asked to come on to the greens. This we did to a great ovation from the crowd, and we sighted coaches, walking beside our blind bowlers, felt very proud of them. They looked very smart all dressed alike, through the courtesy and generosity of Simpsons of Piccadilly, in white flannels, blue blazers complete with their badges comprising the "rose of England" mounted on a gold shield with the initials B.B.B. (British Blind Bowlers) and white trilby hats.

Presentation Ties

Dr. Sergay gave our party a wonderful introduction and then the Mayor presented a "N.A.B." tie and tie pin to our three players and their manager. After the speeches everyone taking part in the Tournament was invited into the Pavilion for tea and a chance to meet each other. Another highlight of the day for Les, was to meet Keith Branson, with whom he trained at Ovingdean, and to hear that there were five more St. Dunstaners from South Africa taking part—Dick Beaumont, Dennis Dilworth, Guy Lawrence, Jimmy Myron and Mac Megenis, all of whom he met during the week.

The next day, bowling started in earnest at 9 a.m., all players staying on the greens



With South African St. Dunstan's bowlers. l. - r. *Keith Branson, Denis Dilworth, Les Dennis, Dick Beaumont, "Mac" Megenis, Jimmy Myron.*

all day, with lunch and tea provided by the ladies at the various greens used in the Tournament. Due to the large number of bowlers taking part, greens were in use at three other bowling clubs. The Circle, Hoy and Durban Prison, as well as at Albert Park. Each of our bowlers were at different club greens, and this was to be the pattern all week, the players changing club greens each day.

Great interest was shown in our bowling, and the standard of the South African and Rhodesian blind bowlers is generally very high. This could be because they belong to and play in sighted clubs. Their games are very competitive but always very sporting and friendly. Our players enjoyed every game. Ernie and Harry unfortunately were beaten in the early rounds but Les played very well, winning five games to reach the semi-finals, when he was beaten by 2 shots on the 24th end by a Rhodesian player, Stan Sutherland, who went to the finals and became the Singles Champion for 1973. Les had the majority of the crowd behind him during his games, as they appreciated his fine bowling and his free flowing action in delivering his bowls, and there was genuine disappointment when he lost. This day was the only wet day we had and we were on and off the greens six times. It rained so hard that I had to change my clothing completely, spectators lending me clothes to go back on to the green and Les was lent protective clothing also.

End of Tournament

The closing of the Tournament on the next day—Saturday—was another moving occasion. After the presentation of prizes, during which Les was presented with his cup, all players and coaches went on to the greens singing "Auld Lang Syne" while the flags were lowered. Then all who had taken part, including the umpires and markers, the officials and V.I.Ps. had a farewell party—as the majority of them were returning home the next day. This was, in part, a sad occasion as it was a farewell for us, to many of the bowlers we had met and played.

In the evenings during the Tournament, we were kept very well entertained. One night we were guests of the Mayor at a reception held in the Town Hall and another, we were the guests of honour at the Annual Dinner of the Executives of "N.A.B." A dance was arranged for

another evening, the next was a Barbeque and the final one, a show given by Al Debbo, who is a very well-known comedian in South Africa.

Our last day in Durban was a Sunday, and once again we experienced the kindness and generosity of these people. We were taken in their cars to the Valley of a 1,000 hills, about 40 miles drive and given a running commentary all the way there, and back by a different route. We stopped in the hills, where the Bantu were dancing and singing—one warrior had his several wives and children performing with him. From here we went to the Botanic Gardens, where there is an Orchid House, coco-nuts and dates hanging from the Palm trees and exotic plants and flowers.

Farewell to Durban

The next day we said another sad farewell this time to our hosts in Durban and flew back to Johannesburg to take part in the Test Matches. This time there were only 15 bowlers taking part, three men from South Africa, Rhodesia and England and three ladies from South Africa and Rhodesia.

After an official luncheon at the Rosebank Bowling Club bowling greens, the opening ceremony took place. The players coaches and managers marched round the greens to the swirl of bagpipes, each manager in front of his team carrying the name of his country—Olympic style. Then the managers each raised their country's flag; another moving moment. The Mayor of Johannesburg opened the games and the Test Matches began, each bowler either playing a pairs or singles game. Unfortunately the altitude and the run of the greens were not in our favour, Rhodesia winning the singles and South Africa the pairs. In the ladies games, this result was repeated.

At the closing ceremony on Wednesday, after the Mayoress had presented trophies to the winners, our three bowlers and manager were presented with wonderful mementos of their visit. Each received a piece of quartz from the gold mines, mounted and inscribed, from the South Africans, and a plaque with their badge mounted on it, and also inscribed from the Rhodesians. A flag on a plinth was given to the coaches to also mark our visit. A wonderful gesture which was greatly appreciated by all concerned. After speeches, the managers lowered the flags and the teams marched off the greens, again in Olympic style to be entertained at a cocktail party.

Again, as it was during the Tournament the people of Johannesburg were very kind and generous. We were invited into their homes for dinner and on our last day, taken on a tour to and around Pretoria before catching our plane home in the evening. When we arrived at the hotel to collect our luggage, another wonderful surprise for Les and I—a telegram from the South African St. Dunstaner sending us their love and best wishes.

A farewell committee saw us safely into the departure lounge at Jan Smuts Airport, and we left South Africa feeling tired but extremely happy. How could we not have been otherwise—after being among such wonderful, friendly and extremely hospitable people?

Our thanks go to everyone who made this an experience never to be forgotten.

JOAN DENNIS

WHAT IS A GRANDMOTHER?

by an eight year old boy

(*From Holy Trinity, Barnes, Church Magazine*)

"A grandmother is a woman who has no children of her own and, therefore, loves the boys and girls of other people. Grandmothers have nothing to do; they only have to be there.

"If they take us for a walk, they go slowly past all the beautiful leaves and caterpillars. They never say 'come along quickly' or 'hurry up for goodness sake'. They are usually fat, but not too fat to tie up our shoe laces. They wear spectacles and sometimes they can take out their teeth.

"They can answer every question for instance—why dogs hate cats and why God is not married.

"When they read to us they do not leave anything out and they do not mind if it is always the same story.

"Everyone should try to have a grandmother, especially those who have no television. Grandmothers are the only grown-ups who always have time".



INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

St. Dunstan's was host at the Third International Congress of European War-Blinded held in London from 4th to 8th May. The first Conference was in West Germany at Blankenheim in 1966 and the second in Paris in 1970. The object of these conferences is to compare pensions and benefits available to the war-blinded in the various European countries and to exchange information on matters of mutual interest. Dr. Franz Sonntag of West Germany, who has presided over the organisation for the past seven years, proposed that Lord Fraser should preside during the next three years and this was agreed to by the delegates.

Dr. Sonntag presented Lord Fraser with the Gold Medal of Honour of the West German Association for War-Blinded and gifts were also presented by other delegates. Lord Fraser was thanked for his leadership of the war-blinded both nationally and internationally and delegates expressed gratitude to St. Dunstan's for its work and example.

Our picture shows from left to right: R. Buckley; M. Palokangas, *Finland;* H. Amblard, *France;* A. Ammannato, *Italy;* F. Sonntag, *Germany;* Lord Fraser; H. Van Dyck, *Belgium;* J. F. Loaysa, *Spain;* O. Schafer, *Germany;* F. Unger, *Austria.*

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

We are happy that the Sir Arthur Pearson Aggregate Competition is again under way, as this gives great pleasure to our members at the London Club. We are pleased, too, that the members who attend are still on the up grade. Also that the Bridge Section which continues after the cessation of Dominoes in the Thursday Club still attracts attention.

Domino Winners during the month of April were as follows:

5th April	1	**R. Paccitti**
	2	P. Nuyens
12th April	1	**J. Padley**
	2	R. Armstrong
26th April	1	**W. Phillips**
	2	J. Padley
		W. Miller

W. MILLER

David Hadon, Banqueting Manager of the Esso Motor Hotel with members of his staff, cuts the St. Dunstan's Reunion cake.

Joseph Harris proposes the vote of thanks.



Bristol Reunion

The second reunion of the 1973 series was held at Bristol in new surroundings, the Esso Motor Hotel. Situated just outside the city and within a few minutes of motorway and rail, it proved to be a convenient centre. The hotel is a new one built on modern, open lines with the banqueting facilities all on ground floor level. A friendly and co-operative staff made St. Dunstaners welcome and at tea a specially baked reunion cake iced to look like an open book, was presented by the hotel.

Among the 130 people who attended were 58 St. Dunstaners with their wives or escorts, 17 from the First World War and 41 from the Second World War or later. Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, St. Dunstan's Vice-Chairman presided over the occasion, accompanied by his wife. Mr. Garnett-Orme in his speech after luncheon,

welcomed St. Dunstaners on behalf of the Council as well as their guest Miss D. Oliphant.

"Mr. Wills is with us", he said, "and there is nothing strange about this as he has the most astonishing record of practically never missing a reunion in all the years he has been with St. Dunstan's. Now today we give him a very special welcome and all our congratulations because he is with us in his new capacity as Secretary of St. Dunstan's".

Reporting to St. Dunstaners the presentations to Mr. Lloyds, Mr. Garnett-Orme suggested that an expression of appreciation and good wishes be sent to Mr. Lloyds and his wife. There was a warm applause for this.

Mr. Garnett-Orme concluded by thanking Miss Meyer, Miss Newbold, the Welfare visitors who organised the reunion and the hotel staff and orchestra.

Mr. Wills

Mr. Wills began his speech by saying, "I think I must tell you that when I was asked to become St. Dunstan's Secretary I was warned that I wouldn't have time to attend the reunions—I nearly turned it down. Then I decided that somehow or other I would make the time, so here I am". He mentioned the names of staff at the reunion, particularly Miss Mosley, attending her first reunion in Bristol as Northern Area Superintendent.

Joseph Harris

Speaking for St. Dunstaners, Joseph Harris of Bere Ferrers promised that his speech would be very short, "It's a grand feeling", he said, "to know that whatever our problems are; whatever our difficulties are, to know that St. Dunstan's are always there in the background with advice and help at any time". He expressed St. Dunstaners' thanks to Lord Fraser and to all his staff.

He particularly thanked Miss Meyer and Miss Newbold and their helpers.

Mrs. Gwen Obern

Another unexpected but welcome speech came from Mrs. Gwen Obern of Aberdare, who spoke for herself and Miss Marian Elias, pointing out that they were the only women St. Dunstaners at the Reunion she said, "I would like to thank you on behalf of Marian and myself for the wonderful way you look after us".



St. Dunstan's Vice-Chairman, Ion Garnett-Orme leads the dancing with St. Dunstaner Gwen Obern.

Southampton Reunion

The Polygon Hotel was the venue for the third of the 1973 regional reunions. A total of 74 people sat down to lunch, including 7 St. Dunstaners from the First and 21 from the Second World War or later admissions. Mrs. Lyall was the welfare visitor responsible for the arrangements and everything went well.

The Rev. F. Darrell Bunt, C.B., O.B.E., M.A. was the Member of St. Dunstan's Council presiding at the luncheon and he was accompanied by his wife. In addition to the loyal toast, Mr. Darrell Bunt called for a silent toast to mark the passing of friends who are no longer with us. "I have now been on the Council for 22 years" said Mr. Darrell Bunt "and I enjoy presiding again at this reunion with my wife accompanying me". He brought the greetings of Lord and Lady Fraser and the other members of the Council. There were two Bournemouth St. Dunstaners at his table said Mr. Darrell Bunt who had never met before, but that had now been put right. He congratulated Mr. Wills on his promotion to Secretary of St. Dunstan's. Pearson House, Mr. Darrell Bunt understood, was now a wonderful

place, whilst Ian Fraser House was undergoing its face-lift.

After Mr. C. D. Wills had read out the names of members of St. Dunstan's staff present and given up to date figures of the number of St. Dunstaners alive in Britain and overseas Harold Bice of Bournemouth gave the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. He thanked the Council and staff of St. Dunstan's for everything they did with a special word of praise for Mrs. Lyall. "Where would we be without them" said Mr. Bice "and without our wives we would be like fish out of water". He thanked the management of the hotel and the staff. "Two hundred years ago", said Mr. Bice "we would have been begging on the streets, but now thanks to St. Dunstan's we are independent and as good as the next man".

Mrs. Palfrey, wife of Frank Palfrey of West Moors, presented a bouquet to Mrs. Darrell Bunt. Throughout the afternoon Mr. Brian Gorman, musical director at the hotel, entertained us on the piano. Readers may remember that Mr. Gorman has done so on a number of previous occasions. In much earlier times it was he who was in charge of the St. Dunstaners' dance band which fulfilled many engagements around the country.

Hector Mackenzie Steel
A tribute

by "Scottie" (W. T. Scott)

Thanks for the memory. After three years of war, the A3 boys, born in 1899, were enlisted as reinforcements to carry on the good work. A hurried training and off to France on Active Service. Before very long we were back in Blighty as special eye cases for St. Dunstan's.

It so happened that Mac and I and a few others like us, were sent to the College Annexe in Regent's Park. Slowly it dawned upon us that we would have to readjust ourselves to a new way of life. We were not the only ones. Miss Power, a wonderful matron, Mr. "H" a wonderful adjutant, and a wonderful staff had, by this time, had enough experience to help us on our way. Having served for such a short time in the Service we had hardly any back pay, our pension was then 27/6d a week.

There was great rivalry between the House, The Bungalow, Cornwall Terrace and The College.

Corporal Major Tovell acted as our trainer. There was rowing on the lake in the Park and an early morning stroll singing the old choruses. Yes—Charlie Hornsby, mentioned in the April *Review*, was there. He will remember, and the noisy Aussie Bill Clifton as well, amongst others. There was never a dull moment.

Mac was a fine athlete. He was a member of the Woodford Harriers before he joined up. There was a friendly rivalry between us and between the various annexes.

We took every chance to join in the rowing and the sports we held each week in the Park. Sir Neville, blindfolded, ran against us on one occasion. We had a three mile run round the outer circle frequently and many walking events. Bill Harris was an escort. There was never a cross word or bickering between us all the years.

Mac was rather conscious of his small stature and was very amusing with the giants like Tommy Milligan, Jumbo Toft, Joe Gimber and Tiny Fleming. There seem to be so many incidents to recall.

Tragedy came to Mac when his son, just released from his National Service, was killed in an accident on a voluntary job in a factory. Mac continued to help in his father's business. His great hobby was with the Masons and his visits to the Lodge at "The Bunch of Grapes" in Marylebone Road, gave him great pleasure.

It has been one of my blessings that St. Dunstan's had made it possible for me to meet such a fine gentleman. "Up the College".

PRIZE WINNER

Phillip Wood of Crewe has been very successful with his entries in the competition organised by the Queensland Society of Blind Citizens, South Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. The essay he sent in was "Highly Commended" and the short story won first prize—25 dollars or £14.33.

Phillip tells us that the cheque arrived two days before his wife's birthday so Mrs. Wood was quite pleased with his success too, and Phillip was able to be just that bit more generous!

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Well—was it the wettest Easter in living memory or have we forgotten how wet the previous ones were? They say that April Showers bring forth May flowers. In our case they brought forth a colourful array of bonnets to grace the Easter Monday Dance. In the week before Easter it seemed that inspiration would never come. We went about wailing that we couldn't think of anything! However, on the night, there they were. Decked with flowers, chicks, feathers, hot cross buns and anything else that came to hand. This year the unenviable task of judging went to Padre and Mrs. Popham Hosford. After careful consideration of the entries they awarded prizes to the following:

ST. DUNSTANERS:

Miss Thelma Meredith	*Country Garden*
Mrs. Winnie Edwards	*Nest Egg*
Sid Tarry	*Flower Bonnet*
Danny Daniels	*Pink Petals*
Joe Fowler	*Easter Chicken*
Tiger Martin	*Mexican Easter*
Jim Blakeley	*Roses all the way*

MEMBERS OF THE V.A.D. STAFF:

Mrs. D. Highcock	*Herbaceous Border*
Miss B. Brown	*Simnel Cake*
Mrs. J. Dennis	*'Appy 'At*

Among our Easter entertainment was a concert by Miss Jay Thomas and her party from Worthing. Taking into consideration our smaller premises, Miss Thomas reduced the number of performers accordingly. The pleasure they gave was, however, in no way diminished. On Good Friday "The Arena" amused and entertained us with an anthology "So You Think Travel Broadens the Mind?". On the programme for Easter Saturday was the ever popular Whist Drive and Domino Tournament.

Other happenings during April included a most interesting programme of records and information. "The Music of Imperial Russia", Russia as seen through the eyes of her composers, was presented by Mr. Michael Hayes. There was a discussion with the rather long and impressive title "Are Science and Technology becoming a Threat to our Civilisation". We had a play reading, and several gramophone concerts, which, along with Drives, Bingo, Dome and Dominoes, helped to pass the time very well.

WALKING Trophy Winners

The seven mile handicap race held at Ewell on 17th Feb. was somewhat disappointing as only five St. Dunstaners turned out. Fortunately a good number of policemen came along for the walk, so the shortage of St. Dunstaners was not too obvious.

This should have been followed by the seven mile Championship on the 10th March, but we had to postpone the race because of the train troubles. It was held instead at Battersea Park on the 14th April. Eight St. Dunstaners lined up to go off together as is usual in Championship races, and each had to do his best on this occasion for the sealed handicap was to determine the winner of the Archie Brown Cup, which was still a quite open affair. Charlie Stafford tried hard to win the Archie Brown Cup and although he won the handicap he just failed to beat David Purches to the cup.

RESULTS

7 Mile Handicap

Order of finish	*Handicap time*	*Handicap Allowance*	*Actual time*
C. Stafford	**67.12**	**14.10**	**81.22**
D. Purches	68.52	8.00	76.52
S. Tutton	68.54	11.50	80.44
W. Miller	72.24	0.40	73.04
R. Young	73.47	12.30	86.17

7 Mile Championship

Order of finish	*Actual time*	*Handicap Allowance*	*Handicap time*
W. Miller	**71.33**	**0.40**	**70.53**
R. Mendham	73.04	scr.	73.04
D. Purches	75.32	6.30	69.02
J. Simpson	77.04	1.20	75.44
R. Young	82.00	12.00	70.00
C. Stafford	82.01	13.00	69.01
J. Wright	82.34	11.30	71.04
S. Tutton	86.20	11.10	75.10

The final points and placings in the Archie Brown Cup were:

	Points
D. Purches	**39**
C. Stafford	35
R. Young	32
S. Tutton	31
J. Wright	22
M. Tetley	20
W. Miller	17
R. Mendham	6
J. Simpson	2

W. MILLER

Parliamentary Report

ARMED FORCES' PENSION RATES

In the House of Lords on May 15th, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale asked Her Majesty's Government, "whether they will clarify the statement made on the 2nd May 1973, regarding improvements in the Armed Forces Occupational Pension Scheme and widows benefits, and more particularly indicate whether any of these benefits, including the increased widows allowances, will apply to First and Second War persons, for example, the blinded ex-Servicemen and their widows who are under the care of St. Dunstan's and the Scottish National Institution for the War-Blinded?"

The Minister of State, Department of Health and Social Security, Lord Aberdare: "My Lords, the improvements in the Armed Forces occupational pension scheme announced by my noble friend the Secretary of State for Defence on May 2 apply, as he then stated, only to those who give service on or after March 31, 1973. They do not apply to Servicemen disabled or killed in the World Wars whose disability of widows pensions are the responsibility of my Department".

Lord Fraser of Lonsdale: "My Lords, while thanking Her Majesty's Government and, for that matter, all Governments in the last fifty years of all Parties for the special consideration they have given to these categories in whom I am interested, may I ask whether it is not likely to be thought to be discrimination or invidious to give the young men so much more than the veterans, bearing in mind that both suffer the same disability and both have to meet the same costs of living?"

Lord Aberdare: "My Lords, I think we are all somewhat in the same condition, in that there are two forms of pension: there is the National Insurance pension, which is a flat-rate pension, for which anyone who has contributed to the National Insurance Scheme is eligible, and then there are occupational pensions which are related to the earnings of the man in his career; and in all occupational schemes any benefits normally date from the time when increased benefits are made. I think this case is exactly the same situation: that the Scheme has been amended for the better but only people who are in the Scheme from March 31, 1973, will benefit".

Following Lord Aberdare's reply, Lord Maybray-King, a Cross-Bench peer and ex-speaker of the House of Commons, said Lord Fraser, whose work for blinded ex-Servicemen everyone in the House of Lords admired, had the support of BLESMA, the limbless ex-Servicemen, of FEPOW, the Far Eastern prisoners of war, of AJEX, the Association of Jewish ex-Servicemen, "and the great Royal British Legion itself". He pointed out that the improvement in conditions places the widows of the ex-Servicemen of two world wars in a less favourable position than the widows of Servicemen after March 1973. He asked the Minister to look at the whole problem of the position of the widows of the ex-Servicemen.

Members from all parts of the House received Lord Fraser's Question with sympathy and pressed it on the Government.

The Minister said: "My Lords, I take deep note of what has been said today in supplementary questions on this matter and I will certainly report to my noble friend the Secretary of State for Defence, and particularly what has been said by my noble friend Lord Fraser of Lonsdale".

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1203

The Country Child
by Alison Uttley
Read by Colin Keith-Johnston

A year in the life of a small girl living on her parents farm in the late nineteenth century. So beautifully written is this book that I could not but liken it in my mind to a country scene painted by Constable. To read this book is like inhaling a lungful of country air before sprays and artificial fertilizers were invented.

It is indeed a very pleasant tonic and the most refreshing reading I've had in many months.

Cat. No. 1208

The King of Athelney
by Alfred Duggan
Read by Anthony Parker

An historical novel reconstructing the life of Alfred, King of the West Saxons, who did much more than burn a few cakes, which is all I could remember of him from the history lessons of my school days.

Succeeding his three elder brothers who each in turn died of tuberculosis, Alfred had to face the challenge of 'The Army', a strong and highly disciplined band of Norsemen, who having pillaged Europe now turned their attention to Britain. In his short reign, Aethelred, Alfred's elder brother determined that the only tactics to deal with these worshippers of Thor was not to pay them to go elsewhere as did many other European kings but to bring them to battle whenever possible. This he did successfully at Reading. The Saxons won a great victory and besieged the enemy hordes in their garrison during the winter, but could not stop reinforcements reaching them from the Thames in the spring. During the campaign Aethelred had died of T.B. leaving Alfred King and Protector of Wessex. Alfred takes his duties seriously. With his Kingdom stretching from Cornwall to Essex he makes it his life's work to rid his territory of these marauding plunderers and on his deathbed knows that he has been successful.

I found this book delightfully interesting and extremely descriptive. The author using dates and places of battle to compile a strong framework on which to hang the narrative.

Cat. No. 1132

Hancock
by Freddie Hancock and David Nathan
Read by Philip Treleaven

For me the great days of Tony Hancock ended with his split from Sid James. A very sad book written in co-operation with the comedian's second wife Freddie shows how the man who made England laugh, slowly but surely broke the hearts of those nearest and dearest to him. Determined that his own genius was such that he needed no supporting cast Hancock broke with Sid James and Hattie Jacques, finally ruining his career by dispensing with his script writers. His moods and his alchoholism affected not only his own health but that of the two women in his life, his first wife and his second, Freddie.

As a work of biography this book reads through from start to finish without continuously harping back and forth. Yet how sad a study of the man it is. Realisation that he had taken himself prematurely past the apex of his career, and that he had been his own worst enemy led him to take his own life, an action which saddened millions of the public and his friends, who still retained a warmth of affection for him.

Part of this recording may be considered unsuitable for family reading.

Cat. No. 1194

The Case of the Daring Divorcee
by Erle Stanley Gardner
Read by Marvin Kane

Here is a case where the great Perry Mason pits his wits against crooks trying to frame his client for the murder of her husband, and the District Attorney Hamilton Burger, who has a bias against any client of Perry Mason. Of course Perry succeeds in laying the guilty by their heels and making the D.A. eat humble pie, but the author left me, as a reader baffled as to what exactly happened, to which gun, and why. Nevertheless the evidence swings to and fro, first pointing towards one character, then another, until at the eleventh hour the real villain is pulled out of the hat. An excellent weekend's reading, but I'm still mystified as to who tampered with the package containing the gun and why.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From T. P. Hart, Folkestone, Kent
P.O.W.s GERMANY

It was with regret that I learned of the death of Sid Jackson. Sid, who had been ill for the last two or three years, died on 9th April at Southsea.

Mabs and I attended his funeral as I felt that you would all like to be represented. A sheath of flowers was sent from the St. Dunstan's P.O.W.s Germany.

I am sure some of you would like to write to his widow and her address is 15, Hollum Road, Milton, Southsea.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Crazy Cat

You can't keep a good poet down. Having printed **Bert Wood's** tribute to Mark Kingsnorth I could not resist reproducing the following verse he sent to our Derby Sweepstake Department:—

Sweepstake tickets two or three
Be so good as to send to me,
On second thought, make it four,
The rent man's banging on the door,
To keep this bloodsucking leech at bay,
I need to win on Derby day,
So when you draw from the hat,
Don't forget this crazy cat!

Well, all we can do is put the crazy cat in the hat—trouble is he'll probably draw a crazy horse!

High Honour

The Gold Badge is the highest honour the Royal British Legion can award. For some months none has actually been presented because when the prefix "Royal" was awarded the British Legion this addition to the design of the badge had to be approved by the Royal College of Heralds.

One of those waiting for his Gold Badge during this time was St. Dunstaner, **Jim Thwaites** of Burnley. Now he is among the first to receive the new Badge. The award honours 25 years work with the Burnley Branch, Royal British Legion, including selling poppies every November. Jim told me proudly that in 1970 he broke all records for an individual collector, raising no less than £55. A former Welfare Officer and later President of the Far East Prisoner of War Association in Burnley, he is now Life Vice-President. As well as these and other ex-service organisations, Jim has been active as a member and Vice-Chairman of the Burnley Horticultural Society. He has won more than thirty horticultural prizes.

Jim Thwaites (second from right) receives his badge from G. H. Fairweather, Chairman, East Lancashire County Committee, Royal British Legion. Also are seen are Mrs. Thwaites and G. Pollard, County Secretary. Photo: *Burnley Express*





The camera catches the magic moment as Gerry Brereton holes out. Photo: *M. Turner*

Nationwide

When the TV cameras of the B.B.C. Nationwide programme visited Gravesend for the £2,000 Pro-Am Golf Tournament they did not concentrate on Tony Jacklin or Peter Oosterhuis or on the show business personalities like Jimmy Tarbuck or Charlie Chester. Instead they filmed and interviewed St. Dunstaner **Gerry Brereton** of East Molesey, Surrey, who was competing in partnership with Doug Beattie.

Viewers saw Gerry in a practice round and heard how he manages to play golf despite his visual handicap. He has a golf handicap of 22 and went round in the tournament in 77, 8 over par. His score won him the Piccadilly Filter Cigarette Putter and he has been invited to compete again in next year's tournament.

Trophy Race?

Vivienne, daughter of **Fred Barratt,** took part in the Stratford Music Festival recently. She won a medal and a scholarship for a year's singing tutition, another medal for a hymn or carol and was awarded a 'merit' for singing a folk song.

Fred was rightly full of parental pride when he told me about Vivienne's achievements but he said he had a nasty feeling that she is trying to win more trophies than her father. "I can't have that," he said, "When the sports come round I must win something to keep ahead."

Frozen Braille

Those among St. Dunstaners who own a deep freezer might be interested to know that Alpine Everest have introduced a special service for blind customers. A new Department has been set up to which they can telephone their order for frozen food. It will be delivered bearing labels in standard print and Braille. If any of our war-blinded housewives, or come to that, any St. Dunstaner who likes to raid the wife's freezer now and then—would like this service the number to ring is 01-204 2171.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Andrew Jack Benham of Hove, Sussex, joined St. Dunstan's in February 1973. He served in the Royal Sussex Regiment during the First World War and is married.

Harry Josiah Lamsley of Sidcup, Kent, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1973. He served with the Grenadier Guards during the First World War and prior to his retirement he was employed in the printing and journalistic world. He is married.

Arthur Morris of Ongar, Essex, became a full St. Dunstaner in April, 1973. He served in the Suffolk Regiment in the Second World War and is now employed in industry. He is married with a grown-up family.

William Henry Waller of London, S.E.3, joined St. Dunstan's in April, 1973. He served in the Royal Artillery in the Second World War having been previously in the Territorial Army and was mobilised at the outbreak of war. Until quite recently Mr. Waller had been employed at one of the London Power Stations but his sight failed and he has now retired. He is married with a grown-up family of two sons and two daughters.

The Talbot Walking Cup

The Talbot Walking Cup has been won by the following St. Dunstaners, but I think there are three names missing—if yours is one of these let me know please. We are having the names inscribed on a stand.

J. Wright. P. Lowry. J. Humphrey.
J. Fulling. W. Shea. W. Allen. D. Bell.
P. Spencer. R. Goding. T. Tatchell.

My address is: **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset. Tel. Bishop's Lydeard 359.**

BRIDGE NOTES

The fourth Individual Competition, London Section, was held on Saturday, 5th May. The results were as follows:

W. Lethbridge and J. Padley	84
R. Evans and W. Phillips	80
F. Dickerson and J. Lynch	61
W. Allen and H. King	60
W. Miller and R. Pacitti	55
P. Nuyens and Miss Vera Kemmish	50
A. Caldwell and H. Meleson	47

The fifth Individual Competition, Brighton Section, was held on Saturday, 5th May. The results were as follows:

F. Griffee and C. Walters	81
S. Webster and W. Claydon	64
W. Scott and M. Clements	64
R. Fullard and J. Whitcombe	60
A. Dodgson and R. Goding	57
F. Rhodes and R. Bickley	52

The first Bridge Drive of the current year took place on Saturday, 14th April. Nineteen of our members with their wives and partners took part.

The prizes, chosen by Mrs. Evans, were presented by Mrs. Armstrong to the following winners:

1st	**Mr. and Mrs. H. King**
2nd	Mr. and Mrs. H. Meleson
3rd	A. Caldwell and Miss Sheila Lyons
Booby	Mr. and Mrs. J. Padley

P. NUYENS,
Secretary

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BURNETT of Brighton, Sussex, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 26th April, 1973

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. THOMAS DUXBURY of Abbots Mead, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 16th April, 1973.

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM CROMBIE of Stoneleigh, Nr. Epsom, Surrey, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 10th May, 1973.

Hearty congratulations to MR. AND MRS. RONALD PHILLIPS of Steyning, Sussex, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 24th April, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. GEORGE SHEPHERD of Reading, Berks., who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on 8th May, 1973.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL WORTHINGTON of Blackpool, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 13th May, 1973.

Golden Weddings

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. JOHN SEDGLEY of Holywell Bay, Newquay, Cornwall, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 20th May, 1973.

Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:

DONALD BAKER of Rhyl, on the arrival of his third grandchild and first grandson, Andrew Timothy, born on 6th April, to his son and daughter-in-law, Robin and Marjorie.

CYRIL EIGHTEEN of Reading, Berks., on the arrival of a grand-daughter born on 7th April, 1973. This is Mr. Eighteen's fifth grandchild.

JOHN DICKEY of Christchurch, Hants., who is delighted to announce the arrival of his second grandchild, Sarah Josephine Barrow, born on 11th March, 1973. She is a sister for Matthew.

DANIEL R. A. PETHERICK of Keighley, Yorkshire, on the arrival of his 10th grandchild, Gareth Michael, who was born to his second daughter Molly, on 13th April, 1973. He now has five granddaughters and five grandsons.

Long Life and happiness to:

NICHOLAS CHARLES MITCHELL, only son of Albert Mitchell of Guildford, Surrey, who married Suzanne Smith on 28th April, 1973, at St. Theresa's Church, Princes Risborough, Bucks.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

JOHN EDWARDS of Coventry, Warwickshire, who mourns the death of his only grandson who died suddenly earlier this month at the age of 6 years.

STANLEY FOWLER of Beeston, Nottinghamshire, who mourns the death of his mother on 19th April, 1973.

ABDUL RAHIM (Brian) of Perivale, Middlesex, who mourns the death of his mother who lived in Hong Kong and died in hospital on 13th April, 1973.

HORACE STANFIELD BLAKE of Ross-on-Wye, who mourns the death of his father on 25th March, 1973.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Henry Botham. *Royal Garrison Artillery*

Henry Botham of Kilham, Driffield, Yorkshire, died in East Riding Hospital on 7th May 1973. He was 88 years old.

He enlisted in the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. His eyesight did not fail until the end of last year and he joined St. Dunstan's in January of this year. He had been wounded in Gaza, Palestine, many years ago. When he joined us he was in rather frail health and unfortunately his condition deteriorated necessitating his admission to hospital in April.

He was a widower but leaves a brother and nephew.

Bertram Bashford. *Middlesex Regiment*

Bertram Bashford of Morden, Surrey, died on 27th April, 1973, at the age of 83 years.

He enlisted in the Middlesex Regiment in 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1918 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1973. Mr. Bashford was an in-patient in hospital on his admission to St. Dunstan's and it was hoped that he would make a sufficient recovery to enjoy the company of his fellow St. Dunstaners but unfortunately his ill-health gave further cause for anxiety. He was transferred to a hospital nearer his family, where he died, just a month after coming to St. Dunstan's.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Florence Bashford, and a married son and family.

Samuel Catlow. *6th East Lancashire Regiment*

Samul Catlow of Nelson, Lancs., died on 19th April, 1973 at the age of 84 years.

He enlisted in the 6th East Lancashire Regiment

in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916. Mr. Catlow was wounded at the Dardanelles in July 1915 and came to St. Dunstan's in the following October, thus being one of our most senior members.

He trained in poultry keeping and was settled in this occupation, continuing with it until 1946 when he retired. After Mrs. Catlow's death in 1970, Mr. Catlow gave up his own home and moved into the Andrew Smith Home in Nelson, where he lived quite happily and enjoyed good health until unfortunately he caught a chill which developed into broncho-pneumonia and resulted in his death.

He leaves a son.

Albert Alfred Dembenski *17th London Regiment*

Albert Alfred Dembenski of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, died on 3rd April, 1973, in hospital, where he was admitted whilst he was staying at Pearson House. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in 1916 in the 17th London Regiment and served with them until his discharge in 1918 when he was wounded six weeks before the Armistice. After his admission to St. Dunstan's he trained in mat making and continued with this work until 1942 when he took up factory employment, in which he worked until 1956, when he retired due to poor health. He kept fairly well at home until last March, when he was admitted to Northgate House, Brighton. Unfortunately his condition deteriorated and he had to go to hospital, where he died.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Irene Elizabeth Dembenski and four grown-up children.

Wallace Gilbert Hodgman. *Royal Field Artillery and Royal Marines*

Wallace Gilbert Hodgman of Wallington, Surrey, died on 10th May 1973 at the age of 78 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery during the First World War and also served in the Royal Marines until his discharge in 1920.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1930 and trained in Braille, typewriting, boot repairing and mat making and netting. In 1931 he settled as a boot maker but in later years he gave this up but continued with his mat making. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgman celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1969.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Florence Hodgman, and four daughters and other members of his family.

George Lawlor. *Royal Dublin Fusiliers*

George Lawlor of Leamore, Nr. Walsall, South Staffs., died in hospital on 23rd April, nine days after his 94th birthday.

He enlisted in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers during the 1st World War and served with them from August 1914 until his discharge in May 1915 when his eye sight began to fail and he came to St. Dunstan's in July 1915. He trained and settled as a basket maker but he gave up this in 1931 and took up wool rug making. Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor had a large family of ten children and during the last war four of his sons served in the Royal Navy and two were in the army. Over the years Mr. Lawlor kept in quite good health and he and his wife eventually made their home with a son and daughter-in-law. Mrs. Lawlor died in March 1971. Our St. Dunstaner continued to keep fairly well for his 94 years of age but his condition deteriorated suddenly necessitating his admission to hospital where he died. He was another of more senior members who have died this year.

He leaves his family and grandchildren.

Hector Mackenzie Steel. *1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment*

Hector Mackenzie Steel of Woodford Green, Essex, died on 16th April 1973 at the age of 73 years.

He enlisted in the 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment in September 1917 and served with them until December 1918. Following his discharge he came immediately to St. Dunstan's and, as part of his general training and rehabilitation, he learnt typewriting, Braille, netting and poultry keeping. Mr. Steel anticipated joining a relative and working on a farm but finally decided to open a dairy business of his own, which he did in 1924. Mr. Steel married in 1927 and he and his wife continued with the dairy business until quite recently. His hobbies were listening to his talking book and playing golf and he enjoyed the occasional holiday, when business permitted, staying at Ovingdean.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Doris Margaret Steel and his married daughter and family.

Frank Thame. *Royal Engineers*

Frank Thame of Luton, Beds., died in hospital on 20th April, 1973, at the age of 63, a few days after his birthday.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1942 and served with them until 1946 coming to St. Dunstan's in that year.

His vision failed while he was serving in Italy and after coming to St. Dunstan's he returned to work as a storeman with the firm by whom he had been employed prior to his war service. He continued in this employment right up until April, 1968 when he retired on health grounds and unfortunately after giving up work he continued to suffer with rather poor health, although he did manage to undertake a little light hobby work. His wife died in 1970.

He leaves a married daughter, Mrs. Eileen Caruana.

Thomas Wood. *King's Royal Rifle Corps*

Thomas Wood of Mossley, Congleton, Cheshire, died in hospital on 21st April, 1973, at the age of 81, a few days after his birthday.

He enlisted in the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He received mustard gas poisoning in 1918 but it was not until some years later that his sight began to fail. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1949. Before his blindness Mr. Wood had worked as a joiner and he resumed this occupation on a hobby basis after coming to St. Dunstan's. He was an excellent craftsman and turned out very good work. Mr. Wood kept in good health until the beginning of this year and he was admitted to hospital on 10th April. His illness unfortunately proved to be serious and it was in hospital that he died.

He leaves a widow and four children.

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St Dunstans REVIEW

JULY

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 643 **JULY 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Pearson House

Introducing the Duke of Norfolk at Pearson House on the 31st May (see another page) I said that the Duke was not only a most distinguished national personality but, more particularly, was the Lord Lieutenant of Sussex and I took the opportunity to thank the people of Sussex, who have made us so welcome in the County generally, where we have had our famous Homes since the First War days. I then thanked the Mayor, Alderman George R. Lucraft, the first citizen of Brighton, for the very great help which his Corporation and that of the neighbouring Borough of Hove have given us during all these years. We also remembered with appreciation the fact that the Federation of Grocers' Associations of the United Kingdom had given us our first Home in the town and still continued through their local Organisation regularly to help and entertain St. Dunstaners.

The official opening of our new Pearson House was a proud and happy occasion, which had been extremely well organised. St. Dunstan's was delighted to welcome many old friends amongst the guests and all who were present joined in thanking the Duke and the Bishop of Chichester for visiting us and for their most friendly and sympathetic speeches.

Birthday Honours

St. Dunstaners may like to hear about four persons, who have to do with our Organisation, who were included in a recent Honours List, though none of these awards was related to St. Dunstan's or our work.

Dr. John Hunt has been created a Life Peer for his work for general medical practitioners. Older St. Dunstaners will remember Dr. Bridges, our physician during and after the First War and indeed his work continued until the end of the Second War, when Dr. Hunt, having concluded his service in the Royal Air Force, became his assistant and ultimately followed Dr. Bridges as our Medical Officer. Some years later Dr. John Janvrin took over this appointment and Dr. Hunt was elected to the Council of St. Dunstan's and he has attended many Reunions. Lady Fraser and I look forward to welcoming the new Lord and Lady Hunt in Parliament.

Walter Thornton, well-known Second War St. Dunstaner, has been awarded the O.B.E. as Chairman of the Birmingham Federation of Boys' Clubs. He has had a life-time's connection with this type of voluntary service and, while he was an active member of the senior staff of the Cadbury Group, Bournville, his work was to a large extent concentrated upon staff welfare, more particularly amongst the younger employees. St. Dunstaners will associate Walter Thornton with the practical introduction of the long cane and he has distinguished himself as an expert and exponent of the use of this and other devices to aid mobility.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, J.P., T.D., has been awarded the M.B.E. for public services in Sussex. Mrs. Dacre was married to Air Commodore G. B. Dacre, who did a splendid job for St. Dunstan's as Commandant at Church Stretton and then at Brighton, and during a

COVER PICTURE: *Shot by Lord Montgomery? No, not Gwen Obern but one of the trophies on the wall at Flanagan's, where Gwen tries on one of the waitresses' grey toppers during the Handless Reunion.*

long life in the Air Force she devoted herself to many good causes and was one of a small band of women who helped to start the A.T.S. and the W.A.A.F. Some twenty years ago, she became a Magistrate at Brighton and was a distinguished and formidable figure on the Bench, and she has been continuously interested in the local Royal British Legion, R.A.F. organisations and other Sussex activities. And of course she has been a very active voluntary helper at St. Dunstan's, Brighton, and is President of the Brighton Club.

Another award that will give ex-Servicemen pleasure is that Captain D. E. Coffer, O.B.E. General Secretary of the Royal British Legion, has been promoted to C.B.E. St. Dunstan's and the Royal British Legion have much in common in their approach to Government and many of their branches all over the country are friendly to St. Dunstaners

Our congratulations go to all four!

Fraser of Lonsdale

From the Chairman's Postbag

Lord Fraser's remarks in the June *Review* about companionship and loneliness have brought a number of comments. We quote the following:

Charles Cornwell, of Ipswich: "It was interesting to hear your words about the men going to clubs. As for myself, I have joined a mixed club for blind folk run by the local Council and am also a member of a club just for blind and partly blind men only and we have a gathering every Wednesday morning in one of the Church halls in the Town. We are taken by car and brought home at the end of the meeting. This is also arranged by the local Council."

W. M. Jones, of Southampton: "I liked your homily on "loneliness" which appeared in this month's *Review*. It comes as timely encouragement to those of us of the First World War who have in the last year or two joined the ranks of "widowers". However you left the idea of "The Local" until the end of the paragraph but from my experience I believe I should have given it pride of place."

Mrs. Outtrim, of Hertford: "My husband attends both the Hertford and Hoddesdon blind clubs, also he is a member of the Hertford branch of the Old Contemptibles, so we get out quite often".

We are also informed that Allen Caldwell, of Croydon, has been introduced to the local Police Cadets, some of whom visit him from time to time; this gives him great pleasure.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY
Greetings from St. Dunstan's

On the Queen's official birthday Lord Fraser sent the following telegram:

I am honoured to wish your Majesty many happy returns of the day on behalf of St. Dunstan's men and women throughout the commonwealth.

FRASER OF LONSDALE
Chairman

and Her Majesty replied:

I send you and the men and women of St. Dunstan's throughout the Commonwealth my sincere thanks for your kind message on the celebration of my birthday.

ELIZABETH R.

John Scott B.E.M.

St. Dunstaners, particularly those who go to H.M.S. *Daedalus*, will be pleased to hear that Chief Petty Officer Air Mech. 1 John "Jock" Scott was awarded the British Empire Medal in the Birthday Honours List. He has been connected with St. Dunstan's Camp as one of the keen helpers for 20 years. His award was for his work with the famous Fleet Air Arm Field Gun's Crew whom he has trained and taken to many victories in the event at the Royal Tournament.

PHILLIP WOOD of Crewe is pleased to report that his son, Christopher, who is 18, will go up to Oxford in October of this year to read German.

After the official opening of Pearson House the Duke of Norfolk (third from the left) is seen with (l.-r.) The Mayoress of Brighton, Mrs. Lucraft; Alderman George Lucraft, Mayor: Miss O. Hallett, Matron: Lord Fraser: Lady Fraser: Mr. C. D. Wills, Secretary.

Mr. L. Fawcett, Commandant, escorts the Duke on a tour of the building.



Duke of Norfolk Opens Pearson House

On 31st May His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., Lord Lieutenant of Sussex and a Vice-President of St. Dunstan's, officially opened the new Pearson House by unveiling a plaque in the Wintergarden.

Some six months have passed since St. Dunstaners and staff moved into the building following its $2\frac{1}{2}$ years in the hands of the contractors. In that time the house has become a home. The garden, though as yet by no means established, is planted with roses, rooms have become "lived in" and on his tour of inspection after the ceremony the Duke saw it at its best.

On his arrival the Duke of Norfolk was greeted by the Mayor of Brighton, Alderman George R. Lucraft, who then introduced Lord Fraser and Lady Fraser. In the absence of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt.,

Joe Britton, a permanent resident at Pearson House, jokes with the Duke as he demonstrates the bedside control panel.

our President, who was unfortunately indisposed, Lord Fraser then performed the introductions of the Rev. The Lord Bishop of Chichester, R. P. Wilson, D.D., who has recently accepted the Council's invitation to become a Vice-President, St. Dunstan's Vice-Charman, Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme and Mrs. Garnett-Orme and Commandant L. Fawcett. Others introduced to the Duke of Norfolk included six members of St. Dunstan's Council: Mr. Nigel Pearson, who was accompanied by Lady Francis Pearson, Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, Rev. F. Darrell Bunt, General Sir Richard Goodbody, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, Mr. Michael Delmar-Morgan as well as Mr. C. D. Wills, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, Mr. A. D. Lloyds, Miss O. Hallett and Mrs. J. Blackford, Matrons, Dr. J. O'Hara, The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, Chaplain, and representatives of the architects and contractors.

Guests and St. Dunstaners were gathered in the Wintergarden, in the adjoining quiet room and in a marquee on the terrace

The Duke of Norfolk speaks after unveiling the commemorative plaque.



outside, the proceedings being relayed by loudspeakers to those outside the Wintergarden. After an introduction by Lord Fraser, the Duke of Norfolk unveiled the plaque which bears this inscription:

"This plaque was unveiled by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., on 31st May, 1973, to mark the opening of Pearson House after renovation and the addition of a Nursing Wing.

The original building was presented to St. Dunstan's by the Federation of Grocers' Associations of the United Kingdom in 1918."

The Duke spoke of the work of St. Dunstan's and its long connection with Brighton, "I am sure," he said, "that this new building will make the lives of those blind people living here more happy and worthwhile." Lord Fraser then called upon the Bishop of Chichester to bless the house.

After the ceremony the Duke of Norfolk toured the building with Commandant Fawcett. He visited training rooms, the kitchen, medical departments and bedrooms where he met and spoke with St. Dunstaners.

Other guests also had the opportunity to look over the building guided by members of Pearson House staff.

Derby Sweepstake 1973

This year the total number of Derby Sweepstake tickets came to 2,723—175 less than last year. 25 runners came under starter's orders and after deducting the cost of printing the sweepstake tickets the prize money was as follows:

1st Prize	MORSTON **F. Berisford of Whitmore, Newcastle, Staffs.** Ticket No. 1992. £200.58
2nd Prize	CAVO DORO **E. W. Dudley of Croydon, Surrey** Ticket No. 2445. £80.25
3rd Prize	FREEFOOT **F. Thame of Luton, Beds.** Ticket No. 329. £40.14

There were 22 other runners in the race and St. Dunstaners holding tickets for these horses received £3.64 each.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From J. Padley of North Greenford, Middlesex.

Tribute to Bob Cameron.

These few lines are written on behalf of all members of the London Club. It is with great sorrow and shock that we learnt of the death of fellow club member Bob Cameron. We all looked forward to meeting Bob and his escort Marjorie on Thursday evenings, chatting together over tea, listening to him strumming on the piano, and playing dominoes with his good humoured remarks flowing from table to table.

Norman Smith along with my wife and myself attended the funeral on behalf of the London Club and the same evening a one minute silence of respect was observed by all of us at the Club.

We would like to thank Marjorie for honouring one of Bob's last wishes by bringing to the club a bottle of cognac, so that all of us could have a last drink with him. We all offer both her and Bob's wife and family our deepest sympathy.

From Mrs. Daisy B. Giffin of Crawley, Sussex

Thanks for the memory, Scottie, in the June *Review*. It brought back to me also happy memories, as I knew all the names mentioned and I can remember a few more such as Bill Collins, Terry Rodon and my husband, Paddy Giffin, who passed away in August, 1970, at the age of 74.

Paddy was at Cornwall Terrace. Yes, we were able to celebrate our Golden Wedding Anniversary one month before he died a very sad death.

Thanks Scottie, for those happy memories of the "Dear Boys" as they were known.

From Mrs. Gladys Jackson, Milton, Southsea

P.O.W.s Germany

May I take this opportunity of thanking those concerned for the spray sent for my husband, Sidney Jackson, who passed away on 9th April, 1973.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

James Eric Caldwell of Stockport became a full St. Dunstaner in May 1973. He served in the Royal Tank Regiment from 1952 to 1966. He is married with a son and two daughters.

William James Carthy of Dorking, Surrey, became a full St. Dunstaner in May 1973. In the Second World War he served in the Royal Air Force. Until his retirement he had a business in the Midlands. He is married.

James Higginbottom of Gateshead, came to us in May 1973. Mr. Higginbottom served in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps during the Second World War and was wounded in France in 1940. He is married.

Leslie Frederick May of Lower Kingswood, Surrey, became a full St. Dunstaner in May 1973. He served with the Field Regiment, Royal Artillery in the Second World War. He retired two years ago from his work as a Surveyor. Mr. May is a bachelor.

Patrick Murphy of New Stevenstone, Lanarkshire, who joined St. Dunstan's in May 1973. Mr. Murphy served in the King's Own Scottish Borderers and was wounded in Northern Ireland in November 1972. He is single and is at present in training at Pearson House, Brighton.

Cyril Robert Hewitt Smith of Croydon, Surrey, joined St. Dunstan's in May 1973. Mr. Smith served in the Territorial Army and was mobilised at the outbreak of the Second World War. He served with the B.E.F. in France and was evacuated at Dunkirk. He also served with the 8th Army at El Alamein. He is married and is at present employed in industry.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

We cannot give an account of our days at Pearson House during May without touching upon the very pleasant occasion of His Grace the Duke of Norfolk's visit to unveil the plaque commemorating the re-opening of the House. It was flowers all the way and a garden party atmosphere after the ceremony and it gave us all much pleasure to welcome our distinguished guests. As there is an account elsewhere in the *Review*, we will not elaborate further except to say that it was one more item to add to our list of memorable days.

Each year during May, Brighton stages an International Festival of the Arts and a number of our Pearson House residents take advantage of the opportunity to listen to the very fine concerts which are presented. It is by no means an entirely highbrow Festival and our largest contingent of St. Dunstaners went to the Dome for the opening concert which was given by the Massed Bands of the Coldstream, Scots and Welsh Guards and which included music associated with the British Army in India. The Rt. Hon. Earl Mountbatten of Burma was there and made a speech to open the Festival and later in the evening there was a Display of Fireworks on the Lawns of the Royal Pavilion. Our St. Dunstaners came back with glowing accounts of the excellence of the performance and of their complete enjoyment of the evening. The Dome necessarily had to suspend the evergreen "Tuesday at the Dome" for the two weeks of the Festival and this was a great miss for our regular attenders, but, after all, what you lose on the swings you gain on the roundabouts! Among the very famous artistes appearing

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Edward Tuck of Tondu, Bridgend, Glamorgan, joined St. Dunstan's in June 1973. Mr. Tuck served in the 5th South Wales Borderers in the First World War and was wounded at Vimy Ridge in 1917.

Sydney Wood of Peterborough, Northants, joined St. Dunstan's in May 1973. Mr. Wood served in the South Staffordshire Regiment during the First World War and was wounded at Ypres. He is married with a grown-up family.

in the Festival were Yehudi Menuhin, Daniel Barenboim, Julian Bream, John Williams, Flora Robson and Ian Wallace. The orchestras included the London Philharmonic, The London Symphony, and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The Theatre Royal had Ballet and several members of the staff went to see Margot Fonteyn dance with the Royal Ballet. This was an experience difficult to describe in words, it took one out of this world. The final concert was a performance of Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" with full orchestra, choir and soloists and this was very much to the liking of all our music lovers. Altogether a feast of riches indeed!

Weybridge Choir

On a slightly different plane we had our own music making at Pearson House when members of the Weybridge Male Voice Choir came to give us a concert. We haven't room at present for the full choir but nevertheless we had a very enjoyable evening, as always with this highly rated group. For those friends of the Cecilian Singers who may be wondering about them this year we have news. They have decided not to send a smaller group to Pearson House but will save their talents until they can come all together again after Ovingdean re-opens. In the meantime they send good wishes to everyone and look forward to a grand re-union some time in the future.

Discussion

We had one Discussion during May which drew a good crowd of talkers, each one anxious to say his little piece. The subject, introduced by Mr. J. Stokes, was "Radio—the Voice of the Listeners". We had some interesting opinions on this, as one might expect from a group of people to whom radio means so much. Having chewed over the subject from almost every angle, we came to no earth-shattering conclusions, but decided that on the whole listeners were well catered for in most ways, though we are not averse to giving the B.B.C. a hint or two now and then!

After all our mental exertions we are now hoping to be a little lazy and bask in some summer sunshine. We have it with us at the moment of writing and it is amazing how we all blossom in its welcome warmth!

WIVES AND WIDOWS

House of Lords Question

During the afternoon of Wednesday, 13th June, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale asked the following question in the House of Lords and the Debate which followed is printed below.

"*To ask Her Majesty's Government whether, when the annual review of war pensions take place in the Autumn, in implementation of the undertaking to maintain and if possible improve the position of the war pensioner and his dependants, they will consider adjusting the wife's allowance from* 50p *per week—which has remained unaltered for over* 53 *years—to a figure which bears a more reasonable relation to the present value of money.*"

THE MINISTER OF STATE, DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY (LORD ABERDARE): No, my Lords. The increase of 50p for a wife paid with 100 per cent disablement pension, and *pro rata* for lower assessments, dates from an era before modern social security provisions were introduced, and has long been regarded as obsolete. The unemployable war pensioner receives increases for his wife and children at the rates equivalent to invalidity pension under the social security scheme, and war pensioners who receive social security benefits such as sickness benefit are entitled to the appropriate dependency increases. These rates go up substantially in October, as of course will the war pensions themselves and all the supplementary allowances associated with disablement which are paid under the war pensions scheme.

LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE: My Lords, while the net take-home money which the severely disabled men receive at the end of a week is not ungenerous, and all Governments are to be thanked for this, does my noble friend realise that his opening words, "No, my Lords," will be grievously disappointing? These women cannot be left with 50p after 50 years. They have looked after their severely disabled men all this time, and as widows or as wives are worth very much more than that. Will my noble friend ask the Ministers concerned in another place to think again when they review this matter in the autumn?.

LORD ABERDARE: My Lords, I think I am right in saying that most of the ex-Servicemen's organisations have accepted that in the context of modern social security these allowances are obsolescent and it is the more important dependancy allowances which are made under the social security scheme, where, for example, a wife would receive a dependancy allowance increase of £4.15 and £2.10 for the first child. These are the important things which help a war pensioner when he is retired, sick or unemployed.

I might also mention to my noble friend that the ex-Servicemen's organisations have wholeheartedly welcomed the decision which we made, that from October next this special allowance will be paid in full with National Insurance dependancy benefits, so there will be no set-off of the one against the other.

LORD MAYBRAY-KING: My Lords, while supporting all that the noble Lord, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, has said, and congratulating the noble Lord, Lord Aberdare, and his Government on what they are doing for the ex-Servicemen, may I ask whether the noble Lord is aware that all the ex-Servicemen's associations give a very high place to the need to improve the pensions of the widows of ex-Servicemen, and will he bear that in mind when the review takes place?

LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE: My Lords, before the noble Lord, Lord Aberdare, answers that question, he says that the allowance of 50p allotted 50 years ago is obsolete; but these women are not obsolete; they are still looking after the disabled men. Will he ask the Ministers in another place to think about this iniquitously low sum? Is he also aware that that does not in the least mean that I am denigrating what Governments of all Parties have tried to do for ex-Servicemen? On the whole, they have done well.

LORD ABERDARE: My Lords, I am grateful to my noble friend for that tribute to all Governments. We certainly believe that our record is very good in the respect. But so far as his point about the wife is concerned, I can only explain to him that this 50p is a relic of the past and that we prefer to spend the money that is available on the much more effective allowance which is that which the pensioner receives for his wife when he is out of work, sick or retired. That allowance will be going up in October and that will bring benefit to the war pensioner. I shall certainly take note of what the noble Lord said about widows. It is another question, but I shall draw it to the attention of my right honourable friend.

STAFF OBITUARY

Readers of the *Review* will be sorry to learn of the death of MISS JOSEPHINE DE MORGAN HENSLEY, in a Nursing Home in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, on 5th June, 1973.

Miss Hensley came to St. Dunstan's in the very early days, around 1915/16. She had a number of jobs as a V.A.D. Later she became a part-time Welfare Visitor for Southern Area and she undertook this work from July 1934 until her retirement in June, 1949.

In her retirement she still retained her links with St. Dunstan's and was for many years a voluntary helper in the London Club, in the St. Dunstaners' canteen and in many other ways. Unfortunately her health deteriorated in the last couple of years and she spent these in a Nursing Home.

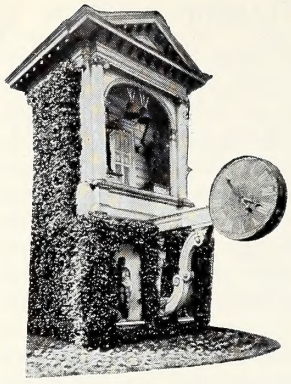
The funeral was attended by Mr. Slade and Mr. Thomas Gaygan at Great Amwell Church, Nr. Ware, Herts, on 8th June. The mourners were Miss Hensley's nephews and nieces.

Attached to the wreath from Lord and Lady Fraser and the Council of St. Dunstan's was a card bearing the message:

> "*In affectionate Memory and in Gratitude from all friends at St. Dunstan's for the great assistance and kindness rendered to us over the years.*"

BLINDED SOLDIERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S AUSTRALIA

At the 21st Biennial Conference of the Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association held in Perth, Western Australia, from 12th-15th March, 1973, it was proposed and carried that the Association's title should, in future, include the name St. Dunstan's. We welcome this change wholeheartedly. It is a further indication of the solidarity of feeling and friendship between the war blinded men and women of the United Kingdom with our comrades down under.



IT STRIKES ME

In Aid of St. Dunstan's

When we met at this year's Southampton Reunion, **Bob and Kathleen Lloyd** of Bournemouth, handed me a flag on a wooden stick which bore the words shown in our photograph.

This flag was found among the effects of a deceased relative who had evidently attended Dame Clara Butt's concert in aid of St. Dunstan's, held in the Albert Hall, exactly two years before the untimely death of Sir Arthur Pearson.

Bob and Kathleen have made the suggestion that St. Dunstan's might consider arranging a permanent display of mementos of this kind in some suitable place at St. Dunstan's, perhaps at Ian Fraser House, after it is in use again.



On Stage

From time to time in the *Review* we report the progress of various young ladies in schools of dancing or drama. Now I have news of one who has succeeded in putting her training to professional use.

Ray Benson tells me his young daughter Sharron has just opened in Triumph Theatre Productions Summer Show at Margate. Called the "Pig and Whistle" it is a family song and dance show in Old Tyme Music Hall style. He was at the opening night, "I could hear Sharron's voice in the group", he said, "She is enjoying it but finding it very hard work. They put on three shows in rotation and now, at the beginning of the season they are rehearsing all day and doing the shows in the evening. She got quite a kick out of seeing her name on the show posters around Margate."

Sharron has inherited her mother's talent for the stage, and there is a theatrical tradition in the family as Sharron's great grandfather was an eccentric dancer. Just to keep the balance right, Lora, Ray's older daughter has followed her father's scientific interest, taking a degree in chemistry.

Gold Badge and Tankard

Another St. Dunstaner who has been waiting to receive his Royal British Legion Gold Badge is **Harry Wheeler.** The presentation took place on Saturday, 2nd June, at the Wimbledon Football Club. Bill Harris who attended, tells me the Area Chairman of the South West Counties, Mr. G. Butcher, presented the badge to Harry, congratulating him on his 45 years' service to the Wimbledon Branch of the Legion.

Only a few days before, Harry was the recipient of another honour when he was made an Honorary Life President of the Kingstonian Football Club, and presented with a tankard to commemorate 50 years' service to the Club.

Magog



Sharron Benson. Photo: *P. M. Varley*



David Bell, Tommy Gaygan and Gwen Obern aboard the Princess Freda.

Cruising Down t

Out and About with the

On Saturday, 19th May, a group of our handless St. Dunstaners, boarded a "pocket cruiser" at Westminster. This was to be the main event of a week-end reunion for the nine St. Dunstaners who were able to attend, with their wives or escorts. With them were Mr. C. D. Wills, St. Dunstan's Secretary, Miss Cynthia Mosley, Northern Area Superintendent, Mr. Norman French, Research Engineer, and your reporter.

The Princess Freda

Our cruise was planned to take us up river to Hampton Court and, as we were going against the tide, would take around four hours. Four hours! What would we do on a smallish Thames launch for four hours? We had under-estimated the resources of the *Princess Freda*. Small she might be but first came cocktails on the deck, then we sang some songs to the accordion playing of George Woodard from the Royal British Legion. Soon after one we went down to the saloon for an excellent luncheon served from what must

Tommy Gaydan and Bill Griffiths at Flanagan's



ver
Reunion

be the smallest galley in the world—which incidentally, also doubled as the bar,—with amazing resource by the two members of the crew.

All the time the varied scenery of the riverside slipped by changing from industrial South West London, through to the suburban countryside of Kew, Richmond and Kingston and those fascinating locks at Teddington.

Hampton Court

At Hampton Court our party was guided through the courtyards of the Palace and visited two exhibitions. The carriages from the Royal Mews, which proved to be of great interest. Touching a processional coach, Dickie Richardson thought it was glass, a tribute to the very highly polished finish on these vehicles. Then we visited a display of the costumes from the television series on Henry VIII.

It rained as we left the Palace so it was a dash for the towpath and the *Princess Freda*. Snug in the saloon, the company,



Under the famous calendar clock in the courtyard of Hampton Court Palace.

Flanagan's service for Gwen Obern and David Bell.





St. Dunstaners, wives and escorts outside Hampton Court Palace.

Sir Edwin Arrowsmith speaking at the dinner which concluded the Handless Reunion.



led by Gwen Obern, sang all the old songs they could remember. More cocktails before a hot dinner was served—more resource from the staff—and then, with the tide under her the *Princess* was back at Westminster early. So down into dockland where those of the party on deck discovered their "skipper", a Freeman of the River, had an encyclopaedic knowledge of the Thames and its historic associations.

Waldorf Hotel

The reunion, based at the Waldorf Hotel, in London began with an informal dinner party on Friday, 18th May, attended by staff members from Headquarters and Brighton and the St. Dunstaners: David Bell, Dick Brett, Tommy Gaygan, Bill Griffiths, Josef Loskar, Ted Miller, Gwen Obern, "Dickie" Richardson and Stan Southall.

On the Sunday morning a party of St. Dunstaners attended a service at St. Paul's Cathedral, in the afternoon a coach tour of London and in the evening a visit to one of the famous, Victorian style, Flanagan's Restaurants in St. Martin's Lane.

Monday brought the business sessions attended by St. Dunstan's staff and our



Cruising Down the River.—Audrey and Dickie Richardson with Alice and Bill Griffiths catch the spirit of that familiar song as the Princess Freda *sets course for the Royal Palace of Hampton Court.*

outside experts including Mr. H. J. Houlgate, Chairman of our Experimental Devices Committee and Dr. I. H. Fletcher from Roehampton.

Dinner Party

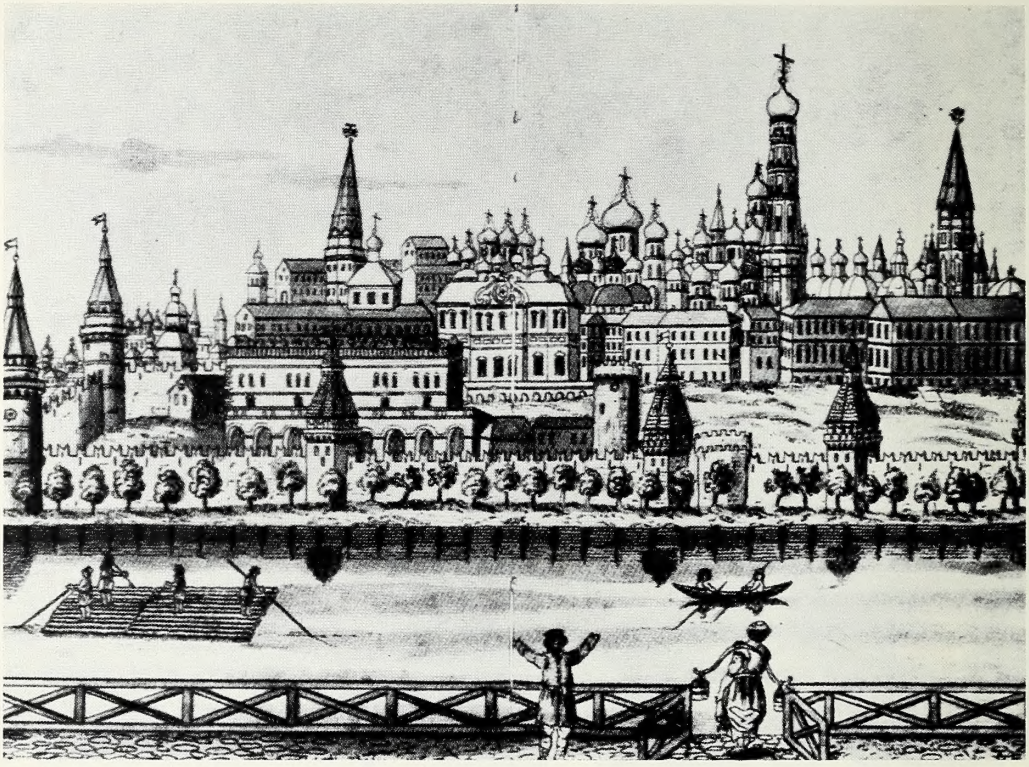
The reunion ended with a dinner party presided over by Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, a member of St. Dunstan's Council and attended by Talking Book readers Stephen Jack and Mrs. Phyllis Boothroyd. Lord and Lady Fraser had been called away from London but returned in time to hear the speeches by Sir Edwin, Stephen Jack, Dr. Fletcher, Gwen Obern and Mr. Wills. Lord Fraser then said a few words of greeting from himself and Lady Fraser to conclude a very successful Reunion.

80 Year Old Christening gown

Five Generation Link

A charming announcement in a local Cambridge paper informed us that ten week old Kerrie Laker was christened towards the end of March in a christening gown made 80 years ago by her great great grandmother.

Readers of the *Review* will be interested to know that this gown is the property of **Mrs. Elizabeth Laker** who is the widow of the late Eric Laker. The christening took place the week-end before Mr. Laker died and the gown was the same one in which he had been christened.



An ancient engraving of the Kremlin.

From Russia With Love

By David Bell

Sibyl and I left Heathrow on 18th January bound for Australia and New Zealand, visiting several countries on the way as an added interest to our journey half way round the world. Our plane was a DC8 of the Japanese Air Line, which was comfortable, and the crew very attentive.

Once settled we were given hot scented towels, slippers, night masks and refreshing green tea. A little later the cabin music was switched off while the steward explained the emergency procedure and equipment, then we were switched back to the music, and this raised a few smiles and many eyebrows, as the tune we heard was the Last Post theme from the Dawn Patrol—perhaps a subtle form of Oriental humour?

First stop was Moscow, and as we stepped out of the plane the intensity of the cold almost took our breath away, they told us it was 30° below and this was no exaggeration; it was like being naked in a deep freeze unit. However, the greeting of our Intourist Courier in the airport building was warm and friendly. They knew all about us, where we came from, where we were to stay and where we were going, and while we waited for our baggage we had a lecture on procedure. After careful scrutiny through the usual controls we made our way to our taxi and hotel for our first night in the Soviet Union.

Our hotel was old, warm and comfortable. After a chat with the tourist receptionist about our programme, we made our way to the dollar bar for a pre-dinner drink. The dollar bars and dollar shops are so called because they are only allowed to accept foreign currency. This was a dull little room with a dull little barman, whose only other language was German, but certainly he knew how to

charge for the vodka, perhaps because this included the cabaret which was supplied by him in the form of a little record player in the corner of the bar!

The restaurant was very ornate, but not the waiters, who stood around wondering whether or not to serve us. However, the food was quite good. Later the restaurant came to life when more Russians arrived for the dinner-dance and the joint rocked to the dancing—Western style in fur boots, and after a little lubrication singing in Russian style.

Mr. Boris Zimin

The next day we braved the cold to walk through the city to an appointment with Mr. Boris Zimin, President of the All Russia Society for the Blind and his charming secretary Lucy, who were hosts to St. Dunstan's Party in 1970. In the afternoon we had an uninteresting tour around a big store which looked like a warehouse, there was little attempt at display and nothing we wished to buy.

On Saturday morning Lucy arrived with a car and driver, regretting that we had not given her notice of our visit so that we could be shown more. However, we saw quite a lot of Moscow in a short time, the Bolshoi Theatre, Red Square, the Kremlin, and a trip round the magnificent underground stations, then we returned to our hotel for tea and to pick up our baggage for the evening flight to Japan.

Tokyo was a smiling warm city after the cold of Moscow and the empty endless snow-covered wastes of Siberia which we flew over through the night. It was only nine hours flying time, but what a contrast from Moscow's big squares, buildings and roads to Tokyo's houses, factories and flats all squashed together in the second largest city in the world.

Nursing a heavy cold it was bliss to rest in the quiet of our hotel bedroom away from the thousands of diminutive Nippons charging about in an orderly fashion, before meeting some friends from London who happened to be on the same plane. It seemed only minutes before I was wakened by my bed shaking, turning to Sibyl I said, "Stop shaking me, it can't be time to dress already", Sibyl's drowsy reply convinced me this was none of her doing and we were both experiencing our first earthquake.

The following day we left on the Bullet Train for the ancient capital of Kyoto. Express trains leave every 15 minutes, over 80 a day, for Okayama in the South. They are said to be the fastest trains in the world, travelling at 130 miles per hour on jointless long-welded rails. A very smooth, quiet and comfortable journey.

Japanese Style Inn

We stayed at an inn—Japanese style, in Kyoto, which means leaving our shoes at the front door, changing into slippers and leaving them behind on entering each room including the toilet. Kneeling or sitting crosslegged at the table, when rheumatics would allow, we enjoyed the excellent food delicately prepared before us and politely served by charming girls.

During our three days there we visited many temples and places, among them the Imperial Palace, where only coronations take place, and the Nigo Castle, home of the first Shogun or War Lord, decorated lavishly in gold and damascene. The bedroom is encircled by a specially constructed wooden floor which squeaks at every step, thus giving warning of the approach of friend or foe. This is known as the nightingale floor.

A drive to Nara, another ancient capital, and into a park with hundreds of tame deer, that bow politely to everyone who speaks to them. Here we toured the Kasuga Shrine, whose 3,000 lanterns, donated by believers in Shintoism (ancestor worship), are lit once a year. Also in the park is the world's largest wooden structure, the Todaiji Temple, housing the largest bronze Buddha in Japan—78 feet tall and weighing 500 tons.

Gold Pavilion

The most beautiful temple we saw was the three tiered Gold Pavilion, its beauty reflected by a lake and surrounded by exquisite gardens. We called to see one of the most complete collections of traditional handicrafts, woodblock printing, processing of silk and cloisonne art, all very interesting but, like everything else in Japan, very expensive.

With friends made on the tour we enjoyed a farewell meal of Sukiyaki and Tempura, freshly cooked at our table, with drinks of hot saki. We returned to Tokyo and took a last look around the

famous Ginza shops, travelling there by underground, which was quite an experience in itself.

The overall impression of Japan was of a pretty countryside, small crowded houses, and everywhere, neat cultivated patches, an efficient industry with modern technique and outlook, yet based on a feudal system. Now it was time to say "sayonara" and join the Jumbo Jet for the next part of our journey.

The flight gave us a wonderful view of the 12,000 feet snow-capped volcanic Mt. Fuji and the so-called garden route (over Taiwan) to Hong Kong. Coming in to land the plane seemed to swoop down amongst the skyscrapers dotted about the steep hills, before settling down on the narrow strip of reclaimed land stretching out into the South China Sea.

Friends turned out in strength to meet us and whisked us off by car from Kowloon through the English designed tunnel which rests on the sea bed, to the island of Hong Kong, which is Cantonese for Fragrant Harbour. World famous for its spectacular beauty, Hong Kong did not disappoint us on our first tour up the Victoria Peak, with the panoramic view of the city, harbour and Kowloon. I don't know which was most impressive, the view by daylight or the myriad of twinkling coloured lights at night.

Chinese Village

The old Chinese fishing village of Aberdeen couldn't be missed. It is renowned for its floating restaurant and hundreds of junks anchored there, though now many families have been rehoused on nearby islands, some under the aegis of the Round Table Village scheme. An interesting afternoon was spent at Stanley, on the south side of the island, wandering through the market stalls, they were busy selling special foods and delicacies for the Chinese New Year.

Back over the island to the northern waterfront and the infamous world of Susie Wong, Wanchai, 28 blocks of bars, brothels and nightclubs, jammed between the waterfront and the lower edges of the Peak. Their giant neon signs are switched off one by one and this unique mixture of Chinese razzle-dazzle and glittering Western brass and stainless steel, will slowly disappear as re-development plans materialise. Most of Wanchai will turn into a six lane freeway linking the business centre with the new cross-harbour tunnel, and the rabbit warren of tenements and famous "ladders" streets will be replaced with multi-storied buildings necessary for the growing population of six million, mainly Chinese.

Hong Kong is very proud of its high rise flats and offices, this rocky island is only 11 miles long and from 2 to 5 miles wide, they will have the highest block in the East when the 55-floor building is complete. An interesting point is that all scaffolding is bamboo, light, strong and easy to erect. A story is told that after a severe typhoon the only thing left standing was the bamboo scaffolding!

Industrious Chinese

The Chinese are very industrious, keen to get ahead, make money and educate their children. To cope with the numbers they have a three tier system for schooling, morning, afternoon and then evening school for the seniors. Their way of life is guided by strict and complicated principles.

Cantonese food is excellent, their fresh vegetables and many other things come over the border from the Peoples' Republic of China, European food and fresh vegetables are flown over from Los Angeles—50p for one lettuce!

Immigrants still pour over the border and make their way into the "Walled City", which is still disputed territory and has been since the 1897 Treaty. This is $6\frac{1}{2}$ acres of multi-storied flats with narrow lanes and passages thrown up higgledy-piggledy by speculative builders with no regard to building regulations and principles. Since 1943 when the Japanese destroyed the Wall the Hong Kong authorities accepted that this site was outside their control. Europeans, police etc., are banned from the area and must seek permission to enter.

After a fire inside "Walled City", Mary Clark, wife of a voluntary fireman, was so appalled at the conditions she set up a clinic for children. This is now run by the Ladies Circle (wives of the Round Tablers), and Sibyl and I were invited to visit the Clinic and a small school. The children are now very well cared for and there is very little poverty in the Colony.

We had a look round the Ebenezer

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1614

Rope Boy
by Dennis Gray
Read by Stanley Pritchard

A story of rocks and mountains and of the men who climb them. The author losing contact with his school scout troop one Sunday in the 1940's wandered on to the moors outside Leeds and stumbled by chance on a small group of climbers scaling the face of an old quarry. Climbing then became his whole life and subsequently when he had to choose between his career and a place in an Himalayan expedition it was of course the expedition that won. This is an excellent story of success and failure and comradeship, although the narrative is spoilt at times by the stumbling of the reader.

Gray in his final chapter attacks the recent trend towards exploiting the sport by the Television media and the educationalists. Mountaineering, he says, is a personal sport not to be learned in the class room but by endeavours of the pupil on the rock face, led by a man with years of dedication, and experience of the sport. Not taught by somebody who has obtained a piece of paper after attending a couple of Summer Schools.

From Russia with Love
(continued)

College for the blind, very well run by Keith Marshall and his Chinese staff. They have a residential school for the children, swimming pool, gymnasium, training centre for workshops and a home for the elderly blind.

Throughout Asia we found there is a reluctance to disclose or register the disabled, families prefer to care for them in their own homes—prestige or saving face is very important to them.

During the six days spent in Hong Kong we felt we had been given an insight into life in the Colony. 31st January saw us on our way to the Philippines and New Guinea, but that is another story.

Cat. No. 1680

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich
by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Trans. by Ralph Barker
Read by Anthony Barker

This is a story of one day in the life of a political prisoner at a hard labour camp in the isolated wastes of Siberia. One day in his life because a prisoner can only live for the day and never thinks of the morrow.

Like many of his fellow prisoners Ivan's only crime was to be captured by the Germans, and then escape. For this he is classified as a spy and sentenced to ten years.

Life is not easy for the guards either who have to stand guard in freezing watch towers while at least the prisoners can, and do, work off the cold by the sweat of their labour.

This is a horrifying story of hatred, greed, bribery, corruption and above all comradeship. It is also a description of camp life which would make a winter spent in the heart of Salisbury Plain seem like June in a Butlin's holiday camp.

Cat. No. 1644

Cold War in a Country Garden
by Lindsay Gutteridge
Read by Anthony Parker

I suppose that this could best be described as Science Fiction in miniature. Captain Dilke has volunteered to become the first pioneer in the battle to conquer the problem of over population.

Reduced by the scientists from six feet in height to two millimetres Dilke stands in his own garden and plans his survival. Ants and centipedes are his main enemies, and, joined by two other men, together they design a quick firing cross-bow which injects nettle poison when fired into the nests of insects.

British Intelligence decides that they are surviving too successfully for purely civil purposes and off they are sent neatly packaged in a cigarette carton behind the Iron Curtain. But the Russians too have their little men, and also a little dog, who smells out Dilke when he is on the run after the failure of the mission.

Most enjoyable light reading.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

A very pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent by eight members of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club who visited B.P. on the 8th June at Devonshire House, Piccadilly for a duplicate match of Bridge. The game was match pointed. The result ending in a resounding win for the St. Dunstan's team by 55 match points which gave a 10 victory point to nil.

We were indeed happy to see Bill and Mrs. Harding back at the London Club if even only for a short visit. We do hope we shall see them much more soon now that the pleasant summer weather is here and we hope it will bring Bill the good health he so richly deserves.

The Domino winners for the month of May were as follows:

3rd May	**1**	**R. Pacitti**
	2	W. Phillips
10th May	**1**	**J. Majchrowicz**
	2	J. Padley
17th May	**1**	**J. Padley**
		J. Majchrowicz
24th May	**1**	**C. Hancock**
	2	J. Majchrowicz
		J. Padley
		W. Miller
31st May	**1**	**J. Padley**
	2	C. Hancock

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

The quarter finals of the Sir Arthur Pearson domino knock-out competition was the main event of our meeting held on Sunday May 13th.

These games were completed and the following members are left in the semi finals, Joe Kibbler, Lou Androlia, Eddie Hordyniec and myself, Doug Cashmore.

The meeting was well attended and tea was provided for us by Mrs. Connie Faulkner, we all thanked her for a very lovely spread.

On Sunday, 20th May we had our first half day outing for this year, and paid a visit to Matlock in Derbyshire. We were very lucky with the weather and everyone enjoyed the outing. Matlock is a very pretty place, with plenty of walks or boating, whichever you may like to do.

We stopped on the way home for a "Tot", which everyone enjoyed and arrived back in Birmingham about 9.35 p.m.

We hope to have another half day outing to the Cotswolds in early October.

Owing to a number of members being on holiday it has been decided to cancel the June meeting, our next meeting will be on Sunday, 8th July.

My wife and I paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shakspeare, we also went to see Miss Topsy Shakspeare, during the Spring holiday. They all send kindest regards to all members of the Midland club, past and present. I am pleased to say that all the Shakspeare family are quite well and enjoying their new surroundings down in Somerset.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

STAFF RETIREMENTS

Miss H. Waite, one of our "back room" personnel, but nevertheless an important cog in a well oiled machine, retired at the end of June. She started work at St. Dunstan's in September, 1955, in the Accounts Department where she has served for almost 18 years. In 1960 she took charge of the Estate Accounts Section where she proved herself a keen and efficient manager.

Away from business Miss Waite's main hobby is gardening and her plans for the future include a move of house, perhaps near the sea with a garden. St. Dunstaners and staff will wish her a very happy retirement.

BRIDGE NOTES

L.C.C.B.A. (The Masters) v St. Dunstan's

This most popular Annual Event took place at Headquarters on Saturday afternoon, 9th June. It had attracted five St. Dunstan's teams of four players, coming from all over the country, to confront five visiting teams, amongst whom were several of international repute. It was not a question, so far as we were concerned, of beating our opponents but of which team would have the lowest minus score and which of the opposing teams would score the highest plus.

The final result on twenty hands played were as follows:

L.C.C.B.A.

1. Miss V. Daly—D. Spooner
   Mrs. R. Jenkins—Dr. R. V. Mallya
   +7240
2. G. Cooke—D. Edwin
   Mrs. Camrass—L. Wolfers +6920
3. W. Pitch—P. Donovan
   J. Atkins—R. Edmonds +5940
4. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. H. Fox
   Dr. and Mrs. M. A. G. Pietroni
   +5380
5. J. Marx—C. Hille
   R. Sharples and J. Sharples —470

St. Dunstan's

1. W. Allen—R. Freer
   E. Carpenter—Miss V. Kemmish
   —980
   (*Lowest minus score ever against the Masters*)
2. P. Nuyens—A. Caldwell
   R. Armstrong—Mrs. V. Delaney
   —3520
3. R. Evans—H. Ward
   H. King—J. Padley —5300
4. J. Whitcombe—W. Phillips
   R. Fullard—H. Meleson —6800
5. A. Dodgson—R. Goding
   F. Dickerson—J. Chell —8410

The members of the winning L.C.C.B.A. team were each presented with a prize selected from products made by St. Dunstaners. The eventual choice was two contemporary coffee tables, one fireside stool and one dressing table stool. Miss Vi Daly, secretary of the L.C.C.B.A. presented each member of our winning team with a bottle of Port and also every St. Dunstaner taking part received a bottle of Sherry.

In his speech, Bob Evans on behalf of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club, thanked our visitors for coming along and Miss Vi Daly for arranging this year's event so efficiently, as well as Mr. Percy Charteris for the arrangements regarding the actual match play. Bob also stressed the fact that this match constituted the highlight of our fixture card for the year and how much our members were looking forward to our meeting again next year.

A hearty vote of thanks was also given to our untiring Steward, Norman Smith, as well as his wife, Flora, and her helpers for serving such an excellent spread which certainly provided the finishing touch to a most memorable afternoon of bridge.

The fifth Individual Competition, London Section, was held on Saturday, 2nd June. The results were as follows:

R. Evans and Partner	68
W. Miller and W. Allen	67
P. Nuyens and F. Dickerson	65
W. Lethbridge and A. Caldwell	64
W. Phillips and R. Pacitti	58
J. Padley and J. Lynch	56

The sixth Individual Competition, Brighton Section, was held on Saturday, 2nd June. The results were as follows:

R. Fullard and S. Webster	71
M. Clements and J. Chell	67
R. Goding and F. Griffee	63
F. Rhodes and W. Scott	61
A. Dodgson and J. Whitcombe	55

P. NUYENS
Secretary

EPSOM FLIER!

It was a happy party of forty-four St. Dunstaners, wives and escorts, who boarded the Epsom "Flier" at half past nine on the morning of 6th June, at our Headquarters in Old Marylebone Road. Fortunately the sun shone overhead and on the outward journey most of us anticipated a glorious, if not too profitable day.

We were each given a packed luncheon, and at this juncture I feel I ought to thank Mrs. Obinwe and the Headquarters Canteen Staff for their arrangements of this varied and sumptuous repast.

On the way to Epsom Downs, Norman Smith organised a Sweepstake for the Derby. This was won by Colin Sheehan, son of our St. Dunstaner, Pat Sheehan.

We arrived shortly before 11 a.m., where we were later joined by the Brighton coaches. Chatting and mingling with our old friends made an agreeable prelude to a delightful day.

The highlight of the meeting was as always the visit of Her Majesty, the Queen, who (I am told) looked positively radiant in a pale yellow outfit.

In the mid-afternoon we greatly appreciated the tea and ice cream so kindly supplied by our Brighton friends.

With one exception, I do not think any St. Dunstaner returned from our outing very much richer, but at least they were all wearing their shirts!

It was with great reluctance that we once more boarded our coach for the journey home, but we arrived tired but happy at Marylebone Road, at 7.50 p.m., where we were regaled with a welcome cup of tea with biscuits from our Club Canteen.

PAT SHEEHAN

FAMILY NEWS

Golden Weddings

Many congratulations to:

MR. AND MRS. ALLEN CALDWELL of Croydon, Surrey, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 8th June, 1973.

MR. AND MRS. REGINALD EDWARDS of Bognor Regis, Sussex, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 2nd June 1973.

MR. AND MRS. GILBERT RUSHTON of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 2nd June 1973.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

FREDERICK A. (TONY) MORTON of Peterborough, Northants., is pleased to announce the birth of a grandson, Marcus, who was born on 17th February 1973 to Brian and his wife.

FREDERICK C. GALWAY of Sandbach, Cheshire, who is delighted to announce the arrival of a grand-daughter, Joanne Lea, on 12th February 1973.

JOHN WALTER LAWSON of Warrington, Lancs., who is proud to announce the arrival of another grandson, Nigel, born to his daughter, Sylvia, on 28th March 1973. Mr. Lawson now has ten grandchildren.

JOHN LOACH of Russell Hall, Dudley, Worcs., is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild—Gail, born to Robert and his wife on 21st April 1973.

ALBERT ("BERTIE") PARTINGTON, of Bolton, on the arrival of his first grandchild, Victoria Jane, born on the 24th May, to his son and daughter-in-law, Ian and Adrienne.

Long Life and happiness to:

Frank, son of JOHN DOUGLASS of Barking, Essex, who married Penelope Ann Smith on 24th April 1973.

Anthony, son of THOMAS HIGGINS of Hemel Hempstead, Herts., who married Barbara Bateman on 16th April 1973.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

TOM DABORN of Parracombe, N. Devon, on the death of his mother who died on 9th June, 1973, at the age of 95.

THOMAS LIONEL SIMMONS GIBBINS, Radway, Warwickshire, who mourns the death of his eldest daughter in May, 1973.

Mrs. Rimmer, wife of ALEC RIMMER of Weston-super-Mare, whose only brother died in Manchester on 24th May 1973.

JOHN WINDSOR of British Columbia, Canada, who mourns the death of his wife on the 2nd May, 1973, after five years of illness during which, however, she was often able courageously to continue with family life and many interests.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Walter Le Roy Bird. *Royal Army Medical Corps*

Walter Le Roy Bird of St. Leonards, Sussex, died on 8th June, 1973. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1960, when he was near to retirement, and he trained in typewriting and various hobbies. He was married twice, having five sons by his first wife. He married for the second time in 1967 and his second wife died at the beginning of this year. Mr. Bird felt very lonely and looked forward to visits of his son Malcolm.

He leaves his son Malcolm and his four brothers and their respective families, and his late wife's family.

Robert George Cameron. *Royal Navy*

Robert George Cameron of Wembley, Middlesex, died suddenly on 11th May, 1973, at the age of 57 years.

He served in the Royal Navy from 1935 until his discharge in 1941. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1947, and had an interesting career.

It was thought, at first, that he might undertake telephone work but after a period of training, Mr. Cameron decided that he would find the running of a shop would give him more scope. He settled in a shop in Forest Gate, London, but after some time the long hours in shop life proved detrimental to the health of both Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and in 1951 Mr. Cameron gave up business and moved to Sussex. This move enabled him to return to St. Dunstan's for re-training, and during this time Mr. Cameron decided that he would like to undertake social work and went on a course of training to become a Home Teacher for the Blind.

He moved back to London in the summer of 1952 and in 1953 he started work as a Home Teacher in the Wembley area under the Middlesex County Council. Mr. Cameron continued with this work until 1971, when for health reasons he decided to retire. Although officially retired, he carried on with a good deal of voluntary social work in the district.

He was a frequent visitor to St. Dunstan's Homes in Brighton, a keen member of the Fishing Club and a regular member of the St. Dunstan's London Club. He was a talented pianist and was, in fact, playing the piano at the London Club the evening before his untimely death.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Flora Cameron, his two married daughters and their families, his young son Ian and his sister Hazel who live at home.

Arthur Horseman. *Royal Garrison Artillery*

Arthur Horseman of Fulford, Yorks, died at his home on 30th May, 1973. He was 75 years of age.

He served in the Royal Garrison Artillery from 1916 until 1919. Mr. Horseman suffered mustard gas poisoning in May 1918, but he later recovered sufficient sight to enable him to carry on business as a greengrocer and fruiterer, with the help of his wife. Mr. Horseman's sight failed later in life and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1959. He eventually retired from business in August 1964. He was able to enjoy regular visits to Ovingdean on holiday, but unfortunately his health deteriorated steadily during the last twelve months.

He leaves a widow, and a daughter who still lives at home and two married sons.

John Lucas. *Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry*

John Lucas of Coleshill, Warwickshire, died in hospital on 10th May, 1973, at the age of 61 years.

He served with the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry from June 1939 to November 1939, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1952. Mr. Lucas had already been trained for industrial employment at the time of his admission to St. Dunstan's and was working in a Birmingham factory. Unfortunately, however, he was required to give up his employment as his health deteriorated but he did undertake some basket work at home. Being a single man, he was living in lodgings with Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Coleshill, when he came to us, and they have cared for him ever since. Mr. Lucas had been keeping in reasonable health but unfortunately collapsed on 6th May and was admitted to hospital where he died four days later.

Edwin Marsden. *Labour Corps*

Edwin Marsden of Ryde, Isle of Wight, died at Pearson House, Brighton, on 12th May, 1973. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in the Labour Corps in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919 and

came to St. Dunstan's in 1927. He trained in boot and mat making and set up his workshop for boot repairs in Manchester, where he was helped in his business by his first wife, Mrs. Rosa Marsden, and continued with this work until the Second World War. He retrained and was able to take a job in industry and in this way helped the Second World War effort.

He and his wife suffered a very sad loss when their daughter died in 1944.

Mrs. Marsden died in 1966 and Mr. Marsden went to live temporarily at Pearson House, Brighton. In 1969 he married one of our ex-V.A.D. staff and went to live on the Isle of Wight.

At the beginning of this year Mr. Marsden was admitted to hospital on the island for an operation, and although he made fair progress from this, his health slowly deteriorated and he was admitted to Pearson House.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Joyce Marsden, who nursed him devotedly during the last few years of his life, and two sons by his first marriage.

David McLaren. *4th Yorkshire Regiment*

David McLaren, of Thrope Thewles, Stockton-on-Tees, died on the 24th May, 1973, at the age of 77 years.

He enlisted at the very beginning of the First War, received his Commission, was wounded in 1915, and trained at St. Dunstan's in 1916. He did secretarial work for a short time, but resigned because of ill-health and took up poultry farming, which he continued until quite recently. He married Miss Edith Flint, who had been a Braille teacher and whose sister, Mrs. Chadwick-Bates, became Secretary of St. Dunstan's in this country and later of St. Dunstan's (South Africa). Mrs. McLaren died in 1965, but he continued to live in Thorpe Thewles, where he was very active and well-known, being Churchwarden and Treasurer for 50 years and also holding other offices in the Parish. His health deteriorated and he had been seriously ill for some time but, after a short spell in hospital, he was able to return home. His cousin, Mrs. Hall, had kept house for him since his wife's death and the devoted care he received from her and from his son, who went home whenever possible, enabled him to remain in the house where he had lived for over 50 years.

He leaves one son, Peter.

Samuel Edward Senior. *1st/6th Duke of Wellington Regiment*

Samuel Edward Senior of Hornsea, Yorkshire, died at his home on 5th June, 1973. He was 76 years of age.

He enlisted in the 1st/6th Duke of Wellington Regiment and served with them from 1913 until his discharge in 1916, when he suffered a gunshot wound, but it was not until much later in life that his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's. When he became a St. Dunstaner in 1967 he had already retired and was in rather poor health. This prevented him from undertaking any type of hobby occupation. Unfortunately, Mr. Senior's health continued to deteriorate—he suffered a further stroke at the end of May and died in June.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Annie Senior, who had nursed him devotedly during his lifetime, and a married son and daughter.

George William Wardle. *3rd Bedfordshire Regiment*

George William Wardle of Brixworth, Northants, died on 8th June, 1973, in hospital, at the age of 76, just over a fortnight before his 77th birthday.

He enlisted in the 3rd Bedfordshire Regiment in 1912 and served with them until his discharge in 1915, but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1936. He trained in poultry-keeping and he also kept a few pigs. He continued with this work for many years and when he did eventually retire he interested himself in his garden.

Mr. Wardle kept reasonably well on the whole, but an illness developed which necessitated his admission to hopsital early this month and he passed away peacefully following an operation. His son Colin was summoned home from Beirut and fortunately was able to see his father before he died.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dorothy Wardle and a grown-up family.

Charles Henry Wheeler. *2nd Lincoln Regiment*

Charles Henry Wheeler of Pearson House, Brighton, and late of St. Albans, Herts, died in hospital on 14th May, 1973.

He enlisted in the 2nd Lincoln Regiment and served with them from 1911 until his discharge in 1915. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917, and trained in making mats and he also kept poultry. He worked very hard at both these occupations. He and his wife spent most of their married life in St. Alban's and district and had a family of six children.

During the Second World War Mr. Wheeler worked in several factories until his health began to show signs of breaking down and he was advised to retire in April, 1957.

Unfortunately Mrs. Wheeler's health was far from good and when she died in 1966 Mr. Wheeler went to live at Pearson House. He was taken ill very suddenly and died on admission to hospital.

He leaves surviving members of his family.

Thomas Arfon Williams. *Royal Welch Fusiliers*

Thomas Arfon Williams of Pearson House, Brighton, Sussex, and late of Portslade, Sussex, died on 12th May, 1973. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Welch Fusiliers in 1914, and served with them until his discharge in 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1925, trained as a telephonist and worked in London for some time. He married and then he and his wife decided they would like to run a shop and he retrained and settled as a shopkeeper and carried on this business until the late 1930's when he changed his occupation to that of basket maker.

Mr. Williams' first wife died in 1956 and after some time Mr. Williams married again. Unfortunately his second wife died in 1968 and he went to live at Ovingdean and Pearson House. He went on frequent visits to stay with his married daughter in Norfolk, which he much enjoyed.

He leaves his married daughter, Mrs. D. Cooper of Norwich, Norfolk, and her family.

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St Dunstans REVIEW AUGUST



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 644 **AUGUST 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I Enjoyed the Reunions

St. Dunstan's Reunions in different parts of the country are a very important part of our organisation; I thank Mr. Wills, Miss Rogers and Miss Mosley, the Area Superintendents; all the Welfare and Technical Visitors and Headquarters staff concerned. The purpose of these Reunions is twofold—namely, to enable St. Dunstaners to meet each other and to enable them to meet some of those who deal with their affairs.

For example, there is generally a member of St. Dunstan's Council at each Reunion and it is good for our men to meet him and vice versa, so that he may bring a firsthand impression of St. Dunstaners and their families and activities to the Council.

Mr. Wills continues to go to a number of Reunions in spite of his administrative responsibilities as Secretary and head of staff. I have urged him not to overdo this and thus overwork, but it is a very good thing that he should continue to meet St. Dunstaners in this way.

Reunions are organised partly by Headquarters staff and partly by the Welfare Visitors, who deal with local arrangements and attend their own gatherings. The Area Superintendents also attend each of the Reunions in their areas and this is most important, because they are the ladies who deal with welfare problems which arise and it is a great help to them—and indeed a pleasure for them—to meet their St. Dunstaners once a year and get to know them.

Also represented at the Reunions are the Technical Departments. There is a Surveyor from the Estate Department who is responsible for advice and guidance in connection with our own St. Dunstan's tenants and indeed to any St. Dunstaners who have problems and expenses in connection with their dwellings. Our services in this respect extend to all, not only to those who live in our houses.

The Country Life Superintendent attends all Reunions and he concerns himself with gardening, greenhouses and farming, and can be of help to both amateurs and professionals.

The Industrial Department is represented by a Technical Visitor, who calls at the factories and places of work of St. Dunstaners to see how they are getting on, and in particular to help them with any difficulties which arise in connection with their jobs, or if they become redundant.

A fourth representative may be the Home Crafts Visitor, whose job is to help some scores of St. Dunstaners making goods in their own homes, for sale by St. Dunstan's. Occasionally the Physiotherapy Superintendent may be present. At all Reunions there is a representative of the Public Relations Department, who not only advertises St. Dunstan's generally, but can be of help to an individual who takes part in public and community affairs or has a business of his own where publicity might be valuable.

At first sight it may be thought that there are too many staff but, in my opinion, this is emphatically not the case, because each of those who goes has the opportunity of a personal discussion with a husband and his wife, which is of great value in directing St. Dunstan's assistance aright.

Last year we had three special Reunions for a special celebration, but this year we reverted to our normal pattern and have had eleven Reunions. We choose the towns which seem best for travel facilities, but inevitably some will have to go long distances. This cannot be helped and is bound to be somewhat aggravated as the years go on and the number of our men is reduced.

FRONT COVER: *The St. Dunstan's team at the Austrian Games for the Blind (l. to r.) Jock Carnochan, coach, Jimmy Wright, Peter Spencer, John Simpson and Bill Harris, escort. In the background is the 800ft. tower in Wig Park, a Viennese landmark.*

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

SUPPLEMENT AUGUST 1973

IMPROVEMENTS IN WAR DISABLEMENT PENSIONS AND NATIONAL INSURANCE BENEFITS

Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Social Services has presented to Parliament proposals to give effect to the increases in Retirement Pensions and other National Insurance Benefits recently announced in Parliament. Details of the proposed increases and of the improvements to be made in War Pensions and in some of the Supplementary Allowances are given in this leaflet. The White Paper has not yet been published and whilst there is little doubt but that the following particulars will be confirmed they must be treated as provisional at the time of going to print.

WAR PENSIONS

Basic Pension

The Pension for 100% disablement is to be increased by £1·60 a week, and proportionately for lower assessments, so that a private soldier with a 100% disablement pension will receive £12·80 a week instead of £11·20 a week as at present.

Constant Attendance Allowance

A St. Dunstaner with guiding vision at present receiving £2·25 will receive £2·60 a week and a St. Dunstaner with guiding vision and with additional disabilities which have been accepted by the Government as due to War Service and who now has £3·40 a week will receive the same rate as for total blindness following abolition of the old "3/4 day" allowance. The rate for total blindness which is at present £4·50 will be increased to £5·15. A St. Dunstaner with disabilities additional to blindness who now has £6·75 a week will be entitled to £7·75 a week, and a St. Dunstaner with exceptionally severe disabilities, such as the loss of both hands, additional to blindness who at present receives £9·00 will receive £10·30 a week.

Comforts Allowance

There is to be an increase in this Allowance from £1·70 to £2·20 a week for the totally blind and for the Unemployability Supplement pensioner and from 85p to £1·10 a week for the pensioner with guiding vision.

Unemployability Supplement

This Supplement which is payable to those War Pensioners who by reason of their pensionable disability are unemployable, is to be increased from £7·35 to £8·40 a week, and any family allowances which might be payable with this Supplement will also be increased as follows:

Wife or other adult dependant:
from £4·15 to £4·75 a week

First Child
£3·30 to £3·80

Second Child
£2·40 to £2·90

Other Children
£2·30 to £2·80

The level of earnings permitted before title to Unemployability Supplement is affected remains at £4·50 per week.

Invalidity Allowance

This allowance, payable to those War Pensioners who are awarded the Unemployability Supplement prior to attaining the age of 60 (55 for women), has also been increased. Where the incapacity for work begins before the age of 35 the allowance is increased from £1·15 per week to £1·60, where the onset of the incapacity falls between the ages of 35 to 45 the allowance is increased to £1·00 per week instead of 70p per week and where the onset occurs between 45 and 60 (55 for women) the new rate is 50p per week instead of 35p.

Exceptionally Severe Disablement Allowance and Severely Disabled Occupational Allowance

Both these Allowances are to be increased this year to £5·15 and £2·60 a week respectively.

Clothing Allowance

There is to be a small increase in this Allowance (payable where there is exceptional wear and tear on clothing because of an amputation or for some other special reason) to a maximum of £22 a year.

Allowance for Lowered Standard of Occupation

This allowance which is paid in exceptional cases only to a very small number of St. Dunstaners who receive less than 100% pensions is to be increased from up to £4·48 a week to up to £5·12 per week.

Examples which may help St. Dunstaners to appreciate how the increases affect them personally may be found on page 4, but if there are any difficulties, will they please get in touch with Mr. Slade, our Pensions Officer, at Headquarters.

War Widows

The standard rate of pension for a War Widow aged 40 or over or under that age with children is increased from £8·80 per week to £10·10 per week. The Rent Allowance for War Widows with children is increased from up to £3·40 per week to £3·90 per week.

The increased rates of pension and allowances will operate as from the first pay day in the week commencing 30th September 1973 which means that the effective date of payment in the majority of cases will be Wednesday the 3rd October 1973.

Industrial Injuries Act

The 100% Disablement Pension payable under this Act to employees disabled in the course of their employment is to be increased from £11·20 a week to £12·80 a week with proportionate increases for lower assessments and some of the allowances payable with the Disablement Pension, which are very much in line with those payable to War Pensioners are also to be increased.

The Industrial Pension for widows which is at present £7·30 a week is to be raised to £8·30.

NATIONAL INSURANCE

The standard flat rate of Unemployment and Sickness Benefits will go up from £6·75 to £7·35 a week for single people and from £10·90 to £11·90 for married couples—increases of 60p and £1 respectively.

Retirement Pensions are to be increased for the single person to £7·75 a week and for the married couples to £12·50.

The Widow's Pension will also be increased from £6·75 to £7·55 a week. The Widow's Allowance for the first 26 weeks of widowhood will go up from £9·45 to £10·85.

All pensioners over 80 receive an additional 25p per week—no change.

Other proposed National Insurance Benefits improvements include Invalidity Benefit, Dependancy Allowances for Children, Widowed Mother's Allowance, Guardian's Allowance, Attendance Allowance, Maternity Allowance, and *the abolition of the reduction in Dependancy Benefits to take account of allowances for wife and children paid with Disablement Pensions.*

The total amount needed to pay for all the proposed increased benefits — no separate figures available at present as to cost of increased War Pensions and Allowances — is of the order of £570,000,000.

The Government has decided that the way to meet the cost of the improvements in the National Insurance Benefits payable out of the National Insurance Fund is to increase the graduated contributions paid

on earnings of more than £20 a week and the flat rate contributions paid by employers.

Flat rate contributions paid by employees will be reduced by 4p.

An increase will be required in the flat rate contributions of self-employed persons who do not pay graduated contributions in order to ensure that they pay their fair share of the cost of improved benefits.

The full rate of graduated contributions paid by employees and employers has been increased to 5% and the earnings limit has been raised from £48 to £54.

Examples of the new weekly rate of combined flat rates and graduated contributions of the employed man are:

Not Contracted Out of the Graduated Scheme	*Present* £	*New* £
Earnings £15	1·18	**1·15**
£20	1·43	**1·41**
£30	1·90	**1·91**
£40	2·38	**2·41**
£48	2·73	—
£50	—	**2·91**
£54	—	**3·09**
Contracted Out of the Graduated Scheme		
Earnings £15	1·04	**1·02**
£20	1·16	**1·15**
£30	1·64	**1·65**
£40	2·11	**2·15**
£48	2·47	—
£50	—	**2·65**
£54	—	**2·83**

The contribution of the self-employed man is to be £1·93 instead of £1·68 a week and for the non-employed man the contribution is to be £1·52 as against the £1·33 he is now called upon to pay.

At present St. Dunstan's is paying the whole of the contributions for those non-employed St. Dunstaners who are liable and is helping with the contribution of the employed and self-employed St. Dunstaner. St. Dunstan's will continue to pay the whole of the increased non-employed contribution and will pay 60p of the weekly contribution of the self-employed St. Dunstaner and of the employed St. Dunstaner, whether he is contracted in or out of the Graduated Scheme.

Subject to Parliamentary approval the increases in National Insurance Benefits and in contributions are due to come into effect during the week commencing 30th September 1973.

EXAMPLES OF PENSIONS

Employable

	Present	*New*
Totally Blind	£	£
Basic Pension	11·20	**12·80**
Attendance Allowance	4·50	**5·15**
Comforts Allowance	1·70	**2·20**
Wife's Allowance	0·50	**0·50**
Child's Allowance	0·38	**0·38**
	£18·28	**£21·03**
Guiding Vision	£	£
Basic Pension	11·20	**12·80**
Attendance Allowance	2·25	**2·60**
Comforts Allowance	0·85	**1·10**
Wife's Allowance	0·50	**0·50**
Child's Allowance	0·38	**0·38**
	£15·18	**£17·38**
Totally Blind with exceptional maximum rate of Attendance Allowance	£	£
Basic Pension	11·20	**12·80**
Attendance Allowance	9·00	**10·30**
Comforts Allowance	1·70	**2·20**
Special Occupational Allowance	2·00	**2·60**
Exceptionally severely disabled Allowance	4·50	**5·15**
Wife's Allowance	0·50	**0·50**
Child's Allowance	0·38	**0·38**
	£29·28	**£33·93**

Unemployable

Totally Blind	£	£
Basic Pension	11·20	**12·80**
Attendance Allowance	4·50	**5·15**
Unemployability Supplement	7·35	**8·40**
Comforts Allowance	1·70	**2·20**
Wife's Allowance	4·15	**4·75**
Allowance for First Child	3·30	**3·80**
*Invalidity Allowance	0·70	**1·00**
	£32·90	**£38·10**
Guiding Vision	£	£
Basic Pension	11·20	**12·80**
Attendance Allowance	2·25	**2·60**
Unemployability Supplement	7·35	**8·40**
Comforts Allowance	1·70	**2·20**
Wife's Allowance	4·15	**4·75**
Allowance for First Child	3·30	**3·80**
*Invalidity Allowance	0·70	**1·00**
	£30·65	**£35·55**

*Based on the assumption that the St. Dunstaner is between the ages of 35 and 45 when first drawing Unemployability Supplement.

If a St. Dunstaner is 65 years of age or over, he will be receiving in addition to the above an Age Allowance of £1·80 a week.

I have noted that quite a number of St. Dunstaners do not come to Reunions and I want to discuss with you why this may be the case. It may be you and your wife feel you are getting a bit old to travel and it is rather an effort to turn out for a long day. I agree this will be so for some, but I urge you most strongly to come if possible and, where the journey is exceptionally long, you will be St. Dunstan's guests for the night apart from the Reunion itself. I know of many cases where I personally have met a St. Dunstaner and, as a result of a little talk, have been able to suggest something quite definitely to his advantage, which would not have come up otherwise. Then there will be those who really are too ill to come. This is well understood and the Welfare Visitors do their best to pay extra visits to the home. Finally, there may be some who really do not like company. There is no accounting for individual tastes and choice in this matter. Each must decide for himself, but I do urge those who are reserved to think again, because life is all the better for an extension of interests and it is my experience that our Reunions are extremely friendly affairs, at which even a "new boy" or a stranger soon feels at home and enjoys a talk with a comrade, old or new.

A visit to Headquarters, a visit to one of our Brighton Homes in normal circumstances, the visits of the Welfare and Technical people and these Reunions are our method of keeping in touch with St. Dunstaners' needs, St. Dunstaners' sentiments and St. Dunstaners' thoughts. I went to three Reunions this year and the season is over, but I was so much impressed with their value that I felt I must write this note. If you missed your Reunion this year, do please think seriously about coming next year.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Sir John Ellerman, Bt.

After a short illness Sir John Ellerman, Bt., died on the morning of Tuesday, 17th July. He was a real friend of St. Dunstan's and Lord Fraser writes the following tribute.

"Sir John Ellerman was a close and dear friend of my wife and me; he was one of the nicest men we have known. His shyness hid a warm compassion, especially for those in trouble.

"During the last war, he was deeply moved by the news that young men and women, especially one or two young stage personalities whom he had admired before the outbreak of war were blinded by enemy action. He came to see me at St. Dunstan's to enquire if he could help.

"He and Lady Ellerman were frequent visitors to our war-time training establishment at Church Stretton in Shropshire and, ever since, he has been an extremely generous contributor to St. Dunstan's.

"For many years Sir John has been a leading member of the St. Dunstan's Committee in South Africa, in which country he and his wife have spent half each year.

"Even more notable than his interest in these organisations is the fact that he made friends with many individuals, would take them for long walks and read to them; he helped them in many ways but always unobtrusively.

"In South Africa, Sir John founded a Society to help disabled people and endowed it. Here again, the individuals were his personal friends and, when building his house in Cape Town, with typical thoughtfulness he arranged access to it and a special lift to take a wheeled chair.

"On a number of occasions, Sir John asked me to pass on substantial donations to organisations of various kinds, always provided that his name was not mentioned, even to the heads of the Societies he was benefiting.

"This aspect of his character deserves remembrance because it is so unusual for great generosity to be anonymous.

"Sir John's death from an unexpected heart attack will leave many mourners, especially among the handicapped and less exalted people who enjoyed his friendship."

In South Africa, our St. Dunstaner, the Rev. Michael Norman, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Pinelands, conducted a Memorial Service, which drew a multiracial congregation of 200, *to coincide with the Cremation Service in England, held on* 19*th July.*

From the Chairman's Postbag

Mrs. Ethel Doyle, Ryde, Isle of Wight

Even after so many years, I am always interested in the *Review*, more so in this July edition as there are quite a number of names of St. Dunstaners that I knew in the past; most of all the account of a Royal British Legion Gold Badge. This honour was recently awarded to me for 50 years service as a Poppy Day collector. Pat and I (Sailor Doyle) collected from when it was first formed in 1921 and we lived in Southampton.

Although I am in my 80's I still collect every Poppy Day and people are very generous, especially those who remember "Sailor", who was always so cheerful with everyone.

Coming Events

"FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE"

It is hoped that we will again be granted an allocation of tickets for the Afternoon and Evening Presentations of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, 10th November. Any St. Dunstaner who has not previously had the opportunity of attending is invited to apply to Miss Bridger at Headquarters, not later than Friday, 28th September if possible, for inclusion in the ballot for tickets, indicating which Presentation he would prefer to attend.

Those St. Dunstaners allocated tickets who do not live within daily travelling distance of London will be assisted with fares and accommodation for one or two nights at St. Dunstan's expense and will be invited to join the St. Dunstan's contingent attending the Cenotaph Parade in Whitehall on Sunday, 11th November.

C. D. WILLS

NO SEPTEMBER REVIEW

As in previous years, we shall be following the usual practice of **NOT** printing a September issue of the *Review*. The next *Review* will be the October one and St. Dunstaners should receive copies of this at the beginning of the month.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Frederick William Brookes of Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucs., who came to St. Dunstan's in July 1973. Mr. Brookes served in the 8th Devons. Regiment during the First World War and was wounded in Italy in October 1918. He is married with a grown-up son and daughter.

William Bertram Hargreaves of Whitchurch, Shropshire, came to us in July 1973. He served and was commissioned in the Machine Gun Corps in the First World War and was wounded at Arras in 1918. He was a schoolmaster until his retirement, is married and has two daughters.

Samuel Leggett of Belfast, Northern Ireland, who came to us in July 1973. Mr. Leggett served in the 2nd Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment during the Second World War. He is married with three grown-up children.

John Samuel Maddocks of Wirksworth, Nr. Derby, joined St. Dunstan's in June 1973. Mr. Maddocks served in the 9th Lincolnshire Regiment during the First World War. He is married with a grown-up son.

Alfred Olerenshaw of Altrincham, Cheshire, came to us in June 1973. He served and was commissioned in the Machine Gun Corps in the First World War and was wounded at the Dardanelles. He managed a business until he retired. He is married with one son.

David Alexander Walker of Rothley, Leicester, joined St. Dunstan's in July 1973. Mr. Walker served in the London Scottish Regiment during the First World War and was wounded on the Western Front at the end of 1915. He is a widower with a grown-up daughter.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1630

The Day of the Jackal
by Frederick Forsyth
Read by David Broomfield

One of the most gripping thrillers I've read in many a day, set against the background of General de Gaulle's conflict with the rebellious branch of the Army known as the O.A.S. who have denounced him as a traitor for granting independence to Algeria. It is obvious to the O.A.S. high command that their whole organisation is infested with de Gaulle's intelligence agents and that they cannot succeed with further plans to assassinate the General without their plot being betrayed. There is only one course of action left open to them. To hire a top class professional assassin. The man they choose is an Englishman, code name "The Jackal", but when French security get information of the plot it is all they can do with the help of Scotland Yard Special Branch to keep just two steps behind the killer. Meanwhile the reader is kept informed of the elaborate intricacies of the Jackal's plans and activities.

Certainly this is an author worth watching. Any novel as good as this can only have been based on concrete research plus a lot of personal ingenuity.

Cat. No. 1741

Takeover Bid
by Sarah Gainham
Read by John Richmond

Sydney, a young Australian hippy applies and gets the appointment of junior girl filing clerk in the Brussels office of an American company that is trying to get a foot-hold in the Common Market. She proves to be very inefficient in her filing procedures, though highly efficient as a seducer of the male staff of the office. When Mr. Lesley, the chief, comes over from America it is at once obvious to Donovan, the office and business manager, that he is in a state of nervous collapse and that Sydney, who immediately goes into the attack might well be the answer to the chief's need for relaxation without drugs. In the event he proves to be right but Creech the New York chief has other ideas which lead to tragedy.

All in all a rather tedious little story with a weak plot dully read by John Richmond.

Cat. No. 1670

We Speak No Treason
by Rosemary Hawley Jarman
Read by Peter Barker

This is the story in four parts of the life of Richard the Third from his youth as Richard of Gloucester to his death at Bosworth.

Firstly, seen through the eyes of "the maiden" Richards' first mistress. Secondly, Pax a court jester, "fool but no fool" and thirdly a knight who is due to hang for treason for following Richard into battle.

These three see Richard not as a vicious murderer who had his two young nephews slaughtered in the Tower, but as a man loyal to his brother and the English people. A sound soldier, a just and intelligent statesman, and a man of great kindness.

The fourth story-teller "the Nun" is in fact "the Maiden" who parted from Richard and went into the cloisters.

BRIDGE NOTES

Saltdean Bridge Congress

Members are informed that owing to unforeseen circumstances the Congress will be held from **23rd to 26th November,** and not, as arranged, on the previous weekend.

P. NUYENS

MAGAZINE LISTENING

If any St. Dunstaner is interested in hearing gramophone records from the U.S.A. entitled "Choice Magazine Listening", consisting of recent extracts from American publications, "The Listener" and "Reader's Digest", would he please contact Men Supplies Department? The records are suitable for playing on turntables marked as 16 or 16 2/3 speed.

Frank Reviews *(continued)*



The Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton at St. Dunstan's Reunion (l. to r.) Mrs. H. Greatrex, Mr. H. Greatrex, Mrs. G. R. Lucraft, Alderman G. R. Lucraft, Lady Morris, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris and Miss B. R. Blebta.

REUNIONS

BRIGHTON

A glorious sunny day for the Brighton Reunion on Saturday, 16th June, held in the spacious Metropole Hotel on the seafront. Miss Blebta was the Welfare Visitor responsible for the arrangements, assisted by Mrs. Lyall. Among the guests we were happy to see Mr. Ken Phillips, Chairman, and Mrs. Margaret Lillie, Secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Committee and, amongst retired staff, Miss Frances Ramshaw, and Mr. Donald Ferguson.

Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., was the member of St. Dunstan's Council presiding at the lunch and he was accompanied by Lady Morris. Sir Douglas gave a warm welcome to our principal guests—Alderman G. R. Lucraft, Mayor of Brighton, and the Mayoress. He also welcomed Mr. C. D. Wills, St. Dunstan's Secretary, whom he described as a "confirmed reunioner", all St. Dunstaners with their wives or escorts and the other guests. Sir Douglas said that altogether 280 people were present at this large gathering, including 48 St. Dunstaners from the First World War and 73 from the Second World War or later entrants.

Introducing the Mayor to the assembled company, Sir Douglas said, "I know how glad he is to be here seeing you all enjoying yourselves". The Mayor said he naturally had many functions to attend; some of them were a bit of a chore, but this gathering was certainly no chore. Alderman Lucraft referred to the opening of Pearson House just two weeks earlier and he told us that, living under the shadow of Ovingdean, he saw what was going on

there. He had watched the building of Ovingdean between the wars and now he saw it being gutted. However, he understood that the work of modernisation was going well and Ovingdean would be a wonderful place when re-opened, perhaps even surpassing Pearson House.

Moving with the Times

The Mayor said that Brighton was proud of St. Dunstan's and with these two new buildings, Pearson House and Ian Fraser House, he was glad to see us moving with the times. St. Dunstan's, said the Mayor, was not merely buildings. To him the real importance lay in the St. Dunstaners, who were to be seen walking around, going in and out of the pubs and chatting with their escorts. That was the real St. Dunstan's, not the buildings.

Mr. Phillips, representing the Sussex Grocers' Association, with Mrs. Lillie, added his thanks for the invitation to those expressed by the Mayor. Although a keen cricketer, Mr. Phillips said he was quite happy to miss an afternoon's cricket watching to be present. In business he often had cause to complain, but at St. Dunstan's functions he always felt "spurred on". The attitude of St. Dunstaners was marvellous, said Mr. Phillips, and he added a warm tribute to the Matrons and to the wives and escorts.

"After the Lord Mayor's Show comes the dustcart", said John Greenwood, proposing the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. He expressed gratitude to Sir Douglas and Lady Morris, to St. Dunstan's staff—and a great cheer went up at the mention of Dr. O'Hara—and to the hotel management and staff for a splendid meal. He remembered Lord Fraser and all that the Council did and made special mention of Miss Blebta and Mrs. Lyall. John Greenwood said that he had missed a regimental garden party at Windsor in order to be present, but this was where he wanted to be on that day. He knew many St. Dunstaners, and they were jolly good men, but he added "the ladies who escort them are a darned sight better than the men".

After lunch everybody got together with their friends to chat, and there was dancing to Ken Lyon and his trio. This continued after tea and the raffle and the party broke up well after 5 p.m.

NEWCASTLE

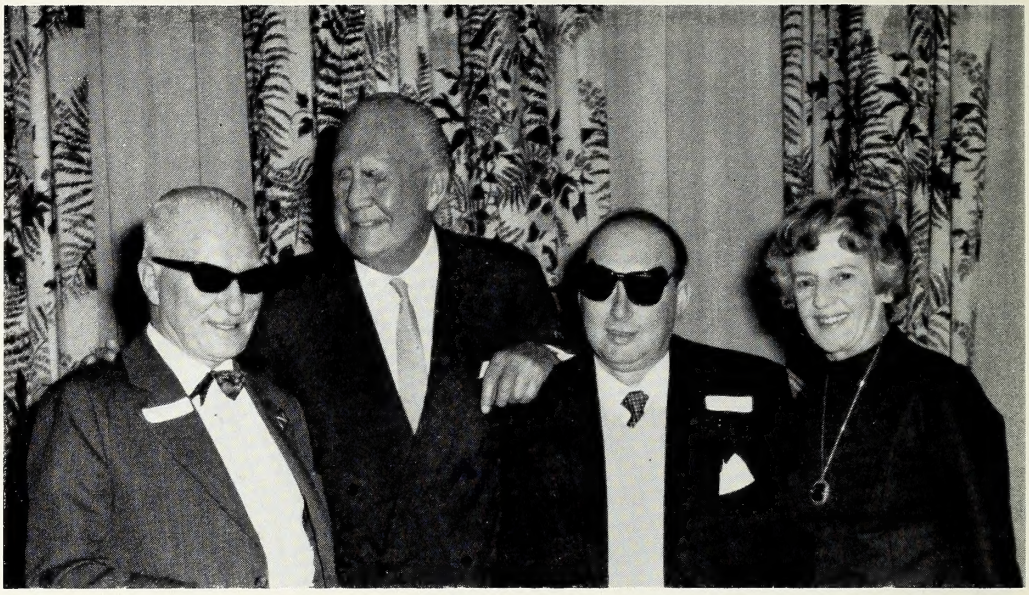
The Royal Station Hotel is well accustomed to reunions of St. Dunstaners from the North and Scotland, but on Thursday, 21st June, the room provided was on the ground floor and not on the first floor as in earlier years. Altogether 64 people were present, including 27 St. Dunstaners from the two wars and subsequent entries. Mrs. Plaxton was the Welfare Visitor responsible and Mrs. King assisted her.

Lord Fraser presided at the lunch and he was accompanied by Lady Fraser. In his speech Lord Fraser first welcomed James Higginbottom, of Gateshead, who was attending his first reunion. Lord Fraser went on to say that we could forget how old we were because in St. Dunstan's we all belonged to one family, the men, the wives and the staff. He referred to the members of staff present and added that we could expect our resources to see us through, bearing in mind that St. Dunstan's would continue its work well into the next century. We were entitled to be proud of our name. St. Dunstan's stood for the conquest of blindness and with the inventions we had made or to which we had contributed, such as the Talking Book, a great boon had been provided for all the blind, particularly the older members. We had blazed new trails in occupations and employment and had always been well supported by the public at large.

Vote of Thanks

Then Leslie Thompson, of Gateshead, moved the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. He said it was a wonderful experience to have the Frasers at this reunion. He had first met them thirty years ago. Lady Fraser remained as glamorous as on the day he first met her and this was how St. Dunstan's had kept so young at heart. He said that he hoped the Frasers would take back to London good wishes and gratitude for all that they had done for for St. Dunstaners. He thanked the staff and specially mentioned Mrs. Plaxton, whom he described as a tremendous success, and Mrs. King; also the Welfare staff at headquarters for the tender way in which they always attended to everybody's needs. Finally he thanked the hotel management and staff for a very good meal.

Mr. C. D. Wills, St. Dunstan's Secretary, said that it was a great pleasure to be in



At Newcastle Lord Fraser is photographed with (l. to r.) James Miller, George Willey and Mrs. I. Plaxton.

Newcastle after an absence of two years. "You are all fit and well", said Mr. Wills, "keep it up until next time". Introducing Miss Mosley, who had assumed the position of Area Superintendent, Mr. Wills said it was a good opportunity for her to meet and get to know the St. Dunstaners, and they could tell her of any personal problems. The hotel band was there, he concluded, "So get on the floor and have a jolly good dance round".

A number of those present followed the advice given to them by Mr. Wills and several went even further, contributing songs at the microphone. A jolly good time was had by all.

SHEFFIELD

On Saturday, 23rd June, the Hallam Tower Hotel was the venue for another very successful reunion, with 124 people present. This time Miss Broughton was Welfare Visitor responsible, assisted by Mrs. Plaxton and Mrs. King, and everyone was delighted to see Miss Midgley there as a guest. The St. Dunstaners came from Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Leicestershire and Derbyshire. They numbered 54, including 2 girl St. Dunstaners, Eileen Williams, of Harrogate, and Marjorie Ball, of Leeds. As Member of the Council presiding, Mr. Donald Hopewell opened the batting for the speakers. On this special occasion, he said, Mr. Wills was there for the first time as Secretary, and Miss Mosley as Area Superintendent. For over thirty years Mr. Lloyds had acted as Secretary and he welcomed Miss Midgley, who had done much excellent work at headquarters. "Do we always realise", asked Mr. Hopewell, "that for almost sixty years St. Dunstaners have worked week in, week out, in offices and factories, to make a good living for themselves and their families?" St. Dunstan's had provided scientific devices, of which the most wonderful was the Talking Book. Lord Fraser had seen Lord Nuffield more than once, and Lord Nuffield had dug deep into his pocket, contributing a total of more than half a million pounds to help the Talking Book project. This was now shared with the R.N.I.B. and civilian hospitals. St. Dunstan's could take credit for bringing happiness to all handicapped people. We had the Ian Fraser Talking Book Library at Bolton in the North.

Sheffield, said Mr. Hopewell, was central to all from the surrounding counties and thus a convenient city to hold the reunions. He then gave his audience one of those

humorous Yorkshire mottoes, of which he seems to have a plentiful store:

"Hear all, see all, say nowt.
Eat all, sup all, pay nowt.
And if ever tha does owt for nowt,
Do it for thisen".

Concluding, Mr. Hopewell expressed his thanks to the staff, to St. Dunstaners for their noble example, and to the wives and escorts for all their assistance.

Welcome from Mr. Wills

Mr. Wills then welcomed everyone present including two newcomers, George Bettridge, of Hucknall, and Philip D'Hooghe, of Nottingham. Saying that our numbers were slowly diminishing, Mr. Wills gave the actual figures at the present time. He said that we were fortunate in having important people on the Council. Mr. Garnett-Orme, the Vice-Chairman, had specialist knowledge in the City and much help came from his influence. The Duke of Norfolk, a Vice-President of St. Dunstan's, had recently opened Pearson House. Work at Ian Fraser House was progressing well and it was even possible that it would be ready to re-open in July, 1974. "Let your Welfare officer know when you want a reservation for a holiday at the Home", said Mr. Wills.

The vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners was moved by Ernest Russell, of Leeds, who welcomed Mr. Hopewell. He believed Mr. Hopewell had never attended a concert, but he hoped that he would do so one day. Turning to Mr. Wills he said that he took this first opportunity of welcoming him as Secretary. "He will do for us", said Ernie Russell. Miss Mosley had listened for some years to Miss Midgley and had thus received a good schooling. In a little while, said Ernie, she will be thinking like us. If Ovingdean were to be a blueprint of Pearson House then there was a pleasure in store. The sacrifice in time whilst Ian Fraser House was closed was worthwhile and meanwhile St. Dunstaners were grateful for the increased holiday grant. He thanked the hotel staff for the meals and service, but he added, expressing his own partiality, Sheffield would never lead whilst Leeds was there. "What Yorkshire thinks today", concluded Ernie Russell, "the rest of the country thinks tomorrow".

After lunch the hotel band played for dancing and we again had the pleasure of listening to some songs at the microphone from St. Dunstaners or their wives.

IPSWICH

As readers will note, the reunions were now coming thick and fast. On Thursday, 5th July, it was the turn of St. Dunstaners living in East Anglia to come to Copdock House, just out of Ipswich, on a warm sunny day, which finished with rain and thunder after the guests had departed. Mrs. Adkins was the Welfare Visitor responsible, assisted by Miss Davis. A total of 82 people attended the reunion, among them 34 St. Dunstaners, including one girl St. Dunstaner, Brenda Bates, of Clacton.

Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme

Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, Vice-Chairman of St. Dunstan's, presided, and he was accompanied by Mrs. Garnett-Orme. He brought the best wishes of Lord and Lady Fraser and Sir Neville Pearson to the assembled company, and he welcomed Arthur Hopkin, of Ely, and Arthur Morris, of Ongar, who were attending their first reunion. A lot had happened during the past two years when an Ipswich reunion had last been held, said Mr. Garnett-Orme, including the retirement, as Secretary of Mr. Lloyds, much moved by the tributes and splendid gifts presented to him. He congratulated Mr. Wills on his appointment to a position of great responsibility. Pearson House was functioning well and the work at Ian Fraser House was progressing on time. Mr. Garnett-Orme had undertaken some research in an effort to discover a link between Ipswich and St. Dunstan's. He mentioned the Roman occupation between 240 and 400 A.D., but gave up the research as a bad job when he discovered that the Town Clerk had absconded with local records and cash in 1271. He thanked the staff for their work and particularly Mrs. Adkins and Miss Davis for the arrangements that day.

George Bulbrook, of March, then expressed the thanks of St. Dunstaners. He thanked Mr. Garnett-Orme and congratulated Mr. Wills on his promotion. Adding that we were sorry to lose Miss Midgley. On the other hand he was glad

that Miss Mosley was present with the company. He thanked Mr. Lloyds and Miss Midgley for their many years of service to St. Dunstan's.

Concluding, George Bulbrook thanked the hotel management and staff for the good food and service which they gave.

During the afternoon there was a sing-song accompanied on the piano. Songs at the microphone were provided by Mrs. Carpenter, wife of Alfred Carpenter, of Ipswich, and the married daughter of Albert Briggs, of Norwich, just recently returned from America.

BIRMINGHAM

It was a return to old surroundings for the Birmingham Reunion, the eighth in the 1973 series, held on July 7th in the recently re-opened Grand Hotel. Lord and Lady Fraser presided over luncheon in the room in which one of the great Golden Jubilee Reunions was held in 1965.

It was a smaller company that gathered in the Ballroom on this occasion, 48 St. Dunstaners with their wives and escorts with their guests, Mrs. Avis Spurway, M.B.E., Miss M. K. Wilson, M.B.E., and Mr. D. W. Ferguson, making up a party of 114 people. As always at this reunion of Midland St. Dunstaners the atmosphere was friendly and lively and there was a ready response to the music of Steve Evans and his band.

Speaking after luncheon Lord Fraser mentioned the names of members of Headquarters staff at the Reunion, particularly Miss Cynthia Mosley, Northern Area Welfare Superintendent and the Welfare visitor responsible for the reunion, Miss I. Newbold and Miss K. M. Broughton, who assisted.

He referred to the official opening of Pearson House and the alterations taking place at Ian Fraser House, with the consequent shortage of holiday space.

Lord Fraser welcomed William Green of Birmingham to his first reunion and "Three very old friends of St. Dunstan's", Mrs. Spurway, Miss Wilson and Mr. Ferguson.

"Last night I was in Birmingham and I met two or three people, and the reason for my meeting them may interest you", said Lord Fraser. "One was Dr. I. C. Whitfield. He is a scientist and the head of a department at Birmingham University, his department being what is called Neuro-communications. This sounds very formidable but it means he studies sensory activities, activities of the mind, ears, sense of touch and the rest of it. He is a most valuable member of St. Dunstan's scientific Committee".

Pointing out that Birmingham had become a centre of research for the blind, Lord Fraser also mentioned Dr. Michael Tobin, Director of the Research Unit for the Education of the Visually Handicapped and St. Dunstaner Walter Thornton, Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the National Mobility Centre in Birmingham.

Scientific Study

"There are two sectors of scientific study in which these persons are engaged. One is to try and place at the disposal of the ordinary blind person the sighted text of any book or newspaper, either by having the letters sounding rather like a language or feeling some representation of the printed page with the finger", said Lord Fraser.

"The other is a version of the old radar which those of you of the second war will certainly remember, whereby objects or aircraft could be seen on a screen long before they came into the field of fire. There are, in fact, machines already in existence which enable a few extremely competent blind persons, mostly younger ones, to find their way about just a little bit better than they can with their stick or ears. But they are not available to all because they are not safe, they are not sure and they are very much in the experimental stage".

Share with the Blind World

Saying that St. Dunstan's must confine its activities to men and women blinded on war service, Lord Fraser pointed out that we share with the whole blind world any discoveries or knowledge coming from our research programme.

He concluded by stressing the importance of the first group of a thousand St. Dunstaners in the First World War, in contributing towards the better recognition of the blind.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, let me say



One of our girl St. Dunstaners, Mrs. Nellie Robinson, presents a bouquet to Lady Fraser at the Birmingham Reunion. Assisting her is Miss I. Newbold.

that you are responsible to a very, very great extent for the good name of St. Dunstan's and the high regard in which it is held because it is your courage, your adaptability, your good bearing and your example which have made our name famous".

Vote of Thanks

The proposal of the vote of thanks and toast to St. Dunstan's was made by Dennis Freeman, of Coventry. Commenting that he was one of the few naval St. Dunstaners, he said, "It was interesting to hear Lord Fraser talk about radar because I was a radar man myself. It brings back some happy memories". He appreciated it as an honour to be asked to propose the toast to St. Dunstan's and said, "I often wonder what it is that makes St. Dunstan's tick. Friendliness, I think, and a certain style about things. Whenever St. Dunstan's does a job it is done properly".

Dennis Freeman congratulated the organisers of the reunion, "I come back to the style—splendid". He concluded by expressing St. Dunstaners' indebtedness not only to the organisation but also to their wives.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

The June prize winners of dominoes at our Thursday club nights were as follows:

14th June	1	**G. Stanley**
		W. Phillips
21st June	1	**C. Hancock**
	2	R. Armstrong
		J. Majchrowicz
28th June	1	**C. Hancock**
	2	W. Harding

May I remind you that the London Club will close down from 5th August until 6th September to enable our Club Steward, Norman Smith, to have his well earned holiday.

I would like to thank all members for their continued support, and hope to see you all again in September.

I would like to take this opportunity of wishing you all a happy holiday and my wish is that the sun will shine brightly all through the month of August.

W. MILLER

MARK AND THE MAGNIFICENT SIX

Following our publication of Bert Wood's poem in the April Review *we now print Part 2, which was written when he had completed his training and returned home, and also Mark Kingsnorth's reply.*

PART 2. THE BATTLE

The battle began as well it must,
And Mark started off by scratching his crust,
Avon the Jungle replied, as best he was able,
By tapping his Braille finger on the table,
This caused Mark to quietly rejoice,
For he's sensed apprehension in the trainee's voice,
Now is the time to blast this occasion,
With all of the six in abbreviation.

The attack was sudden, man what a gas,
Avon knew not whether he were on elbow or ass,
Dot for dot, cut and thrust.
The battle raged till nigh on dusk.
With trainee feeling fit to drop.
Mark said, "This is a good place to stop."

Muttering unprintable comments galore,
Avon staggered to the door,
He gave Mark a V-sign before he left,
At least, I think it were a V-sign, or maybe a little jest.
The end of this tale is now at hand,
So drink up lads, three cheers. (plus a couple of raspberries)
For Mark and his Dotty Band.

Only joking Mark, good luck,
BERT WOOD

THE BATTLEFIELD

A "Battlefield"? Bert! I'm cut to the quick!
I have a suspicion you're taking the mick!
Methinks 'was because you're standing afar
That you struck at the keys and the . . . space bar.
How come you didn't seek out a few nice spots
Where you could have let loose with a salvo of dots?

'Tis shocked that I am that a pupil of mine
Should stand and fire from behind a safe line!
And using too, a lass of renown
To pass on your bullets, has caused me to frown.
For I thought you a lad of gentlemanly ways.
Begad Sir! I hope you'll soon mend your ways.
Dragging in Avon? In his absence forsooth!
To aid you in battle, despite his bad tooth.

Having started the battle, I'll expect you to fight
With salvos of dots by day and by night.
Till you've won right through to the end of your rag,
For I'm sure no Bert Wood ever showed a white flag.
'Tis good to engage in a battle for light,
Like the one in the Hymn "Fight the good fight".

With greetings from the mark in the loft,
DOTTY LAND

CLUB NEWS *(continued)*

MIDLAND

Although our meeting which was held on Sunday, 8th July, was sparsely attended, it was still a good one and quite enjoyable.

The first of our semi-finals in the Sir Arthur Pearson domino competition was played off. In this game Lou Androlia, fresh from his trip to Canada, beat Eddie Hordyniec, who was only fresh from a trip to Scotland. Never mind Eddie, better luck next time.

Our tea was provided for us at this meeting by Mrs. Marjorie Hordyniec and we all thanked her for laying a lovely table.

After tea several items were discussed including an outing to the Cotswolds and Stratford in October and the possibility of another outing in September.

The date has now been fixed for our Christmas dinner, rather early I agree, but these things have to be planned well ahead, and this year we are to be the guests of the Royal British Legion, Austin Branch.

We do our best to keep this club as active as possible so why not come along and give it a try on the second Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. at the Royal British Legion Headquarters, Thorp Street, Birmingham.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

Radio Leeds

ROBERT FORSTER of Leeds who is employed as a telephonist with Barclays Bank Ltd., in Leeds, has recently taken part in a couple of radio shows on the local radio programme called "Contact". This programme is about blind and disabled people, and Robert's voice came over the air very well.



The people behind the Sussex Grocers' events for St. Dunstaners, Mrs. Margaret Lillie and Mr. K. S. C. Phillips, Secretary and Chairman of the St. Dunstan's Entertainments Committee.

GROCERS' OUTING—20th JUNE

by Mrs. Margaret Lillie

For sixteen consecutive days in June the sun shone, but during the evening of the 19th the heavens opened with lightning, thunder and torrential rain, continuing into the dawn of the 20th, the day of the Grocers' Outing from Brighton to Tunbridge Wells. Despite the poor weather there were few non-attenders among St. Dunstaners and after a blockage of traffic outside Pearson House for some minutes we eventually got on our way, travelling in three large coaches and a minibus through the Sussex countryside, shrouded in misty rain to the Spa Hotel, Tonbridge Wells.

Awaiting us in the ballroom was an excellent repast of cold turkey salad, hot buttered new potatoes, rolls and butter, finishing off with fresh strawberries and cream. Attentive waitresses with teapots at the ready were in evidence doing their utmost to be of help.

By now the rain had ceased and many people availed themselves of a walk in the spacious grounds of this beautifully situated hotel, just inside the county of Kent; all assembling back in the ballroom at 6 p.m. to listen to and take part in a concert given by the Silver Band of Wadhurst Secondary School. These boys and girls ranged from the ages of 11-17 years, and how they blew—with one eye on their conductor (Mr. Hoare) and the other eye on the music. Everyone clapped their hands, stamped their feet in time to the music, whistled and sang to their hearts content, and many hotel residents stood at the back of the room joining in the general gaiety.

Whilst the concert was in progress, stewards of the Sussex Grocers' Association constantly provided glasses of refreshment and when leaving the hotel at 8 p.m., everyone was presented with a supper bag of pie, crisps etc., the munching of which did not deter many St. Dunstaners from still raising their voices in song during the homeward journey back to Brighton.

The Edwin Dickinsen Literary Competition

The Queensland Society of Blind Citizens, 247 Vulture Street, South Brisbane, 4101, Queensland, Australia, for the Blind and Partially Blind, invite entries for their annual world wide competition.

Category	*1st Prize*	*2nd Prize*
Short Story (max. 1,000 words)	$25	$10
Essay (max. 1,500 words)	$25	$10
Original Poem:		
Humorous	$25	$10
Serious	$25	$10

All competitors must be of amateur status and they must use a nom-de-plume and give full name and address, also title of entry, in sealed accompanying envelope.

Section and category must be clearly marked on each entry. All entries become the property of the Society, and will not be returned unless specially requested.

Closing date is 31st October 1973.

There is no entry fee.

HONOURS DEGREE

JOHN COWAN of Boreham Wood, Herts, is pleased to announce that his son, Stuart, aged 24 years, has received his Hons. Degree in applied Biology. He is a Senior Technician of the Lister Institute, in Radlett, Herts.



Peter Spencer, above, in the 50 metre sprint, uses starting blocks for the first time.

The Austrians throw the medicine ball one-handed. Here Jimmy Wright tries this unfamiliar method.



True Sportsmanship in Vienna

by David Castleton

At a time when top professional tennis players refuse to play at Wimbledon and soccer stars and their supporters seem to prefer violence to sport, it was refreshing to travel to Vienna with a St. Dunstan's team to compete in Austria's first International Games for the Blind: John Simpson, Peter Spencer, Jimmy Wright with coach, Jock Carnochan and escort, Bill Harris.

Here was an opportunity to relearn what sport is all about among some 80 blind competitors from Austria, Belgium, England, France, Switzerland and Germany. I left Germany until last because, in fact, they had five teams representing the cities of Berlin, Dortmund, Munich, Soest, and Stuttgart.

The organising genius behind the occasion was our old friend from the St. Dunstan's International Sports of 1968, Willi Hohm with, of course, his wife, Elfi. With him was his sighted skiing partner Günther Stärker—a man who asserts he is never tired and I believe him!

At the Rathaus Keller in Vienna Jock Carnochan presents a silver tankard and a pennant to Willi Hohm. With them is Willi's wife, Elfriede.

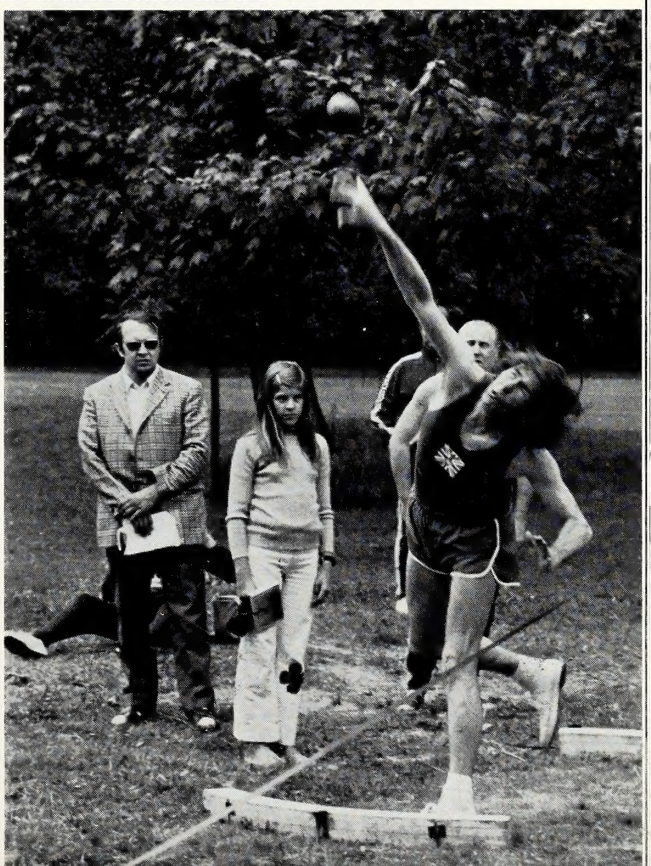
The games were opened by Bundesminister Dr. Fred Sinowatz, the Austrian minister responsible for Sport, in an arena belonging to the employees of the Austrian State Railways. The visiting teams lived in well furnished hostels in the sports ground which was like a country estate and which offered every facility from football to swimming, including tennis and athletics. Buildings included a well-appointed restaurant and a sauna bath. It is situated on the left bank of the Danube in an area of Vienna devoted to sport and recreation.

Opening Ceremony

After the opening ceremony the games continued throughout Saturday, June 16th. Competitors were divided into age groups and one group of women. Peter Spencer and Jimmy Wright were in the oldest group while John Simpson found himself competing alone among a younger group.

There were five events: 50 metre sprint, shot put, long jump, medicine ball and sling ball, an event new to St. Dunstan's,

In the sylvan surroundings of the Austrian Railways' Sports Centre, John Simpson puts a lot of effort behind the shot.





Etienne Chapas, a French war-blinded competitior who has also lost a leg, takes part in the sprint—an effort which drew warm applause from the spectators.

One of the blind girl competitors in the long jump is Marliese Zerrecs from Munich.



using a heavy leather ball slightly smaller than a football with a built-in leather sling, thrown with a swinging under arm action. 1,000 points were awarded for an optimum performance in each event and competitors lost points according to how far their efforts were short of the target. Bonus points were added for degree of blindness or additional disabilities.

Peter Spencer scored 3,883 points to finish fourth in his group while Jimmy Wright came sixth with 3,755 points. Among the younger group John Simpson finished eleventh with 3,766 points.

At the prize giving after dinner in the Rathaus Keller banqueting room in Vienna's equivalent of the Mansion House in London, Peter Spencer received a tall silver cup from Frau Freda Karl, who is an Under Secretary of State in the Government. In the splendid chandeliered and panelled room with historic prints and a mural of old Vienna, some 200 competitors, officials and escorts were here the guests of the Austrian Government, indicating the great official interest taken in the games.

Austrian hospitality

Austrian hospitality was overwhelming. On Sunday the visiting teams were taken on a tour of the historic buildings of Vienna and entertained to luncheon in a restaurant specialising in Slovakian food as the guests of the Municipality of Vienna. As one of our party commented, he had never dreamed he would eat in a restaurant only a short distance from the Danube, listening to a typical orchestra playing famous and well-loved Viennese music.

In the afternoon coaches transported the visitors towards the Hungarian border and Lake Neusiedler where they sampled wine in the town of Morbisch. A place where storks, which thrive around the shallow waters of the lake, build their nests on the chimney tops of the houses. More civic hospitality this time from the provincial government of Burgenland, Hungarian style, to the sound of zither music.

The English team were the special protégés of Günther Stärker and his wife Elizabeth and of Franz and Elfriede Kollar, all of whom spoke excellent English. Günther because he spends half of every year teaching skiing in America. He is a famous mountaineer who has climbed to 26,000 feet in the Himalayas without oxygen, lectured to the Alpine Club in



Freda Karl presents a silver cup to Peter Spencer.

London and numbers Lord Hunt and the late Wilfred Noyes, of Everest fame, among his friends. Franz Kollar is a teacher at the Vienna High School and a former association footballer.

Presentation Dinner

At the presentation dinner, Jock Carnochan had the opportunity to express the appreciation of his team when he presented an inscribed silver tankard and a pennant to Willi Hohm and a bottle of whisky to Günther Stärker. He said, "Since 1968 we have fostered a very warm friendship with Willi Hohm and his wife, Elfriede, when we organised an international sports meeting at Brighton, England, and Willi was the overall victor". Jock congratulated the winners of their respective groups, the organisers, judges, and escorts on "an excellently organised sports".

Speaking in English for Willi Hohm, Günther Stärker, said, "It is a wonderful event for us to have you from England, Germany, France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Switzerland for the first Austrian International Games for the Blind. We hope you enjoyed your competitions—and your social life to-night. We hope you will leave Vienna—capital of Austria—having found new friends and that you will wish to come back to us again as competitors—but mostly as friends."

Peter Spencer writes:

It will indeed be a weekend that I shall always remember for good fellowship between sportsmen of many countries and the wonderful hospitality given to us by by Austrians wherever we went. Perhaps the highlight of this hospitality was the official Government Banquet on the Saturday night followed by speeches from each delegation and the presentation of gifts to our hosts, and Cups and prizes to individual sportsmen and women. What a wonderful evening . . .

On the Sports field competition was "Hot" and although we didn't cover ourselves in complete glory, we had the

consolation of putting up our best individual performances so far in each event.

Our party of six was a happy one and this was the keystone to our truly enjoyable and successful week-end in Vienna.

Jimmy Wright says:

I hadn't appreciated, at the outset, that the First Austrian International Sports Meeting for blind people was not confined to ex-Servicemen, and consequently competitors of all ages participated, however, we were divided into age groups, which was a great relief, to me at any rate!

The weather for the sports was perfect, not too hot, unlike my head, which felt terrible after the night before, having been introduced to one of those delightful 'heurigers' to be found in the old wine growing belt around Vienna, and where the wine arrives in a half-pint glass!! I think it was a tactical move on the part of Franz Kollar, Willi Hohm's excellent friend, to sabotage the British contingent's efforts! Franz also took us to do a spot of shopping and sightseeing in the afternoon.

I had heard a lot about Willi Hohm's exploits on skis and it was, indeed, a very great pleasure to meet his skiing instructor friend, Günther Stärker, at the sports. Günther and his wife, Elizabeth, met us again the following day and accompanied us on a sightseeing trip around the Capital, adding great interest by their graphic description and historical background of the places that we visited.

It was a very great pleasure to see Willi and his wife, Elfi, once again, and I think we all owe them and their friends a tremendous debt of gratitude for everything that they did to make our visit to Vienna such an extremely happy and memorable occasion.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Our sometimes elusive friend the sun has now condescended to come forth and shed his health giving rays on to our grateful bodies.

St. Dunstaners, in shades ranging from pink to deepest puce, lie draped about the lawn, their colouring only outdone by the roses. In the evenings we sit in the Winter Garden with the French windows open to the evensong of birds and the scent of those oft mentioned and much admired roses. Such was the setting for "Music for a Summer Evening", a programme of records chosen and presented by Mr. Michael Hayes. We have come to expect something very special from our friend Michael and, of course, he did not disappoint us. His choice of music and interesting chat were, as usual, a joy to listen to.

Another evening of light and tuneful entertainment came to us by courtesy of the Brighton Theatre Group. Making their first visit to Pearson House, members of the group performed a number of musical items, including some excellent solos. The concert was very much enjoyed by all present.

We had our annual trip to the Bentley Wildfowl Collection during June. Mrs. Askew and her helpers gave us a very warm welcome. The peacocks displayed their colours and the whooper and trumpeter swans provided the musical accompaniment. Such a large variety of wildfowl, swimming, feeding, nesting and living their lives in natural looking surroundings in the heart of the country. Is it any wonder we return from "Bentley" refreshed and ready to face the hurly-burly of life in town?

Speaking of hurly-burly, we had a wonderful day at the Derby. Granted there were not so many of us this year, but the atmosphere was there. Meeting with St. Dunstaners and their escorts from the Brighton and London Clubs was a great pleasure. The food, of course, was as mouth-watering as ever. Winners? Well, no-one expects to win a fortune at the Derby, do they? Like our friends from London, we kept our shirts on and had a good time anyway.

Talking of meeting old friends, brings us to the Brighton Reunion at the Hotel Metropole and the Grocers Association to Tunbridge Wells. Two very happy occasions, which are no doubt fully reported elsewhere in this issue.

So, as the sun sinks slowly over the rose gardens of old Kemp Town, we leave you until next month, when we hope to be able to report that our pink and peeling complexions have turned to bronze.

From Down Under

by David Bell

En route for New Zealand we touched down for a few hours in Manila in the Philippines and for a few days in Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea. While waiting in Manila for our connection we took a bus tour visiting the American War Cemetery at Makatt; St. Augustine's Cathedral with cracked walls and stairs signs of the recent earthquake. Inside was the tomb of Miquel de Legazpi the first Spanish Governor 1571. We were very interested in the old walled city, Intramuros, where the British were repelled in the 18th century and the ancient Fort Santiago containing the Memorial Museum of Dr. Rizal, hero of the revolution against the Spanish in the 19th century. Rizal was a man of many interests in advance of his time but was executed by the Spaniards. The river Pasig runs beside the fort and here during the war the Japanese used the original Spanish torture method of opening the flood gates to allow the high tides in to drown the prisoners in the dungeons. The traces of Spanish culture are more Mexican that Castilian because of the trade links with South America.

The Filipinos

The Filipinos naturally are proud of their country and their new President, Marcos, who declared martial law last year to cope with the crime wave and terrorism. There is a curfew from midnight until 4 a.m. and everyone, including tourists, is grateful for these measures as it is now possible to walk safely in the streets and sleep easy in the hotels. The police keep strict checks on taxis and occupants, and one of the punishments for breaking curfew is cleaning the streets—though there are many shanty houses there is not a cigarette end on the streets or in the parks, incidentally the parks have reservations for disabled people.

A popular move of the President's is to break up large estates giving land to peasants, with 15 years to pay and everyone is encouraged to grow vegetables even along the edge of pavements and canals—this they say is the "green revolution".

Part of the Philippine scene is the gaily decorated "jeepney" converted U.S. jeeps which hold 10 passengers, something between a bus and a taxi.

In the evening we boarded a Qantas flight for Port Moresby, arriving early in the morning—temperature 90° and so humid, like stepping into a sauna bath, now we have experienced extremes of temperature—Moscow and Port Moresby.

New Guinea

New Guinea is reckoned to be the largest island in the world and one of the last to be explored, it lies between the equator and Australia. Because of the difficult terrain, 1,500 mile mountain chain covered in dense jungle, swamps in low lying ground, one can understand the problems experienced by famous explorers in Bougainville and Owen Stanley. Still, to-day there are few roads, the best mode of travel is by land-rover or plane. The jungle contains the well known bird of paradise and many orchids.

The indigenous people are made up of many totemic clans whose symbols are birds, fish, plants or snakes, they are colourful and delight in many forms of decoration, wearing turtle shell earings, the septum is pierced for clam shell nose-sticks though nowadays biro pens are preferred (very handy!). Girls are sometimes tattoed from forehead to thigh with attractive designs—quite intriguing to see flowers peeping below mini-skirts on the office girls! At the weekend young men might wear skirts and flowers in their hair.

Port Moresby is in a lovely setting with a large harbour encircled by hills reaching down to white sandy peaches. Conditions are good for yachting, swimming and all water sports—but beware of coral snakes. One of our worries was the mosquitoes, there had been a delay in the spraying programme. Our friends showed us around the sealed roads within a radius of 14 miles.

The Waigani University opened in 1966 now has 600 students studying in an unusual but well designed campus with distinctive buildings. St. Mary's Cathedral



At the Homai Centre, David and Sybil Bell (right) chat with (l. to r.) Mrs. Nancy May, Mrs. Mitchell and Bob Stott.

is a most impressive native style building, open sides for coolness, a 3 ft. clam shell for the font, a large drum and many wooden carvings. We visited the House of Assembly where the 94 members meet. The main local language is Moto or Pidgin. It was amusing to hear the news on the radio—"No. 1. fella bilong Canberra come talk talk at Mike Somairs's arse place" (Mike Somair is the Chief Minister). "Nippon big sail on reef, all bugger up". They were concerned about the French nuclear test and this is the description—"Big paloos over Pacific make man sick in head and piccanin sick in bed."

In the museum is a fine collection of their famous richly painted wood sculpture and the new Cultural Centre had traditional buildings, dug-out canoes etc., also an amphitheatre for tribal dancing and displays. Here they also showed us a cassowary bird (ostrich-like but smaller) caught as a fledgling but now fully grown with tremendous claws and strong legs—for kicking and ripping, he makes a peculiar noise like a drum.

We drove out to the War Memorial at Bomana then up the dirt road into the hills to the Kokoda Trail where the Japanese were finally turned back, just 30 miles from Port Moresby. At another point on the famous trail is a plaque to the 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Angels", carriers who maintained supplies and served as stretcher bearers.

A fascinating morning was spent at Koki market, an ancient anchorage, traditional no man's land where enemies could meet in safety and trade. In the last 20 years it has grown with the rapid development of the town of Moresby and now trucks come from mountains with produce that used to come by canoe, while many canoes are now turned into houseboats. All fruits and vegetables — yams, cucumbers, (brown) pineapple, water melon, bananas etc., were laid out on leaves on the ground and on the stalls were snakes, opossums, shell fish, pumpkins, betel nuts and lime, but some skinned black smelly animals we didn't recognise, were magani—small tree kangaroos as big as a fox terrier. Pigs are reared carefully, even suckled by the women if necessary but they are prized for celebrations and never sold.

Next year most Australians in Government service, including our friends, will be leaving New Guinea as this mandated territory will be given its independence and it is to be hoped that the trained native officials will be able to keep their heads and control in their new found freedom.

All too soon it was time to pack and say farewell. At the airport there were extra formalities, inspecting baggage for articles that might be contaminated—fruit, leather or skins or wooden carvings etc. New Zealand and Australian controls are very strict, even the planes have to be sprayed inside and out.

Our route took us over the Torres Straight, the mountains of Queensland south to Sydney then across the Tasman Sea to Auckland (12,000 miles from home). To be met by Jimmy May, President of the Royal New Zealand Foundation for the Blind, and his charming wife, Nancy. Many St. Dunstaners met them both at the London Reunion last year. Nancy deposited us with our friends arranging to take us for a tour of the city the next day.

Extinct Volcano

From Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, where Nancy was able to drive to the top, we got an excellent view of Auckland spreading for miles and with water everywhere—the Pacific on the east with Hauraki Gulf and Waitemata harbour bringing ships right up to the foot of Queen Street, six miles to the west is the Tasman Sea and Manukau Harbour. To meet cousins on the north shore we crossed the reconstructed new bridge, affectionately known as the "Nippon Clippon". Because the original bridge was too narrow for the traffic prefabricated sections were sailed down from Japan and in the twinkling of an eye the double highway was clipped on.

Wytangi Day

On Wytangi Day, 6th February, celebrations are held for the signing of the Peace Treaty between the Maoris and the Pakis (Whites) 133 years ago. To celebrate this historical occasion and our arrival in New Zealand, I had a hair cut and a few beers with my friend at the Returned Servicemen's Club, where we were entertained by Pipers and Dancers from the Black Watch contingent over from Hong Kong. At 9 p.m. every Friday this club has two minutes silence and a bugler sounds the Last Post.

Our thanks again to Jimmy and Nancy who made it possible for us to visit the Homai College, training and mobility centre for the blind, all in extensive and pleasant grounds and buildings. We called in at St. Dunstan's and several welfare and rehabilitation centres and were fortunate to meet Dr. Lopdell who is in charge of an Extramural Hospital Service, which seems an excellent way of catering for the needs of old and disabled people in their own homes.

Sydney

This brief stay in Auckland was most enjoyable and we were sorry time and distance did not allow us to see more of such a delightful country.

Starting our journey westwards we flew the 13,000 miles back to Sydney where we spent some hours between planes. We learnt that each State has a nickname and the one for the people of New South Wales is Cornstalkers.

Leaving the bus tour at Menzies Ferries we caught a boat for a trip around this famous bay with beautiful scenes of coves, creeks and surfing beaches and on the return from Manly Island we had a wonderful view of the "Coat Hanger Bridge" spanning the harbour and the controversial Opera House squatting at the entrance to Sydney Cove (Betjeman described it as "Oysters in Flight"). Travelling by subway to King's Cross we were surprised to find all doors remained open—air conditioning!

Canberra

It was a short hop to Canberra where we were re-united with friends lecturing at the University—the last time we saw them they were on contract to Kenya University and we happened to be passing through Nairobi!

Canberra, the Federal Capital was interesting as a prize winning planned City but we thought it impersonal and a car is an absolute necessity.

Next stop was Melbourne, "Gutty Perchas", to stay with a cousin not seen since before the war. Here we had to deliver many greetings from the "Old Country". To friends and friends of friends, with a particular message from Mrs. Lawrence of Broadhurst Gardens hostel, to her brother.

We did the usual sightseeing and were impressed with the design of the war memorial where the sun strikes through the dome at the 11th hour on the 11th day of the 11th month directly on to an inscribed tablet of black marble and exactly on the line—"Greater love hath no man . . .".

The Yarra River

Crossing the Yarra river our friend told us of the local saying that "it is too thick to navigate and too thin to cultivate". Driving north into some beautiful tree covered hills we came to a typical "wild west town" called Upper Fern Tree Gully. They really did have fern trees in the woods, 10 ft. tall, then listening carefully we heard the tinkle of the bell bird.

Back to the Airport and on to Adelaide, "Croweaters", to be met by friends who emigrated twenty years ago. To welcome us they had a forest fire on Mount Lofty, which curves around the plain where the town was laid out in the form of a square of rectangular blocks, and around this a mile broad belt of park land was reserved for sports, playgrounds and entertainment.

Forest fires are part of Australian life, indeed there are trees that need firing for the seed to sprout—grass trees or Black boys. Fires are a hazard but at times are necessary, controlled "burn off" is allowed for the strangling undergrowth and the phoenix like vegetation. Schools wisely lecture on the dangers and safety precautions.

Leslie Constable

On a trip to Barossa Valley, the wine country cultivated mainly by German settlers, we called on Leslie Constable, St. Dunstaner, who appeared to be happily settled now, his very pleasant home is just a few minutes from his place of work.

Between social calls and cooling swims in the sea we visited the Bedford workshops and training centres for the blind.

Two airlines have the monopoly of interstate flights, one private and one Government owned, Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee! In a brand new plane the latter carried us off to Perth, "Sandgroppers". Western Australia takes up a third of this vast continent and is so empty, cattle farming and mining.

Perth has been transformed by rebuilding some of the old narrow streets, reclaiming land from the flooded flats of the Swan river and recoursing it to improve highways and traffic flow. Fortunate in its site and river, Perth has many parks including the fine Queen's Park giving a wonderful view over the bay, river and city to the Darling mountain range in the distance. This is where our friends lived on the fringe of the town, near the out-back and here we saw our first kangaroo, kookaburra, snake and poisonous red-back spider, the banksia flowers and jarrah wood (trees that grow straight in the stem to 40-50 ft., exceptionally hard, heavy wood). All indigenous.

The war-blinded held their bi-annual Conference in Perth while we were there and invited us to join them during the five days. Delegates came from every state, Sir Charles Coutt was principal speaker at the opening ceremony and under the presidency of Bill Luck the Conference went with a swing.

One of the sights of the district is the O'Connor Reservoir, built 80 years ago to supply water overland to the gold mining area at Kalgoorlie 380 miles to the east. 1,500 miles of pipes, one of the greatest water supplies in existence. Another link with those days is Mahogany Inn, one of the oldest coaching houses, half way to York. As to be expected most names were English, we found every city seemed to have a suburb on the coast called Brighton.

We Meet John Adams

Living in the same district, with the attractive name of Mundaring Creek, is John Adam, known to many St. Dunstaners as he was Director of the British Talking Book Service, he is now organising a non-profit making service for physically handicapped in Australia.

The Australians have a casual approach to life but they have the same problems as other countries in population, politics and strikes, balancing the economy of the country. Now they are slipping the ties with the old country and the West and looking to the East for new defence and trading partners.

We were glad of the opportunity to see Australia—travel helps to make us more aware of the world about us, especially when we hear on radio and TV names of places we visited we more readily appreciate the people and their problems.



St. Dunstan's stand at the Naidex Exhibition.

St. Dunstans on Show

St. Dunstans provided two speakers and a demonstration of carpet bowls for the National Aids for the Disabled Conference sponsored by the Central Council for the Disabled in Brighton early in July. Lieut. Commander Robin Buckley spoke on mobility and Bill Griffiths on sport by the blind. The demonstration was organised by Jock Carnochan, Sports Officer.

Visitors to St. Dunstan's stand at the Exhibition associated with the Conference were able to see the latest products of international research into the two basic problems of the blind—mobility and reading.

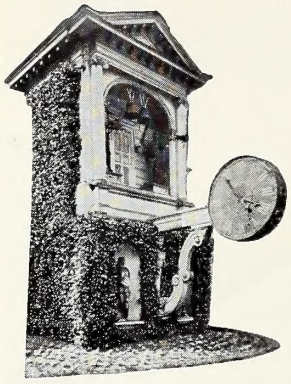
The Optacon reading machine was on the stand together with two generations of sonic mobility aids, the sonic torch and the binaural sensor or ultrasonic spectacles.

Visitors could try and aim St. Dunstan's electronic rifle by sound, or see a new flying helmet containing a signal system to enable a deaf/blind glider pilot to receive orders from his sighted instructor.

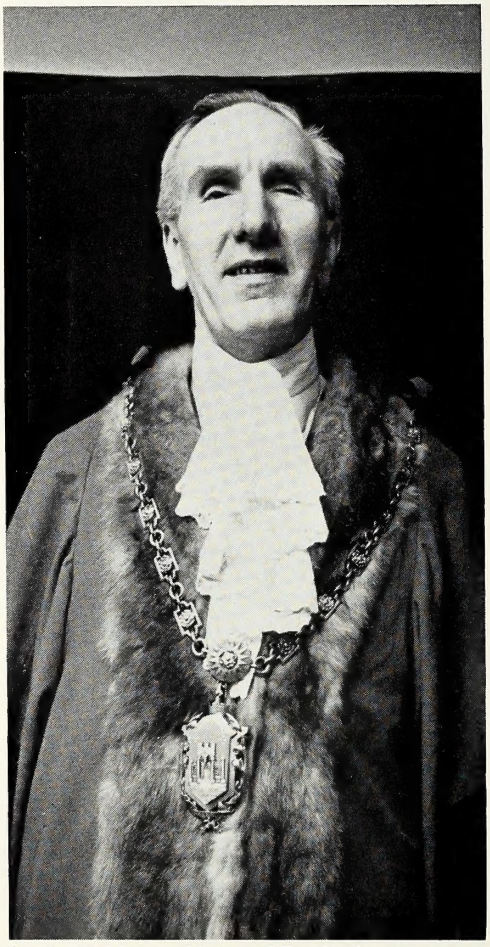
The St. Dunstan's stand was manned during the five days run of the exhibition by Mr. Norman French and Mr. David Castleton and two St. Dunstaners, Bill Griffiths and Robert Pringle, were available to discuss and demonstrate the two other main themes of St. Dunstan's stand—aids for the doubly handicapped and for the war-blinded in industry.

QUEEN'S GUIDE AWARD

ROY NEWTON of Oldham, Lancs., is pleased to announce that his eldest daughter Elaine has gained her Queen's Guide Award and this will be presented to her in about a month's time by the Guide Commissioner at her Sunday School.



IT STRIKES ME



Leslie Webber as Mayor of Tewkesbury.

To Serve a Larger Community

One of the boroughs disappearing under the changes in local government administration now taking place is that of Tewkesbury, where our St. Dunstaner **Leslie Webber** served for two years as Mayor. There is now to be a Tewkesbury District Council made up of the old Borough and two adjoining Rural District Councils which will serve a population of about 75,000 people.

I hear from Leslie that he has been elected to serve on the new District Council. He will remain on the Borough Council until it disbands next March. Another honour for Leslie Webber was his election in June as Vice-Chairman of Gloucestershire County Association for the Blind.

A Lovely Voice for Radio

Mr. Jimmy Savile, well known for his philanthropic work, accompanied the annual taxi outing for the disabled to Worthing on 26th June. As a result he included an interview with St. Dunstaner **Margaret Paterson,** of Chessington, in his programme "Savile's Travels" broadcast on Radio One on Sunday, 8th July. Margaret told me that she had met Jimmy Savile on several occasions previously and that he is a genuinely lovely person to meet. In the broadcast they indulged in a certain amount of quick-fire back chat and afterwards he told Margaret that she had a lovely voice for radio.



Thelma and Paul Francia with visitors to their 'gallery'.

Double Success

Double congratulations to **R. D. ("Bertie") McConnell,** of Bangor, Co. Down, who, standing for the Alliance Party, has just been successful in both the District Council and Stormont elections in Northern Ireland! He and his wife, Olive, had seven weeks' most strenuous campaigning for first the local and then the Parliamentary elections in order to achieve this outstanding victory. At this crucially important time in the history of Northern Ireland, we are all proud to have a St. Dunstaner playing such an active part in public affairs.

Keeping Useful

I am told **Mrs. Emily Trendell,** widow of our late St. Dunstaner, Frederick Trendell, of High Wycombe, determined to continue a useful life, has been working hard for the Royal British Legion. She serves on the Legion Committee for Hazlemere and Penn and won first place in the Royal British Legion Knitting Competition. She also gained first prize at the Bucks. Old People's Handicraft Exhibition. Old people? Emily seems to have the energy of a youngster.

Garden Art Gallery

When I had the pleasure of visiting **Paul Francia's** home in Pembroke Park, Portsmouth, some time ago I was impressed with the triangular covered patio he designed for his garden. He mentioned then that he and his wife Thelma had also in mind the use of the patio for art exhibitions. Mrs. Francia, herself an excellent artist and teacher, is founder of a group called Pembroke Artists. On 14th June, they held an exhibition of painting and pottery, the work of students who come to Mrs. Francia's studio.

Well over 100 people attended, including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, members of the lecturing staff of Portsmouth Polytechnic where Paul lectures, teachers from local schools, members of the medical profession and some of the Canons from Portsmouth Cathedral. Wine was sold at the party as well as the exhibits and the total raised for the Portsmouth Voluntary Association for the Blind was £70.

Magog

Obituary

Mr. Leslie Banks

Readers of the *Review* will be sorry to learn of the death of MR. LESLIE BANKS, M.B.E., on 26th June, 1973. He retired from St. Dunstan's after forty years of service, the last twenty-five working as Pension Officer, and he was awarded the M.B.E. in 1948. He was an Old Contemptible, severely disabled in the First World War.

A cremation service was held at the Downs Crematorium, Brighton, on 29th June, which was attended by Mrs. Banks, Commandant Fawcett, Matron Hallett, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyds and Mr. Slade.

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. EDWIN FARRANT of Weston Coyney, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 3rd July, 1973.

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. CHARLES TIBBIT of Wimbledon, S.W.19, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 12th June, 1973.

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. JOHN MOONEY, of Chadderton, Oldham, Lancashire, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 19th June, 1973.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

GEORGE ETHERINGTON of West Byfleet, Surrey, who is pleased to announce the arrival of his fourth grandchild, Steven Hallam, born to his youngest daughter, Vanessa and her husband, on 22nd April, 1973.

LES DENNIS of Hastings, Sussex, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of another grandson, Luke, born to his son Patrick and his wife.

HERBERT JAMES HABBERFIELD of Neath, Glam., is pleased to announce that he has become a grandfather again on the birth of Adam, born to his son Gerald and his wife on 1st May, 1973.

EDWARD SAYER of Deal, Kent, who has become a grandfather for the first time, when a son was born to his daughter. The boy's name is Samuel Michael.

Great Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:

FREDERICK MATTHEWS of Soberton, Hants, is pleased to announce the safe arrival of two new great grandchildren, bringing the total up to five! Amy Caroline was born on 20th March, 1973, and Michael Lane was born on 17th May, 1973.

Long Life and happiness to:

FREDERICK CLAUDE GALWAY of Sandbach, Cheshire, is pleased to announce the marriage of his daughter, Jane, to Neill Chapman on 21st July, 1973, at St. Mary's Church, Sandbach. We wish the young couple every happiness.

Margaret, daughter of RONALD G. HOMEWOOD of Roughton, Norwich, married Bernard Boyce on 21st July, 1973.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

GEORGE F. GRAINGER of Berridale, Glenorchy, Tasmania, on the death of his son, Laurence Eric, on 16th February, 1973 His own poem entitled "The Last Summer" dedicated to his son, was read by Rev. Hugh Hadrill at St. James' Church, Newtown, at the Memorial Service.

JAMES MORRISH of Peacehaven, Sussex, on the death of his mother, aged 82, at the at the end of May, 1973.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

John Horton. *2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers*

John Horton of Northgate House, Brighton, and formerly of Barnsley, Yorkshire, died on 23rd June, 1973, in hospital, eight days after his 67th birthday.

He enlisted in the 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers in June, 1939, and served with them until his discharge in 1945. Mr. Horton was wounded in Burma by a mortar bomb and came to St. Dunstan's in 1944, where he trained and settled in industrial employment. In spite of rather poor health he continued in his employment until February, 1953, when he gave up work and made string bags at home as a homecraft occupation.

Unfortunately Mrs. Horton's health began to fail and she died in 1962 and Mr. Horton made his home with his mother, spending the winter months at St. Dunstan's in order to avoid the cold weather in the North, which badly affected his health. He developed an illness which necessitated his admission to hospital on 5th June for an operation from which sadly he did not recover and he died at Northgate House.

He leaves two sisters and a brother.

George Matthews. *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*

George Matthews of Bilston, Staffordshire, died on 14th June, 1973, at the age of 82.

He enlisted in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders during the First World War and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1922. He trained in basket work and also kept poultry. He took up industrial employment in August 1942, which he very much enjoyed, and continued with this work until his retirement in 1965.

On his retirement he became a keen gardener and poultry keeper and he also bred foreign birds. His health became rather poor during the last few years but he remained cheerful in spite of this until his death.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ida Matthews, and six children.

John Kenny. *3rd Connaught Rangers*

John Kenny of West Worthing, Sussex, died on 9th July, 1973, at the age of 78 years.

He enlisted in the 3rd Connaught Rangers in April 1915 and served with them until his discharge in November 1916. He had already retired when due to the gradual failure of his sight he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in October 1970.

When he joined St. Dunstan's he lived in Croydon, but it was considered that Mr. Kenny's general health might improve if he moved to the coast, and in October 1971, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Moved to West Worthing. Unfortunately Mr. Kenny's ill health necessitated a period in hospital, and after two month's treatment he was discharged to Northgate House, as he required constant nursing. Mr. Kenny's condition showed a temporary improvement but he died at Northgate House on 9th July, 1973.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary Kenny, and their six sons, three daughters and other members of their family.

George Nuttall. *Royal Field Artillery*

George Nuttall of Bonehull, Nr. Tamworth, Staffordshire, died in hospital on 11th July, at the age of 76.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in 1915, and served with them until his discharge in 1918. Although Mr. Nuttall suffered mustard gas poisoning during his service in the First World War, it was not until much later in life that his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's.

Mr. Nuttall was a skilled tailor, running a small business from his home and in 1951 he transferred this to shop premises. Mrs. Nuttall gave her husband every help and support with the business, which our St. Dunstaner operated successfully until 1961 in spite of the fact that he did not enjoy very good health.

After retirement Mr. Nuttall occupied himself in his garden and greenhouse, until in 1971, as neither he nor his wife were then very fit, they decided to give up their own home and go to live with their married daughter, Mrs. Parkinson and her family.

Unfortunately Mrs. Nuttall died in March 1971 and Mr. Nuttall's health began to deteriorate at the beginning of this year and he was later confined to bed for most of the time. His condition worsened and he was admitted to Tamworth General Hospital on 7th July and he died there four days later.

He leaves his married daughter Mrs. Parkinson and a son.

Harold Pollitt. *Royal North Lancashires*

Harold Pollitt of Pearson House, Brighton, and formerly of Bolton, Lancs., died on 6th July, 1973, at the age of 78 years.

He enlisted in the Royal North Lancashires in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in March 1919. Mr. Pollitt was wounded in 1916 at Armentieres, but it was not until 1945 that his sight failed completely and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's. He was trained and settled as a basket maker and worked happily at this occupation until 1957. Mrs. Pollitt died in 1966 but he continued to manage on his own at home, paying frequent visits to his son and daughter. However, in 1971 he went to live at Pearson House, Brighton, and it was there he passed away quietly in his sleep.

He leaves a son, Harry and daughter, Hilda.

Geoffrey Egan Smith. *Royal Irish Rifles*

Geoffrey Egan Smith of Lincoln, died in hospital on 18th June, 1973, two days after his 79th birthday.

He enlisted in the Royal Irish Rifles in 1916 and served with them until his discharge in September 1917, when he came to St. Dunstan's. Prior to his enlistment he was employed as an outfitter, but following his discharge from the Army he did not enjoy very good health, although he kept busy working around the house and in the garden. He was admitted to hospital at the beginning of May, but unfortunately his health did not improve and he died on 18th June.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Doris Miriam Egan Smith.

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AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL GAMES FOR THE BLIND

Renewing old friendships: Hans Zievart, who competed for Austria in St. Dunstan's 1968 Sports, welcomes Peter Spencer and Jock Carnochan. (*above*)

John Simpson finishing in the sprint. (*below*)



St Dunstans REVIEW

OCTOBER



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 645 **OCTOBER 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

By now even those of you who prefer a late summer holiday will probably have been away or had a spell of relaxation at home and I hope you have all enjoyed a good break in your usual routine. Lady Fraser and I stayed at our cottage in the Lake District, partly with two grandsons and their wives and our very new great grand-daughter and partly seeing old friends and being quietly on our own. It was not a good year for fishing, but I did catch a few salmon.

Soldier on

On another page there is a review of a notable book by a notable St. Dunstaner. This is an autobiography by Colonel Sir Michael Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L.

"Colonel Mike", as his friends call him, is better known than any other St. Dunstaner, largely because he is so frequently seen on television master-minding the great British horse shows. His is a typical case of a man who has been blinded applying himself to one of the activities in which he was most interested before he lost his sight, for he was one of the best horsemen in the British Army between the Wars. The horse practically disappeared during the Second War, amongst the Armed Forces and to a large extent in civilian life at home, and it was Colonel Ansell who put the horse back on its feet, not only in show jumping but also by his encouragement of pony clubs and horse-riding generally as a sport or an exercise and even a "spectator sport".

We are proud to have this most distinguished soldier as a Vice-President of St. Dunstan's and all of us benefit much from the example of his courage and determination. The book and the writer are honoured by the fact that His Royal Highness Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, has written the foreword. My advice is that you should get the book from your local library—or, perhaps, better still, buy a copy to keep—and you will agree with Prince Philip who says that "Sir Michael tells his story with characteristic simplicity and directness and it is a story well worth reading".

Canadian St. Dunstaner's Success

Another St. Dunstaner has distinguished himself by being appointed to a very responsible position. Ross C. Purse served in the Canadian Army during the Second War and lost most of his sight as a result of imprisonment in Hong Kong. He trained in Canada, held a number of appointments with the Canadian National Institute for the Blind in different parts of the country, and has now started work as the C.N.I.B.'s Managing Director.

We congratulate Ross Purse on his important appointment and wish him luck as head of one of the strongest blind welfare organisations in the world.

Bank Notes

I am sometimes asked whether I have any difficulty in discriminating between £1 and £5 Treasury notes. It would be an expensive luxury to give someone a fiver when you meant to give him a pound!

COVER PICTURE: *Wally Thomas, with his daughter, Marilyn, at her wedding.*

We are sometimes consulted by the Treasury when they are producing new notes and we give them some advice.

My own method is to carry only coins and £1 notes. I never carry a fiver and therefore I am never likely to muddle them up.

Do any of my readers feel that there is a problem here?

Gardening

I urge you to read on another page what I said about gardening in a brief broadcast the other day. I encourage every St. Dunstaner who can to make gardening or the care of a greenhouse his hobby and to seek friends amongst neighbouring gardeners.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Mini Reunion

by Ron Ellis

Wally and I think we can claim a record this year by being the first fellows to have a Mini Reunion, Mini by name, but still the same swing along happy reunion which we have always enjoyed, and will always remember.

Matron Hallett gave the Reunion a wonderful start off by welcoming us with a splendid dinner, it was a pleasure to see our old friend the Commandant there with us and to listen to his cheerful banter. Our guest should have been Dr. O'Hara, but he was unable to attend owing to pressure of work. But not to worry, for sure enough, while we were having after dinner coffee in the committee room, our great friend and Doc. found time to pop in and have a chat and a night cap with us all.

Friday, 17th August, we were off on our first expedition–destination–Rye in Sussex. A very ancient and beautiful town, our first call was to Lamb House, where the author, Henry James used to live. This is a beautiful old house, so simply furnished yet loaded with charm and yet behind it, so full of historical times, we were given a wonderful guided tour of the house by Mrs. Haynes-Dixon, while our wives, who were our escorts this year, gave us all the information we wanted to know and what our guide was saying. The tour of the house over, we all went out for a quiet stroll round the beautiful garden which was all aglow with colour. It was cameras out with the ladies and a number of photographs were taken. Then back to the house where Mr. and Mrs. Haynes-Dixon entertained us with aperitifs, before proceeding on our way to the Mermaid Inn for lunch. Our sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Haynes-Dixon for their kindness.

The Mermaid Inn was a beautiful old place, so tranquil and quiet, as soon as you entered, it was as if you felt some-one pushing you back through the times gone by. It would not have surprised me, if a smuggler's spirit had come into the room singing "Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum," and dropping one or two bottles of the stuff on the table. Miss Dagnall, our Sergeant at Arms, ordered a super lunch that put us all in the right mood to explore a little of the town itself; at about 4.30 p.m. tea was taken, and then we all returned to Pearson House feeling very happy and very much wiser.

Saturday afternoon saw us off to Northgate House to have tea with Matron Blackford and staff, there was plenty of talk and banter here. While tea was being served it was nice to talk to Matron Blackford and our old friends on the staff. Our sincere thanks to them for giving us such a pleasant and very happy afternoon.

Sunday morning we spent a quiet time sitting around to get our breath back for we were off again shortly on another exploration trip. At 12 noon, we were off, this time to the Open Air Museum at Singleton, Nr. Chichester. Arriving there about 1.30 p.m. and having found a place to rest awhile, a marvellous picnic lunch was served by our good old friend, Bill Webster and Matron Hallett.



Ron and Wally with Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Dagnall, admire a floral arrangement at Preston Manor.

On our way through Chichester we stopped to pick up our dear friend Miss Ramshaw, and it was a pleasure to see her again and to have her with us on this lovely day out. There was so much to talk about while lunch was being taken.

After lunch, we were off on our exploration, climbing up the steep slopes through the trees to find out all the ancient buildings and to explore their interior, coming to the saw pit, where they used to saw up the tree trunks. Wally and I thought we would try our hand at using the huge saw, but after about five seconds, Wally said to me, 'No good, Ron. We can't afford the beef these days to work one of these things. I should think they must have eaten whole cows in those days."

The exploring over, and after the slipping and sliding down the slopes into the open again, we settled down to have a much earned cuppa and a bite to eat, then aboard the transport for our journey back to Pearson House, with happy memories of another perfect day behind us. Our dear wives, who did a wonderful job explaining all the things to us, must have felt a little cramped in their hands but as always no complaints.

Monday, 20th August, and the last day of our great Mini Reunion, this was another busy day for us all. At 10.15 a.m. after we had had a cuppa in the Winter Garden, we were off to visit Preston Manor, Brighton, where a guided tour of the Manor had been arranged. A very pleasant two hours was spent wandering from room to room, while our guide did a splendid job explaining the history of the Manor and the many beautiful things on exhibit, our sincere thanks to him, for giving us the privilege to touch and feel some of the items which gave us some idea of how they were formed and made. After the tour of the Manor we were taken for a stroll through the scented garden in Preston Park, then back to Pearson House just in time for lunch.

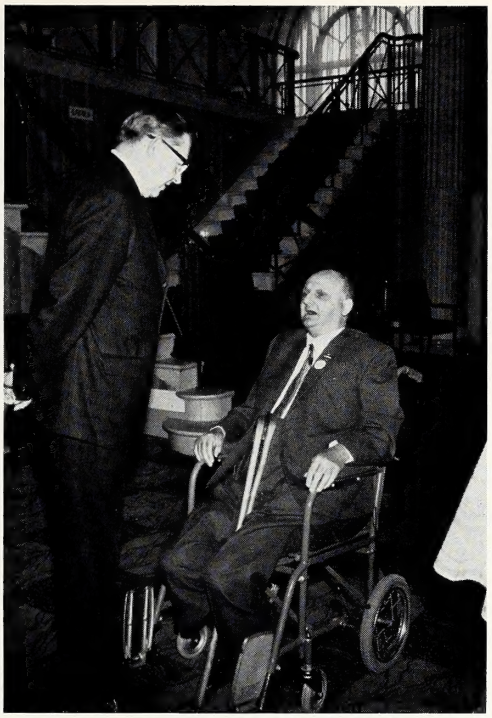
At half-past-three we made our way to the Committee Room to have tea with

Mr. Wills, the Commandant, Matron Hallett and the Welfare staff. A very pleasant and happy afternoon was had by all, with lots to talk about and laughter. It was very nice to see our old friend George Rees again, who had popped in to have a cuppa with us and a chat. With tea over everyone dispersed to get themselves all spruced up for the farewell dinner.

The farewell dinner was held, once again, at the Eaton Restaurant, where the dinners and service are excellent. Our sincere thanks to the Management and their staff for their kindness and attention.

A superb dinner was served and throughly enjoyed by all, we then sat back to listen to an excellent speech of thanks given by Wally Thomas. This was followed by drinks in the lounge and a lot more chatter and banter. Feeling all merry and extremely happy we boarded the transport for our return to Pearson House with happy memories of yet another superb Reunion behind us.

Once again, from Wally and myself, and our wives, our heartfelt thanks to Commandant, Matron Hallett, Miss Dagnall, and the Welfare Committee and to those responsible for making it such a happy occasion.



Mr. Wills greets John Woodhead, of Blackpool, at the Liverpool Reunion.

REUNIONS

LIVERPOOL

The Adelphi Hotel, situated in the centre of Liverpool, was a familiar setting for our ninth reunion of 1973, held on Thursday, July 19th, and a familiar figure presided over the top table, that of Mr. D. G. Hopewell, M.A., LL.B., Hon. LL.D., an old friend from the St. Dunstan's Council.

Guests at the reunion were Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Charters, Mr. J. Owens and Mrs. J. Harris, and there was one St. Dunstaner attending his first reunion, George Coote, of Cleveleys. To them and to the St. Dunstaners and their wives or escorts, Mr. Hopewell said:

"I want to welcome you all to another reunion in Liverpool; a very much smaller reunion than the one we had last year when we had special celebrations but none the less a happy and perhaps more intimate reunion than that big one was.

"There are today only 37 St. Dunstaners here, 14 First War and 23 of the Second War. Now that does not seem a very large number but, of course, it is holiday time," Mr. Hopewell continued, "Still, we are part of a very much larger family and in Britain today there are 1,217 St. Dunstaners and overseas there are 590 making 1,807 living St. Dunstaners.

"Now that is quite a large family but it is not such a large family as to be impersonal. The secret of St. Dunstan's has always been, and I hope it always will be, that every man or woman who is a member of it will be in direct, close, personal touch with the organisation itself."

Mr. Hopewell mentioned the guests and members of the staff attending saying, "I hope you all have a happy time and you look back to this reunion with feelings of delight and pleasure."

Mr. Wills

Speaking for the first time at Liverpool as Secretary of St. Dunstan's, Mr. Wills said: "I don't feel any different from how I felt last year when I was Welfare Superintendent. The pleasure is in meeting and seeing you all looking fit and well and

hearing anything you want to talk to us about."

Explaining how St. Dunstan's invites important people to become Vice-Presidents and others, such as ophthalmologists, specialists, escorts and people who have helped over the years, to become Governors and Members, Mr. Wills said:

Shareholders

"They are all like the shareholders of a company. They consider it an honour to become a Member of St. Dunstan's. It is a famous name, known all over the world. It owes that name mainly to the examples you, yourselves, with the help of your wives, have set the world of handicapped people by your victory over blindness. I congratulate you all and I wish you the best of luck until we meet again next year."

Harold Hitchen, of Nelson, Lancs., said he took great pleasure in moving the vote of thanks for two reasons. One was that he was very proud to be a St. Dunstaner and the second was to be able to voice their sincere thanks to all heads of department and their staffs.

"We are in the fortunate position that if we have any problems at all, we know we can get expert advice. This is something the ordinary person would have to pay for but we get the best."

North Country Welcome

Harold Hitchen paid tribute to Mr. Hopewell and congratulated Mr. Wills on his appointment. He asked for, "A real North Country welcome to Miss Mosley", and went on, "Then we have Mrs. Ballantyne who has been and gone and done it as the saying goes. I think she has been to that many homes of St. Dunstaners and seeing how your wives are happy she thought she'd try it herself."

He said St. Dunstaners were pleased Mrs. Ballantyne would be continuing her work as welfare visitor on a part-time basis and thanked her for organising the reunion. Finally, he called upon St. Dunstaners to express their appreciation and thanks, "To all those who have helped to make this reunion such a success."

The afternoon continued with dancing to the music of the Spencer King Set and, later, the prize draw and tea until St. Dunstaners parted company at the end of another enjoyable social occasion.

MANCHESTER

On Saturday, 21st July, the reunion 'tour' reached Manchester for the tenth in the series held at the Midland Hotel. Head of affairs here was Major M. E. M. Sandys, J.P., member of St. Dunstan's Council, accompanied by Mrs. Sandys. Mrs. A. Ballantyne, assisted by Miss K. M. Broughton, was responsible for the arrangements for the occasion.

135 people sat down to lunch, including 49 St. Dunstaners, 11 from the First War and 38 from the Second. Welcoming them, Major Sandys said that for himself and his wife the annual St. Dunstan's Reunion was a great day for it gave them the opportunity to meet St. Dunstaners and their wives.

He mentioned four guests, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brady, Miss P. Coop and Mrs. C. Eaton and welcomed Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E. and Miss M. A. Midgley, retired members of staff.

"Mr. Lloyds gave many years of devoted service to St. Dunstan's", said Major Sandys, "My wife and I attended a very enjoyable luncheon in London to wish him health and happiness in his retirement and I am glad to see the parting was in no way permanent. I have never seen him look better. Obviously retirement seems to suit him and I may say the same for Miss Midgley too."

Major Sandys said Mr. Lloyds' responsibilities had fallen into the capable hands of Mr. Wills, "I am sure you will all join me in wishing him all success in his extremely important and responsible job."

Welcoming five new St. Dunstaners attending their first reunion, Derek Cribben, Joseph Lewis, John Nolan, Raymond Sandiford and Roland Walton, Major Sandys said, "I hope that they will be able to attend many more of the annual reunions and find much help and much friendship from their fellow members."

Major Sandys told his audience it was some years since he had last visited Manchester when he was High Sheriff and it was his duty to entertain Judges and other members of the Bar. He concluded: "It only remains for me to thank you all once more for coming here today and I hope you will all enjoy yourselves and have an extremely successful afternoon."



Major Sandys at the Manchester Reunion with five new St. Dunstaners: (l. to r.) Roland Walton, Joseph Lewis, Derek Cribben, Major Sandys, Raymond Sandiford and John Nolan.

Harold Earnshaw, of Tarleton, Lancs., proposed the vote of thanks in a brief, but sincere, speech: "I feel it is a great honour today for me to represent St. Dunstaners and express how grateful we are for everything. In representing St. Dunstaners I am also adding a little personal thanks as well."

The luncheon proceedings were concluded by a charming presentation of flowers to Mrs. Sandys by St. Dunstaner, Elsie Aldred. During the afternoon the company followed their chairman's advice and the dance floor was busy as St. Dunstaners and their wives responded to the music of the Joe Orlando Orchestra. As Major Sandys had hoped, it was an extremely successful afternoon.

LONDON

The first of the 1973 regional Reunions was held in London on 31st March and the eleventh and last was also held in London, this time at the Hotel Russell, on Saturday, 28th July. Sir Edwin Arrowsmith, K.C.M.G., the Member of the Council presiding, was accompanied by Lady Arrowsmith and altogether 183 people sat down to lunch, including 19 St. Dunstaners from the First and 60 from the Second World War or subsequent operations. Amongst old friends or former members of the staff we were delighted to see Miss Woolrych, Miss Hoare, Miss Stevens and Mr. Roberts.

Sir Edwin Arrowsmith

Sir Edwin Arrowsmith began his speech after lunch by assuring his listeners that the room was not bugged and that nothing was being recorded (had he forgotten our *Review?*). He brought the good wishes of Lord and Lady Fraser and the Members of the Council for a happy time and welcomed the members of staff present by name with a specially warm word for Mr. Wills, the new Secretary. He also made particular reference to St. Dunstaners from Northern Ireland, including Alan Milne, Professor in Social Philosophy at Queen's University, Belfast, five St. Dunstaners attending their first reunion, William Carthy, Hugh Hamilton, Leslie May, Samuel Sutherland, and William

Waller and two overseas St. Dunstaners, Cecil Bennetts, New South Wales, and George Grainger, Tasmania.

Mr. Lloyds, said Sir Edwin, had been appointed a Governor of St. Dunstan's and a Member of the Council of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind. The opening of Pearson House had been a notable event of 1973 and it was a well designed happy place. St. Dunstan's, said Sir Edwin, was a famous name the world over and it owed this to the example of St. Dustaners with the help of wonderful wives. It was, he said, a very great privilege for him and Lady Arrowsmith to be regarded as friends.

"I find myself in a strange situation" said John Caswell, proposing the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners, but he warmed up to his subject at once. He thanked Sir Edwin and Lady Arrowsmith for their pleasant companionship, also St. Dunstan's staff for all they had done over the years, with particular mention of Mrs. Lyall and Miss Blebta. He thanked the hotel management and staff and said that he looked forward to meeting old friends at the Reunion.

St. Dunstan's, said John Caswell, had steered him and others through some dark days in the past, but now they were just ordinary members of the community and it did not matter that they could not see. He said he could not have gone far without the help from members of the staff and headquarters. Without St. Dunstan's he did not know where he would now have been and this applied also to the ladies. He concluded with good wishes to one and all.

After lunch there was much moving around, chatting with friends old and new and dancing to the music of the Talbot Orchestra. So ended the regional Reunions for 1973.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

The long hot lazy days of summer! And to Pearson House in July comes the Strawberry Man. Trundling his little handcart up Portland Place, round the corner to Abbey Road, he comes to a stop at the entrance to Pearson House. And well he might! Out across the pavement into the sunshine we come, one by one, lured by the sight of those rosy, tempting berries, not least because they are a few pence cheaper than those in the shops. Some for Matron, some for the Desk Staff, Miss Roffey, Mrs. Williams, the Hall Porter and all interested persons! Who could resist the temptation? And what about Dickie—Dickie Richardson who usually sets the bush wireless humming? We must have some for him! "Strawberries! Here comes the Strawberry Man!" Such a brief season for this annual delight, but the strawberries are closely followed by rounded downy-skinned peaches. Take a bite and don't let the juice run down your chin! Alas, the Strawberry Man comes no longer now for this year. Oh, the long, hot, lazy days of Summer, with their lovely, luscious, juicy summer fruits!

Came another day in July when a loud roaring sound made us leap to the windows. We were fortunate, those of us on the top floor at the time, to have ringside seats! There they go, nine of them, sleek, shining, scarlet shapes in tight formation, zooming over the house-tops—the Red Arrows. Down the sea front, then up, higher, higher—turning in a wide arch, and streaking down the sky again, weaving patterns, trailing plumes of red, white and blue smoke. Now they split up and the arrow formation breaks, two solitary leaders going solo, round the town and back again, skimming low over the surface of the sea, then up, up and down again, twisting, turning like falling leaves. They come together again, all nine, for a final fling and go soaring up so high that it hurts the eyes to watch against the brightness, and as they turn at the summit of their flight, they all separate and flying downwards in ever-widening pathways, finally disappear from view. It has all taken 15 minutes exactly! They come every year, these Red Arrows, during Brighton Lions' Carnival Week, catching our breath with

their exploits, stirring our hearts and minds with their wonderful flying. And those of us who remember the men of the R.A.F. who flew out daily, some never to return, and without whom we might not be here today, are inevitably reminded of those times and we think that surely the men who fly the Red Arrows today are the direct spiritual descendants of those pilots of 30 years ago.

St. Dunstan's Players

Down on terra firma again, towards the end of July we had another of those favourite evenings organised by Bill Jack with the St. Dunstan's Players giving of their best. Mrs. Wright accompanied the singing, which was led by Betty Brown, Harry Boorman and Stuart Croysdale, and several popular numbers brought in the audience as well. As guest singers we had Joyce Briant and Dinah Lamb, and between them they gave us some very amusing numbers. Congratulations all, and to you Bill! Hard work, we know, but we do appreciate it.

In August one of the happiest weekends of our year always takes place in the form of the Deaf Reunion and this year we were delighted to have with us Wally Thomas and Ron Ellis. Ron has written about it elsewhere in these pages, so we merely touch upon it here. Numbers have dwindled over the years, but however few, we hope our remaining deaf-blind St. Dunstaners will continue to give us the pleasure of making them welcome for their annual 'do'.

Bank Holiday Week-end

This event was closely followed by the Bank Holiday Week-end, which brought its own pleasures. Our play-reading friends, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lilley, came from Seaford with their young friends to present us with a reading of "Private Lives" by Noel Coward. This evergreen comedy continues to please and it was gratifying to have a completely full winter Garden on this particular occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Lilley are to be congratulated on their polished presentation. The weekend was rounded off by a Bank Holiday Dance in the Winter Garden, complete with Bar and Buffet. We had a goodly crowd and great fun, with the band in good form and lots of prizes.

As we write, those summer days over which we were gloating are already growing shorter, though the sun still blazes at the end of this wonderful season. Sad it will be to see the sunny days pass, but soon we will have the trainees back and the Autumn Term will be with us again.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Mr. Cyril Aldridge of Lancing, Sussex, joined St. Dunstan's in July, 1973. He served in the 12th London Regiment during the 1st World War and then with a London Borough Council in the Lighting Dept. but had to resign when his sight failed following injuries received in the 1st World War. He is married.

William Henry Bailey of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, came to St. Dunstan's in August 1973. He served in the 4th Lincolnshire Regiment during the 1st World War and he is a widower.

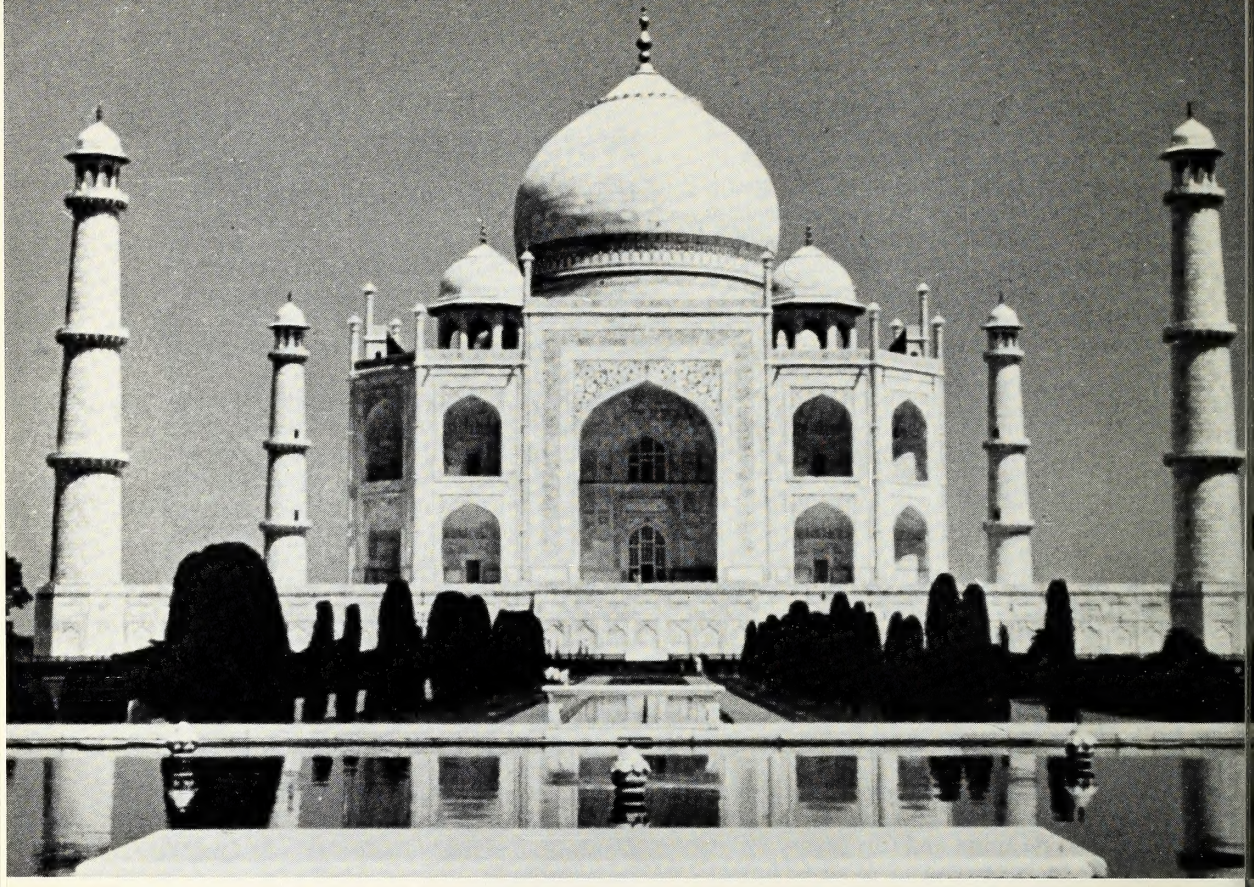
Thomas Bradley of Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire, joined St. Dunstan's in August 1973. He served in the 4th Lancashire Fusiliers during the 1st World War and is married with a grown-up son and daughter.

Charles Herbert Butler of Southampton, Hants., joined St. Dunstan's in July 1973. He served in the 14th Anti-Tank Regiment, Royal Artillery during the 2nd World War. On his discharge from the Army in 1945 he worked for the Post Office and is now retired. He is married with a grown-up son.

William Frederick Charles White of Fordingbridge, Hants., came to St. Dunstan's in July, 1973. He served with the Royal Marines during the 2nd World War and was in a Commando Unit. He is married with a grown-up son.

Stanley Allen Wilkins of Littlehampton, Sussex, joined St. Dunstan's in July, 1973. He served in the R.A.F. in the 2nd World War. He worked in industry until 1971 when his failing sight made it necessary for him to retire. He has a grown-up family.

Kemp Town Notes—*continued*



The Taj Mahal, Agra in the State of Uttah Pradesh.

From East to West

Homeward bound from Australia via Singapore on their new Air Line and back to a hot and humid tropical climate, blessed and cursed air conditioning.

This island is very green and clean—like Hong Kong it has severe litter penalties—the port has thrived ever since Sir Stamford Raffles had the foresight to acquire the land on behalf of the East India Company, and now deals with 35,000 ships per year. Tourists are well catered for, there are many modern hotels, contrasting with the old colonial Raffles Hotel, sightseeing tours for all tastes, Jade museums, Temples, Malay and Chinese dancing, botanical gardens with orchids in a wonderful collection and, of course, a crocodile and snake farm.

75% of the population is Chinese, mostly in business, education again is important using the three shift system. The Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, is very popular and they are all very proud of his efforts on behalf of the $2\frac{1}{2}$ million on this island the size of the Isle of Wight. His foreign and economic policy of fostering good relations and a better standard of living for all, with low cost housing, has made for contentment in the four races.

Incidentally, while here we heard on the radio that Shanghai is now the largest city in the world with $13\frac{1}{2}$ million population.

As Malaya was just across the causeway we took advantage of this to pop over for the day to Johore Bahru and the Sultan's Palace.

We spent a pleasant evening strolling around the eating stalls, tasting baby oyster omelettes, satays, which are small tasty pieces of meat grilled on sticks, or

eating and drinking the delicious fresh fruit. There were plenty of taxis and trishaws to take us to the shopping districts, one not to be missed was "Change Alley" well known for bargain hunting and haggling. All types of imported goods are available free of tax.

From Singapore (Lion City) Cathay Pacific Airline delivered us to Bangkok (The Fruit Village).

This is a large dispersed city, population approximately 3 million, and as the guide book says, "has no downtown centre", a very busy place, it was here we saw the first scooter-taxis—three-wheel, half covered, 3-4 seater arrangement, behind a scooter driver. Colourful, exquisite temples and pagodas are everywhere, interlaced with canals and the Chao Phya River. The canals are dirty but this does not worry the people who live along the banks in stilt houses and use the water for cooking, washing, swimming, etc.

We managed to see the famous Grand Palace complex where the magnificent Chakri Palace was the setting for the film—"The King and I". Designed by a British architect in the Italian Renaissance style with a Thai roof, also in the grounds are the Dusit Palace built 100 years earlier by King Rama I and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, a most elaborate hall enshrining the translucent green jasper (not emerald) Buddha whose origin is unknown. About 1435 lightning cracked open a pagoda in Northern Thailand and inside was found a stucco Buddha covered in gold leaf which flaked off revealing the jasper. Nearby is a reclining Buddha 180ft. long, a Golden Pagoda and Galleries, richly painted with murals depicting episodes from the Ramakien epic, we watched artists renovating these ancient works.

An enjoyable tour on the canals enabled us to see some of the countryside, rice fields, with buffalo working and being bathed, we passed lotuses growing abundantly, (and very good they taste) fish farms which rank next to agriculture in the basic industries and spent an interesting time at the floating market, quite small children and very old people used boats with ease and skill.

Bangkok's famous floating market.



A very interesting visit to a cultural centre in the form of a village provided a view of many aspects of Thai life. Thai dancing, boxing, sword fighting and the making of silk, elephants were at work moving timber, then we were treated to several displays of fighting sports—fish fighting, mongoose and cobra, also cock fighting, all rather blood thirsty for a gentle people but they did not allow fights to the death!

We were sorry we had not time to visit the Bridge over the River Kwai or the ruins of the ancient capital, Ayudhya, which was destroyed by the Burmese, for which they have never been forgiven.

In spite of the troubles of their neighbours, the Thais are a poor but happy people and very proud of their Royal Family whose photographs are displayed in shops and houses.

Delhi "Stop-Over"

Soon our Thai Air Liner was transporting us across the Bay of Bengal to India. We chose Delhi for our "stop-over". It was named after a Moghul Emperor and combines the old and new cities. The latter was built under the orders of King George V at his Durbar in 1911. Designed by the Architects Baker and Lutyens it covers 5 square miles and may owe something to Wren's plan for London after the fire. Half of Delhi's population own bicycles and together with scooter-taxis, an assortment of vehicles and a variety of animals add to the chaos on the roads. Still the tourists arrive to see the National Shrine of Mahatma Gandhi and the nearby memorial to Prime Minister Nehru on the bank of the river Yarnuna. Well worth a visit is Humayun's Tomb—16th century, a Persian style structure of black, white and yellow marble, then to the south west amongst the ruins of Qila Rai Pethora Palace is believed to be the tallest tower in the world, built in 1199 of red and orange sandstone, which stands out against the blue Indian sky, named Qutab Minar after the victories of the Mohammedan General Qutab, and as fresh and richly ornamented as the day it was finished. In the courtyard stands the Iron pillar, which dates from before 400 A.D., shows no sign of rust, defying scientific explanation though Erich Von Daniken (Chariots of the Gods) thinks he has the answer. There is a multitude of historical relics but we must mention the Red Fort which dominates Delhi and the Jamma Masjid Great Mosque, both erected by Shah Jahan, builder of the fabulous Taj Mahal. In the Red Fort, previously a Palace, is a splendid hall where the famous Peacock Throne stood before being carried off by a Persian invader.

Taj Mahal

One reason for breaking our journey at Delhi was to include the drive to Agra to see the Taj Mahal, the impressive and most beautiful mausoleum in the world. Built of pure white marble with important architectural details inlaid with precious stones —cornelian, turquoise, jaspers, bloodstones and the like in floral scrolls and wreaths. To buy a tiny ash-tray of the same material one paid £4, and watched the craftsmen at work. There are many other magnificent buildings in the district connected with the Emperor Akbar who succeeded in uniting the Moghul Empire.

All these Palaces, Mosques and modern hotels sit amidst appalling poverty, the country is ready to embrace Communism and perhaps discipline and ruthlessness would solve many problems, who knows?

A dust storm caused a two hour delay on our flight to Iran so we arrived in Teheran in the dark. What a lovely and surprising sight in the morning to look out of the window and find the sun shining on the snow covered peaks of the Elburz Mountains rising behind the city. The temperature was now down to our spring weather and we realised we were not too far from home.

Rather a modern impersonal city, though the taxi driver gave us sweets and cigarettes on the way to the Golestan Palace, the beautiful Opera house and theatre. We could have spent hours in the vaults of the bank browsing amongst the most dazzling collection of Crown Jewels, this includes the Darya-ye-Nur, companion to the celebrated Kohinoor diamond (now part of the British Crown Jewels) the Peacock Throne, (they told us the original Indian Throne was broken up) and the Globe of Jewels (comprising 51,000 precious stones) and many cases of quite staggering items. The almost unimaginable value of the collection can be

gauged by the fact that they were pledged as security by the Shah for government loans before the advent of oil.

Like several other countries Iran has the sensible system of shared taxis and minibuses, but we did not stay long enough to become familiar with the appropriate charges, meters were hardly ever used! As the next day was Friday, their day of rest, we boarded an Iranian plane for Turkey.

Istanbul, the Pearl of the World, found us back in Europe. The city is situated in Asia and Europe, divided by the Bosphorus which connects the Black Sea and the Marmara Sea. At 5 a.m. daily we were wakened by the Holy men calling the faithful to prayer, this used to be done from the top of a minaret but now they stay at the bottom and use electronic amplifiers!

Ferry Boat Trip

Naturally we had to take a ferry boat along the Bosphorus calling at ports on either side and giving us a panoramic view, we passed the 15th century castle, built in three months, also Florence Nightingale's hospital. These trips will diminish soon as the new bridge built by an Anglo-German consortium, linking the two Continents, will soon be opened.

We did our sightseeing in the old city on foot spending at least two hours at the Topkapi Museum which contains relics of Mohammed and funnily enough, the finger of John the Baptist—which obviously, he didn't get out in time!

On a terrace, by the harem swimming pool, we rested our tired feet and watched the busy harbour of the Golden Horn. Then on with the job—so much to see—one fascinating section full of clocks in all shapes and sizes and all stopped at the time of Ataturk's death—9.5. A quick look round the Blue and Sophia Mosques and a peep into the Roman Cisterna, an underground water supply, a great hall of pillars in this reservoir, the water brought from miles away.

A wonderful Bazaar of 4,400 shops tempts one to linger admiring the jewelry, copperware, suede goods and carpets, we stopped to drink little glasses of tea and coffee while haggling over prices. Just walking in the streets is quite an experience, the Turks seem proud of their disorganisation, traffic jams overflowing on to pavements, just missing pedestrians and constantly hooting, which is forbidden by law. Through all this cacophony, stall holders call, selling their wares.



Carved figure: Papua and New Guinea Museum.

We joined the locals eating at stalls or as we walked. Grilled fish, meat or vegetable rolls were cheap and easily eaten and there were delicious sweet pastries, a variety of the best turkish delight we ever tasted. Unusual drinks were served—carrot juice and sahlep (hot sweet sago and milk). Some cafes specialised in tripe soup, the Turkish cure for a hangover!

Saying farewell and promising to return, we entrusted ourselves to B.E.A. to make our London connection with Edinburgh, which they did with half a minute to spare, returning us safely home after a most adventurous journey of three months.

Looking back it seems like a dream interspersed with reality as we found it thrilling to actually stand and absorb the atmosphere of places we had only read or heard about. Being with friends and relations in their own homes and countries

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1729

The Ted Carp Tradition
by Rony Robinson
Read by Anthony Parker

This novel, constructed around a modern fully equipped comprehensive school, begins and ends with tragedy. Here is a kaleidoscope of character studies. The oppressed and the oppressors, the rebels and the schemers. Above all the obnoxious assistant head mistress who sees her way clear to the headship. Also the friendly would be rebellious young sixth former Chandler, a character so well draughted that you feel you have met him time and time again. He is the clever likeable young chap who is always liable to come unstuck but will always have the guts and intelligence to pick himself up, pull himself together and make a fresh start. Some of the junior masters don't come through as true to life characters but the children do. The language is a little strong at times for group listening but the book is fascinating.

It is rather as though the author had taken the roof off of an ants nest and we are watching the intriguing behaviour pattern of its inhabitants.

Cat. No. 1669

Devil Water
by Anya Seton
Read by David Bloomfield

A very well written but elongated story of Historical Romance, set in the time of the Jacobite Rebellions and starting in Northumberland and finishing in Virginia. Charles Radcliffe, younger brother of James, Earl of Derwentwater, is whiling away his time awaiting his brother's return from exile and meets Meg a country girl living with her sister on Tyneside. It's a case of she was poor but she was honest, and when she returns to her father pregnant, steps are taken to force Charles into marriage. Rob Wilson the pit boy who sets up the ambush for Charles, and the daughter of the forced marriage, become principle characters in the story which brings death to the two brothers but happiness to Rob and Jane in Virginia.

It would take far too much space to write a full synopsis but of special interest is the description of the scenery. The work becomes rather fanciful in places but I would think a cup should be given to the author for a modern day marathon in words.

Cat. No. 1822

I Will Fear No Evil
by Robert Heinlein
Read by Marvin Kane

When this author started writing science fiction in 1939 he had only to look at the moon and dream of man setting foot upon it, to give himself the inspiration for a good story. Now, alas, with fiction replaced by fact he is obviously hard put to it to come up with a good story line.

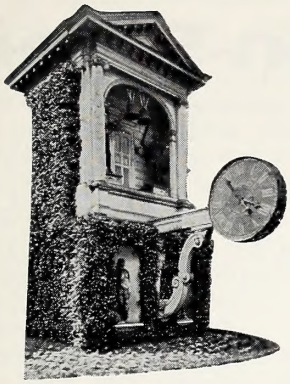
In this book his main character is a pathetically old millionaire with a shrewd active brain but a hopelessly broken body. He is in the hands of the doctors who with their advanced techniques can keep him alive indefinitely although in serious pain. He decides that his only way out is to have his brain transplanted into a younger body. Against all odds the transplant is successful but to his consternation he finds that his brain has been put into the head of his beautiful young secretary, who as he had never suspected but is soon to find out, was a nymphomaniac.

After this point of inventivity the book then takes on the form that the author has become reduced to, shallow pornography, which becomes more tedious and boring with each sentence, paragraph and chapter.

Maybe his bank balance has grown as a result of writing this book but it can have added very little to his reputation as an imaginative writer of science fiction.

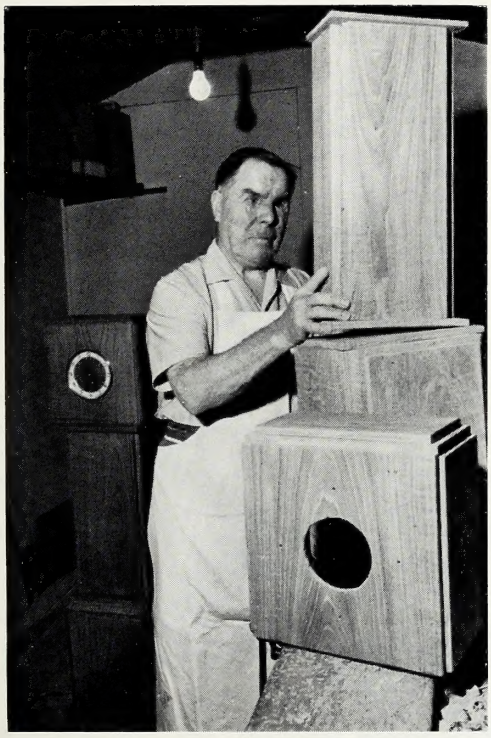
FROM EAST TO WEST *(continued)*

we now feel much closer to them. At home in dear old Britain our personal knowledge and opinions can augment the news and documentary items supplied by the media, this brings the world closer and better known to us. These travels were the experience of a life time and no doubt tales will be retold with our many friends—old and new—and relations who will soon be making their pilgrimage to the U.K.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog



Twenty-One Times

Tommy McKay has just finished his twenty-first Grandmother Clock. Appropriately it was for a fellow St. Dunstaner, John Fawcett, who ordered it as a wedding present for his grand-daughter, Delia.

The clock case, made of Sussex oak is four feet high and made in three sections before final assembly. Like its twenty predecessors, it is a handsome piece of furniture.

Tommy made his first grandmother clock in 1955. It went to his sister-in-law in New Zealand. Since then his clocks have been sent as far as New York and South Africa as well as many places in England and Scotland. They are made to his own design he tells me. "When I started my first clock I had a vague idea and developed it as I went along. When I finished, I like the design so much I've more or less stuck to it ever since".

Rescued From Drowning

Phillip Thompson, aged 23, son of **Leslie and Doreen Thompson** of Gateshead, recently rescued a man from the sea in the Harbour of Port Patrick, Wigtownshire.

After graduating at Salford University, Phillip worked on a site at Stranraer, eight miles from Port Patrick, and there he met fiancée, Miss Catriona Halliday.

Incidentally, the Thompson family have a fine record of rescues. In his youth Leslie rescued two people from a river and Phil's twin brother, Bob, has rescued a man from the sea, for which he received an award from the Royal Humane Society.

Sports at Lee-on-Solent



With Ian Fraser House firmly in the hands of the builders, the annual sports week-end moved about 50 miles westward along the South Coast to become the opening part of the week's camp at H.M.S. *Daedalus*. Lee-on-Solent, on Saturday and Sunday, August 18th and 19th. The weather was excellent—sunny but with a breeze to keep the temperature bearable for the 28 competitors.

The sports were combined with the traditional camp sports and PETER SPENCER won the Victor Ludorum Prize usually awarded at *Daedalus*. This was the reward for a fine all-round performance by Peter, who, in July brought back a trophy from the Austrian International Games. His fellow members of the St. Dunstan's team in Austria were also in good form at Lee. JOHN SIMPSON, PETER SPENCER and JIMMY WRIGHT, competing as individuals, finished in that order First, second and third in Group A, Totally Blind. Between them John and Peter won every event in that group.

Competitors were divided into groups of similar degree of disability and standard of past performances. The other TB group, B, was won by NORMAN PERRY with 35 points, a performance which gained him the Best Overall Beginner prize. He was only one point ahead of Charles Stafford, one of St. Dunstan's longest serving sportsmen, who has also represented us abroad.

FRED BARRATT won the PS group convincingly with 39 points against Bill Miller's 27 in second place. After taking full points in the sprint, shot, discus and javelin, Fred had trouble with the technique in the new sling ball event brought back from Austria by sports organiser Jock Carnochan. He finished well down the list with a throw of 48 feet 3 inches. King of this event was Peter Spencer, who threw 81 feet 6 inches but then he had some practice in Austria!

Among the Doubly Disabled group BILL GRIFFITHS, had to concede first place to a less well-known sporting name STAN SOUTHALL, who scored 35 points mainly in the throwing events. Bill ran him close with 32 points, while BOB YOUNG won the Veterans group from Harry Wheeler.

(Opposite) *Joe Humphrey throwing the javelin.*



"Homing" on to Jock Carnochan's voice, Jimmy Wright finishes the sprint.

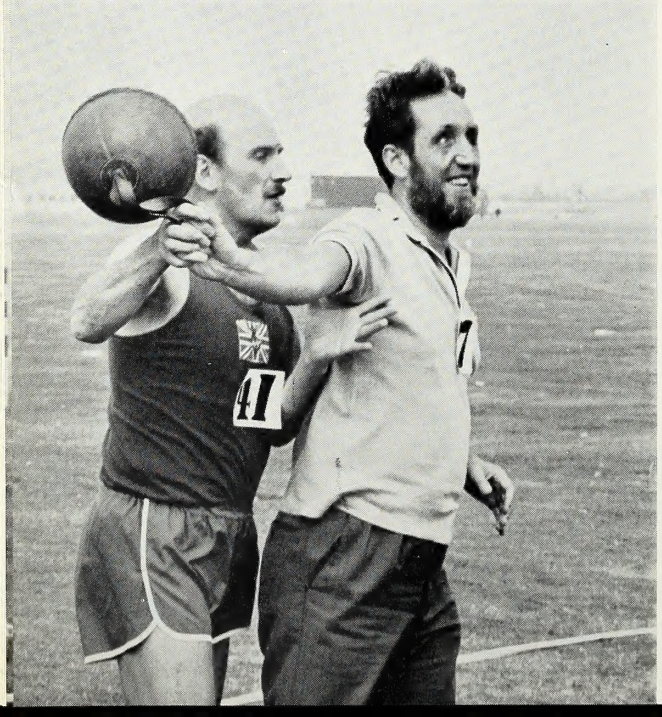
Bob Young receives his trophy from Captain D. G. Titford, R.N. commanding H.M.S. Daedalus. Photo: *H.M.S. Daedalus*





The going gets tough for David Purches in the shot.

Peter Spencer coaches Bill Smith in the art of throwing the sling-ball.



The first event on Saturday morning was the $2\frac{1}{2}$ mile walk around the perimeter track of the airfield. Once again BILL MILLER, starting from scratch, produced the fastest time: 23 mins. 28 secs. The handicap winner was NORMAN PERRY who went off a 6 minute handicap and held off everybody although Johnnie Cope, also on a 6 minute handicap, came near to catching him at the finish.

After the field events on Saturday afternoon the sports continued with swimming on Sunday morning in H.M.S. *St. Vincent* baths. PETER SPENCER won group A TB with 18 points followed by another good swimmer, Charles Stafford. BOB FULLARD, 8 points, took group B TB from Reg. Goding.

The fastest man in the water was JOHNNIE COPE, who clocked an impressive 18.06 secs. in the free style, but this was not enough to win him the PS group where DAVID PURCHES' consistent performances in all three events earned him 12 points against Johnnie's 9.

An event traditional at the *Daedalus* camp sports is the kick at goal won by JIMMY WRIGHT. We are asked to deny that he is considering an offer from Arsenal!

A few competitors went home after the week-end but the majority were staying on for the rest of the week to enjoy the Navy's hospitality—a report on the camp week appears elsewhere. There is no doubt that the sports sturdily survived the transplant to Lee-on-Solent. Most of the familiar faces were there among the competitors, together with some among the spectators and helpers: Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Lloyds, Commandant Fawcett, Bill Harris and Ben Mills to name a few.

PRIZE AWARDS

Winners and runners-up in each group

Camp Victor Ludorum—Peter Spencer

Veterans Winner: R. Young. Runner-up: H. Wheeler.

Best Overall Beginner: N. Perry.

Walk—First: N. Perry. Second: J. Cope. Third: J. Simpson.

First Novice: W. Smith (Bridgett Talbot Trophy).

First Veteran: R. Young (Denis Deacon Trophy).

Swimming: Camp Victor Ludorum—Peter Spencer.

Kick at Goal—Winner: J. Wright. Runner-up: T. Tatchell.



A big effort by Norman Perry just holds off Johnnie Cope at the finish of the walk.

GROUP EVENT WINNERS AND PERFORMANCES

	Group A(TB)	*Group B(TB)*	*PS*	*DD*
2½ MILE WALK	J. Simpson	N. Perry	W. Miller	R. Young
Actual Time (mins./secs.)	23.45	26.25	23.28	25.32
Handicap Time (mins./secs.)	22.45	20.25	23.28	23.42
SPRINT	J. Simpson	C. Stafford	F. Barratt	W. Griffiths
Time (secs.)	11.01	12.00	9.07	11.08
SHOT	P. Spencer	C. Stafford	F. Barratt	P. Sheehan
Distance (feet/inches)	27′ 11″	23′ 10″	24′ 9″	22′ 10″
DISCUS	J. Simpson	C. Redford	F. Barratt	S. Southall
Distance (feet/inches)	63′ 4″	51′ 3″	58′ 7″	35′ 8″
JAVELIN	J. Simpson	N. Perry	F. Barratt	S. Southall
Distance (feet/inches)	65′ 1″	63′ 7″	65′ 5″	42′ 2″
SLING BALL	P. Spencer	N. Perry	J. Cope	W. Griffiths
Distance (feet/inches)	81′ 6″	77′ 1″	65′ 4″	52′
BROAD JUMP	J. Simpson	R. Goding	T. Tatchell	W. Griffiths
Distance (feet/inches)	7′ 1″	6′ 8″	7′ 3″	6′ 6″
SWIMMING				
FREE STYLE	P. Spencer	R. Fullard	J. Cope	W. Griffiths
Time (secs.)	21.00	22.01	18.06	26.03
BREAST	P. Spencer	R. Goding	D. Purches	W. Griffiths
Time (secs.)	21.08	23.05	20.02	31.04
PLUNGE	P. Spencer	R. Fullard	T. Tatchell	W. Griffiths
Distance (feet/inches)	42′ 6″	37′ 6″	36′ 5″	31′ 8″

Points were awarded thus:

First	—	Number of Competitors in each event	+1
Second	—	Number of Competitors in each event	−1
Third	—	Number of Competitors in each event	−2
and so on			

Summer Camp at HMS Daedalus

This year there assembled at Lee-on-Solent rather more than usual St. Dunstaners, the majority of whom were allotted cabins in H.M.S. *Daedalus*, whilst the remainder who were merely down for the week-end, were stationed in H.M.S. *Dolphin*. This was because the Royal Navy graciously allowed us to hold our annual St. Dunstan's sports at H.M.S. *Daedalus*. The names of winners of the various events will be found elsewhere in this issue. Just a word in passing to compliment Jock Carnochan on the smoothness with which everything connected with these sports went off, not forgetting, of course, the many friends and helpers, including Field Gun Crew, who manfully saw to it that everybody who wanted to have a go at any particular sport was able to do so. Captain Titford, in a witty speech, presented the prizes to individual sports winners on Saturday, 18th August and Cmdr. Shrives presented trophies to the winners of the various swimming events on Sunday, 19th August.

Pot Hunters

However, not all St. Dunstaners were "pot hunters" and some preferred to renew old acquaintances in the C.P.O. or P.O. messes. As for myself, not having previously been to Lee-on-Solent, I found myself in congenial company, playing bridge in between dancing and trips to and from the bar, meeting St. Dunstaners whom I had never before met. However, the most difficult thing for me is to pick out the most pleasurable activity of the whole week—there were so many and so many people, both uniformed and civilians who were ever ready to give a helping hand in order to make our week in camp really enjoyable. Here I must mention Lieut. Parrack who acted as Liaison Officer during the week and who had carefully organised the programme for us prior to our arrival. It might even be suspected that the Navy had laid on specially warm weather for our week so that all the many alternative activities were able to be indulged in without upsetting the planned programme. Being an amateur fisherman, I naturally went out with Bill Reed on two occasions and succeeded in catching a total weight of some 22 ozs. of fish on the Friday, but this was not enough to beat John Whitcombe's record catch of ??? lbs.—a large silver eel that got away because no-one in the boat would risk handling this awkward customer, always dangerous to take off the hook. Our trip by tender to the Isle of Wight was most enjoyable with a smooth passage—with me at the helm for a small part of the trip—and again, many thanks to our hosts at the British Legion, Cowes, where we all managed to slake our thirst in between playing bridge or strolling round the town, sending off cards to relatives or looking for some small memento to take back for the family.

Back now ashore, without our "dogs", their wives and girl friends, and Wrens, also our friends of many years' standing, it would not have been possible, for example, to have such fun at Titchfield where we went on Wednesday to a dance arranged by Mrs. Sheila Macleod and Col. Clare, to whom I should like to express our thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. It was at this dance that we had the pleasure of meeting Lieut. and Mrs. Jones—Lieut. Jones being the officer i/c the Field Gun Crew.

Ben Mills

This year was rather special for St. Dunstaners in that Ben Mills "came of age", having completed his 21st camp, whilst the Rev. Frank Spurway was awarded a long service trophy with a suitable bottle with which to commemorate that award. The actual presentation was made by Sir Alec Rose and at the same time, another of our devoted helpers, Bill Harris, M.B.E. was thanked for his 50 years' association with St. Dunstan's sports. However, I shall remember Bill as the man who knows every verse of "The body in the bag" . . . Bob Young, on our behalf, in a few well chosen words, spoke for us all when thanking Sir Alec and all those connected with the success of the week.

I feel somewhat at a disadvantage in that as a new boy I was unaware to some extent of what Trojan work was going on all unbeknown to me. For example, Dr. and Mrs. Parkes, both old friends to St. Dunstan's sportsmen, Miss Diana Hoare,

Miss Helen Cowdell, Miss Kathleen Riley and Miss Street all contrived in their usual inconspicuous manner to do their bit towards making this a memorable week for us all.

Thanks

I must also convey our thanks to C.P.O. Jas Severs, President of the C.P.O.'s mess and also to the President of the P.O. mess and also to First Trainer C.P.O. "Buster" Brown and 2nd trainer C.P.O. George Gilholm and all the Field Gun Crew for giving up one week's leave to look after us.

Although I pride myself that in company with a few St. Dunstaner friends, our impromptu group singing at the Ratings mess, was quite a success, we could not hope to rival the entertainment laid on for us by Ben Mills in a concert organised by Mrs. Kit Deacon out of the proceeds of the Denis Deacon Memorial Fund. High class singing and up-to-the-minute jokes, with accomplished instrumentalists all contributed to a very enjoyable concert on Monday evening.

What else can I mention? The hectic scramble of the car rally, the dance at the Eagle Club on the Tuesday for which we thank the President—the C.P.O. behind the bar on our last evening, whose dismay was obvious when he had to announce that they had sold out all brandy, and his joy when he was able to continue serving with whisky until further supplies of brandy were obtained from the P.O. mess. —Our thanks go to Lieut. Parrack for making it possible for some of us to enjoy a trip on the Hovercraft—to Mrs. Lorna Shrives and her daughter, Susan, who were kind enough to join with us in singing what we were sure was one of the latest "Top of the Pops" tunes—lastly, how could I close without referring to Mrs. Avis Spurway, the brains behind the whole enterprise? Need I say more?

BOB FULLARD

CANCER RESEARCH

Whilst at the Lee-on-Solent Camp in August, FREDERICK A. (TONY) MORTON of Peterborough, organised a collection for Cancer Research. St. Dunstaners attending the camp who donated money towards this cause will be pleased to know that the total amount collected came to £20.46.

St. Dunstan's Fishing Club

Fishing 1974

Would all St. Dunstaners who wish to attend the St. Dunstan's fishing trips of 1974, please apply to Mr. J. Carnochan, Pearson House, for details and entry form, not later than October 31st 1973.

A full report of the activities of the Club will appear in the November *Review*.

J. CARNOCHAN *Sports Officer*

Scouts in Germany

We have always had a great admiration for the Scout movement and our good opinion has been confirmed by their vision in appointing St. Dunstaner, **Dennis Freeman** as a Venture Scout Leader. They have recognised Dennis's ability to inspire young people towards good work and he now has the largest and most successful unit in his district.

This summer he took a group of Venture Scouts and Ranger Guides to Germany. They camped at Cologne on the way to Würzburg, where they pitched camp in a thunderstorm. There the German Scouts had organised a packed week of events; coach tours, wine tasting, the local Annual Festival and Fair, football (a win and a draw for the English scouts) and visits to the Bishop and the Mayor. At many of these occasions it fell to Dennis to make the official speeches. His verdict on the trip? "Exhausting, very worth while though, I certainly learnt a lot".

F.E.P.O.W. Pilgrimage

Jim Thwaites, of Burnley, who is very much involved with the Royal British Legion and the F.E.P.O.W. Club, has asked us to mention a pilgrimage to Singapore and Thailand in the Autumn of 1974.

It is being organised by 560 Field Company Royal Engineers but any Far East P.O.W. is eligible, the basic cost will be around £250. For further information on this trip the man to get in touch with is **Mr. G. C. Wright, 76/77 High Street, Gorleston-on-Sea, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.**

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS

Before the House of Lords rose for the Summer Recess Lord Fraser asked two important questions. The Hansard Parliamentary Reports of the questions and subsequent discussions became available too late for inclusion in the August *Review* and we reproduce them below.

WAR PENSIONS

In the House of Lords on 19th July, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale asked Her Majesty's Government, "whether, when reviewing pensions and allowances this autumn, they will have regard to the new benefits available to ex-servicemen since April 1, 1973, under the Ministry of Defence Attributable Pension Scheme and the Criminal Injuries to Persons (Compensation) Act (Northern Ireland); and adjust the payments for the veterans and widows of the 1914-18 and 1939-45 Wars, so that all get treated alike".

The Minister of State, Department of Health and Social Security (Lord Aberdare)

No, my Lords. The war pensions and allowances paid by my Department to or in respect of former members of the Armed Forces for disablement or death due to service are reviewed annually and will be substantially increased from October 3. These pensions are quite separate from those paid under the Armed Forces occupational pension scheme, the improved terms of which will apply to those who give service on or after March 31, 1973. The Criminal Injuries to Persons (Compensation) Act (Northern Ireland) 1968 enables any person, civilian or Serviceman, to make a claim in the county courts for damages for criminal injuries due to terrorist activity, and the assessment of compensation is entirely a matter for those courts. The level of war pensions could not be related to such compensation.

Lord Fraser of Lonsdale

My Lords, while thanking my noble friend, who is himself an ex-Serviceman, and a sympathetic one, as I know, may I ask him to put himself in the position of, for example, the blinded soldier? Here is one blinded in the First World War—there are very few left now. Here is one blinded in the Second World War. And here is one blinded in Northern Ireland now. They get different rates of compensation. It does not interest them where it comes from or what scheme it comes under; it all comes from the taxpayer and from Parliament. May I ask whether Parliament have not been generous over 50 years (as I think they have been), and whether my noble friend, in spite of the logic of his Answer, will refer this matter to the relevant Ministers in the other place for further consideration?

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, there are two quite separate schemes. There is the war pensions scheme run by my Department, which provides State compensation for death or disablement on a flat rate basis, and which does not distinguish between any of the war pensioners or their widows wherever the injury or death may have occurred. Then there is the earnings related payment pension made by the Ministry of Defence, which varies, as any other occupational scheme varies, according to when the man was serving and his terms of service.

Lord Shinwell

My Lords, recalling the Question that I ventured to put to the noble Lord yesterday, which was followed up by several of my noble friends, and noble Lords opposite, and particularly in view of the submission now made by the noble Lord, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, who has great knowledge of those involved in war pensions and the like, may I ask whether the noble Lord would not reconsider the position and seek to co-ordinate the two forms of pension so that war widows, in particular—although I agree that others are affected—who were bereaved in the First World War and in the Second World War are not placed at a disadvantage as compared with those bereaved in subsequent conflicts?

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, I readily acknowledge the expert knowledge of my noble friend Lord Fraser and of the noble Lord who has asked this supplementary question, but this is difficult. Our own scheme, the war pensions scheme of the Department of Health and Social Security, is adjusted every year, and big improvements are being made this October, which will apply to all Servicemen and their widows. But it is a very different thing to ask us to change an occupational pension scheme, which has been very much improved since March, and to make payment retrospectively to those who were not serving when the new conditions of service were introduced.

Lord Hale

My Lords, is not the noble Lord aware that there really is no greater claim upon the gratitude of the nation or the sentiment of the country than that of those who were disabled in the course of the 1914-18 war? Those of them who still survive—and I have a letter in my pocket from one who was disabled in 1924 in slave trading operations—surely have a right to look to an

immediate recognition of parity of treatment. While I appreciate what the noble Lord said about the October review, has it not been constantly demonstrated that the existence of these separate compartments provides an enormous amount of expensive work for the Government's legal advisers and legal departments, who will fight over a few shillings and call it an issue of principle, and that if parity in general were recognised as the first principle and gradually applied a great deal of grievance would be removed?

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, there is complete parity in the war pensions scheme operated by my Department, but I do not see how you can have parity in an occupational pension scheme when new conditions and better conditions are introduced progressively. It would be extraordinarily expensive retrospectively to give those same conditions to Servicemen who had already retired from the Forces.

Lord Shinwell

My Lords, while I recognise the noble Lords difficulty in this matter, could he not look at this again to see whether it is not possible, without changing any of the schemes—if there is technical difficulty in the way—to bring up the pensions of war widows bereaved in the wars of 1914-18 and 1939-45 to the level of those who are involved in subsequent conflicts.

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, I will certainly see that my noble friend the Secretary of State for Defence knows what has taken place in this house, both today and yesterday.

Lord Fraser of Lonsdale

My Lords, may I ask my noble friend one further question about this word "retrospection"? Nobody is asking him to pay for 50 years back to the First World War or even seventy years back to the Boer War. These men are still alive: they are disabled in the same way and they have the same cost of living. It is not retrospection; it is something for today and tomorrow.

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, what I meant was that when they were serving there were certain conditions of service (including perhaps the occupational scheme run by the Ministry of Defence), and now there is a new and improved scheme which does give better treatment to those who are serving today than to those who served previously.

Baroness Wootton of Abinger

My Lords, would the Minister not agree that there is a very strong case for equalising the conditions for all persons who have suffered from military action, whether they be widows or disabled persons? Would he not also agree that there are occasions when the Government are not wholly opposed to legislation with retrospective effect when it works to the disadvantage of people in this country? Would he not further agree that the number of persons who go back to the 1914-18 War who are involved in this differentiation is bound to be small? Hardly any of them can be younger than I am myself, having been a war widow from the 1914-18 War, though not any longer taking, or having wished for many years to take a pension. None of them is younger than myself and, in the ordinary course of nature, their number is likely very quickly to decline.

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, the fact of the matter is that if the new widows' pensions provisions which came into operation on March 31 last were applied to all war widows, the cost might well approach £100 million a year. However that may be, the principle of all occupational schemes is that you only receive the pension for which you qualify after you have joined that particular scheme.

Lord Shepherd

My Lords, perhaps the noble Lord would be good enough to refresh the memory of your Lordships' House about the case of those who are over 80 and who have made no contribution towards a pension scheme, but in spite of that the present Government felt it right and justifiable to pay them? To that extent the noble Lord has a precedent for the matter of these war widows.

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, that was a particular priority case, in which we did make an exception—and it was done after the noble Lord's Government had refused to do so.

Lord Shepherd

My Lords, the noble Lord may say there was a special priority, but I would hope he might realise that the feeling in this House is that there is a special priority in regard to these war widows.

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, this case concerned a national scheme. These people over 80 were receiving nothing—I repeat nothing—and when noble Lords opposite formed part of the Government they refused to give them anything. This is very different from an occupational pension scheme. These Servicemen and their widows are receiving a pension under the war pensions scheme. What we are talking about is an occupational pension scheme.

Lord Shepherd

My Lords, just one thing more and then I hope we might leave this: would the noble Lord recognise that we accept his criticism in respect of the over 80's, but we also recognise that though they themselves may have made no financial contribution, the war widows in fact made a major contribution to the war effort?

Baroness Summerskill

My Lords, could the noble Lord, say how much it would cost to pay all the blinded ex-Service men the same amount?

Lord Aberdare

My Lords, I have not got that figure.

WIRELESS FOR THE BLIND AND VAT

In the House of Lords on 25th July, Lord Fraser of Lonsdale asked Her Majesty's Government, "whether they will consider in the next Budget freeing wireless sets for the blind from V.A.T., bearing in mind that these sets, provided free on permanent loan to the blind by the British Wireless for the Blind Fund, have been free of purchase tax since the Finance Act 1945".

The Earl of Gowrie

"My Lords, the Government have considered the matter most carefully but have come to the conclusion that introducing legislation on the lines suggested would inevitably lead to pressure for similar reliefs for many other groups".

Lord Fraser of Lonsdale

"My Lords, is my noble friend aware that 8,000 people, mostly old, go blind each year and that this new tax will rob 1,000 of them of a wireless set next Christmas? Is he further aware that it would be very surprising if this ancient Parliament, having done something for 28 years should now cease to do it for the convenience of the Treasury?".

The Earl of Gowrie

"My Lords, my own awareness of the number of people who go blind every year is very largely as a result of work over very many years of the noble Lord who asked the Question—and of course the Government acknowledge it. I cannot accept, however, that not exempting wirelesses from V.A.T. is in fact a discriminatory tax against the blind".

Lord Fraser's request received warm support from a number of peers and peeresses and the Earl of Gowrie promised to bring the feeling of the House on this matter to his Right Honourable friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he added that he had no intention of misleading the House as to what could or could not be done.

Maintaining St. Dunstan's Tradition

We have been pleased to welcome several interesting personalities among St. Dunstaners from overseas during these past two or three months. Among them have been CHARLES HORNSBY, blinded in the First World War, who was a trainee in the early days at Regent's Park. He comes from Victoria, British Colombia, Canada, and visits England every other year to see relatives in Hertfordshire and Lincolnshire, the county of his youth and early manhood. Also Second World War St. Dunstaners, CECIL BENNETTS from Lismore, New South Wales, and George Grainger from Hobart, Tasmania, with their wives. The Bennetts and the Graingers stayed for part of their time in England at our Broadhurst Gardens Hostel.

GEORGE GRAINGER, an Edinburgh born Scot, emigrated to Australia in 1948. He first worked in Welfare and for the past 20 years he has been senior telephonist with the Hydro Electric Commission. George is also a talented musician and a writer in both poetry and prose and he was the first ever Guide Dog owner in Tasmania.

In a reminiscent mood, George told us about his sentiments in relation to his small son during his early days of blindness.

"My elder son was in the Royal Australian Navy for National Service. He was rather a special boy to me in that he was $2\frac{1}{2}$ or nearly 3 when I came home from the Army, invalided out. And I think the confidence he had in me gave me confidence in myself when I did not have much of my own, and in the little things he did, when his Mother offered to tie his shoe-laces he would say 'No, Daddy will'.

I would mend little wooden trucks for him and put the rails together of his little railway set and do other little jobs. He always came to me with them and it gave me a great deal of confidence. Also the sure knowledge that this child needed me and for this reason I felt that I had to be something quite special for him; that I had to go out and work and earn my living like other men so that when the children with whom he played—one of whose father was a special branch detective in the Edinburgh C.I.D. and the other was on the footplate of the Flying Scotsman service—boasted of what their fathers did, my small son would not be obliged to say, 'My Daddy sits at home and does nothing. He's on a pension' ".

BRIDGE NOTES

LONDON

The Sixth Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 7th July. The results were as follows:—

W. Allen and F. Dickerson	67
W. Lethbridge and R. Pacitti	65
A. Caldwell and W. Miller	60
W. Phillips and J. Lynch	58
R. Evans and H. Meleson	56

The Seventh Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 4th August. The results were as follows:—

W. Allen and Miss Vera Kemmish	66
R. Evans and F. Dickerson	64
W. Miller and H. Meleson	64
W. Phillips and P. Nuyens	63
R. Pacitti and J. Padley	53

Cumulative positions with two sessions to play. The best six results out of seven up to date are:—

R. Evans	407
W. Lethbridge	405
W. Miller	402
W. Allen	392
J. Padley	388
W. Phillips	387
F. Dickerson	378
P. Nuyens	375
A. Caldwell	363
R. Pacitti	353
H. Meleson	336
J. Lynch, after five matches	302
H. King, after three matches	196
Miss V. Kemmish after two matches	116
R. Stanners, after two matches	113

BRIGHTON

The Seventh Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 7th July. The results were as follows:—

S. Webster and W. Burnett	72
M. Clements and Partner	69
W. Claydon and A. Dodgson	67
R. Fullard and R. Bickley	64
J. Whitcombe and R. Goding	61
A. Smith and F. Rhodes	60
F. Griffee and W. Scott	48

Cumulative positions with two sessions to play. The best five results out of seven up to date are:—

R. Goding	356
S. Webster	356
R. Fullard	355
M. Clements	336
A. Dodgson	331
F. Griffee	331
W. Scott	323
F. Rhodes	321
W. Claydon	316
C. Walters	309
J. Whitcombe	303
J. Chell	292
W. Burnett, after four matches	251
A. Smith, after four matches	204
R. Bickley, after three matches	173

P. NUYENS
Secretary

Middlesex Bridge Congress

Last July the Middlesex Congress was held at the Berners Hotel in London, this was attended by a team of four from St. Dunstan's, Roy Armstrong, Bill Allen, Pat Lynch and myself. The Congress went on for three days and you certainly got plenty of good bridge. On the Friday evening we all took part in the qualifying round for the pairs cup, Pat and I were fortunate to win this round playing North, South. At the end of the evening session we were introduced to Mr. J. Joy, President of the Middlesex Bridge Union, who made us very welcome at the Congress, and as this was being directed by Mr. G. Connell we all felt very much at home. Incidentally Mr. and Mrs. Joy won the same section as we did playing East, West so we were in very good company.

When announcing our win Geoff Connell said that he thought this was the first time that a pair from St. D's. had come first in a competition of this calibre. That was as far as we got in the pairs cup, in the fours cup we did not qualify in the top section, but we did manage to qualify for what they call the consolation fours, once again however that was as far as we got.

When giving his closing speech at the end of the Congress, Mr. Joy on behalf of the St. Dunstan's team said a word of thanks to all competitors for being so kind and considerate at the table. Summing up, this was a very enjoyable Congress, we still have a great deal to learn about Bridge, but with the help of Geoft Connell and Alf Field I hope that with all their hard work this eventually will bear fruit.

J. LYNCH

LONDON BUSINESS HOUSES LEAGUE

Official results of the season ended last March were received too late for the August *Review*. They show that St. Dunstan's A team in Division 4B West finished second of seven teams. St. Dunstan's B team finished fourth of six teams in Division 4D West.

Players in the teams were: **'A'** P. Nuyens (Capt.), A. Caldwell, R. Evans, W. Lethbridge, W. Miller, W. Phillips; **'B'** R. Armstrong (Capt.), W. Allen, E. Carpenter, J. Lynch.

Bridge Drive

Fortunately the weather was fine and sunny for the St. Dunstaners, wives and friends, who came to the Club Rooms in Old Marylebone Road, for a pleasant afternoon's game at our Bridge Drive on 21st July. There were eleven tables for Bridge.

We were happy to see so many of our friends with an especially warm welcome for those who had travelled a distance to be with us for the afternoon.

We were also delighted to see quite a number of pupils from Roy Armstrong's Saturday afternoon Bridge Class taking part. A most encouraging sign for the future. Keep up the good work Roy, you are certainly doing a grand job.

Mr. G. C. Connell, who I am sure needs no introduction, was in charge of the actual running of the Drive.

Mrs. Horstead graciously presented the prizes to the winners, who were as follows:

1. A. Caldwell and Mr. G. C. Connell.
2. R. Fullard and Mr. S. Medcroft
3. W. Miller and Mr. C. Evans

Booby Prize. Mr. and Mrs. R. Pringle.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLANDS

Our August meeting was held on the second Sunday of the month as usual and it was quite well attended. The big event was the semi-final round of the Sir Arthur Pearson domino competition between Joe Kibbler and myself, Doug Cashmore. After a very tight game Joe pulled it off by two games to one. Good luck to him in the final which is between Lou Androlia and Joe Kibbler. This game will be played off at our October Meeting. During this semi-final quite a lot of interest was kept going by Lou Androlia who ran a book on each game and some big money changed hands from time to time, but as usual the bookie won in the end.

Mrs. Barbara Kibbler arranged the catering for this meeting and everyone joined in to thank her for an excellent spread.

September

Our September meeting was altered from an ordinary club meeting and we had an outing on that day instead. The date was Sunday, 9th September and we went to see our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shakspeare and their family, not forforgetting by any means Miss Topsy Shakspeare, Bill's sister. They live at Brent Knoll in Somerset and we had a beautiful day, not only weather-wise but with great enjoyment as well. It had all been arranged for us to have a picnic in Mr. Shakspeare's orchard but what a picnic, we had never seen such a spread. Mrs. Shakspeare had certainly been busy, everything was home made by her own delicate hands, cornish pasties, sausage rolls, patties, flans with different fillings and many other wonderful fancies. Bill kept all our thirsts quenched with local brew and cider, he even brought out his own home brew. He had managed to borrow a skittle alley from the local Royal British Legion and fitted it up in his orchard so after we had all filled up with

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BRIDGE NOTES—*continued*

Our Bridge Drive ended on a happy note with those who wished staying behind to play friendly games for the rest of the evening.

JIM PADLEY

good food and drink we tried to work some of it off by playing skittles. A competition was run for the men and one for the Ladies, Eddie Hordyniec won the men's award, a very fine bottle of vintage cider and Mrs. Kath Androlia won the Ladies' prize, a box of chocolates, not vintage. About four o'clock tea was brought out and more eats for those who were still hungry, or greedy, and then at 4.45 p.m. we left Brent Knoll and made our way through Bristol and over the Severn Bridge to Symonds Yat where another meal had been laid on for seven o'clock. We left there at roughly eight o'clock and headed for home after one of the finest outings this club has ever had I am sure.

Everything went off marvellously, the weather was absolutely glorious and the welcome and the spread that we had had at Brent Knoll was marvellous. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and I did not hear one complaint except for Mrs. Connie Faulkner saying that she had eaten too much!

Our sincere thanks go to the Shakspeare family for this magnificent day and in particular to Mrs. Margaret Shakspeare for all her delicacies. I believe many photographs were taken and if they all come out all right they will be a splendid record of a wonderful outing.

October

We have another outing to Stratford on Avon on **Sunday, 7th October** and our Annual General Meeting on **Sunday, 14th October**. At this meeting we are also holding a "Bring and Buy" sale to help toward an outing for next year.

Come along and join us and just see what you are missing.

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

Voluntary Work

Denise, daughter of MRS. BRENDA BATES, of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, has been doing voluntary aid work at her school when they helped Northern Ireland children enjoy a holiday by the sea. Denise has been helping with the meals for the week of the children's holiday.

PICK OF THE BUNCH

Listeners to B.B.C. Radio 4 on August 19th heard Lord Fraser urge sighted gardeners to encourage and help blind gardeners.

The programme was "Pick of the Bunch", a re-run of some of the more interesting questions on Gardeners' Question Time. Lord Fraser was asked to comment on a question from Mr. Frank Cotton, a blind gardener about fragrant or aromatic shrubs and plants.

Among the panel's suggestions were geraniums, thyme and sage, clove pinks, siberian wallflowers, stocks and hyacinths.

Asked how many blind gardeners there are, Lord Fraser said he knew 500 among St. Dunstaners.

"There must be thousands in the country as whole and it's up to you, listener, to find out the blind gardener in your village. Next time, lean over the fence, watch him for a few minutes and say, 'Good morning', 'Good afternoon' and then undoubtedly you will start talking about gardens. He'll tell you about his, you'll tell him about yours, perhaps you ask him to go round and see yours, he'd like that. You'll probably make a friend of that chap and you'll certainly do him some good. I'm not going to suggest any particular way you can help him but make friends with him. That's the whole purpose of this message. I've nothing else to ask you, but please do that the next time you go by".

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Granville Waterworth of Coventry

Many organisations such as the Marines, the Royal Air Force, the Guards and the Royal British Legion and nearly all regiments have their own neck tie, but yet St. Dunstan's have not.

Surely it would not be very difficult to design a tie say of navy blue, carrying a small St. Dunstan's crest in gold. This I am sure would be worn more than the badges as the pins can spoil the material of a new suit.

We apologise to JOHN JAMES HAMSON for incorrectly printing his name in the March *Review*.



Col. Sir Mike Ansell at work in his study.

SOLDIER ON

An Autobiography by Colonel Sir Michael Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L.

With a Foreword by
H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh

Peter Davies—180 pp. with index, £2.75

Picking up *Soldier On*, Col. Sir Michael Ansell's autobiography, one's first impression is the slimness of this volume covering a full and eventful life. The first chapters soon show why this is so. Sir Mike wrote this book himself, without the aid of literary "ghosts". Typing it in his own study at Pillhead, his flower farm near Bideford, in Devon, he has not wasted a word.

His modest, laconic style takes us briskly through his childhood as we learn, surprisingly—or perhaps not, that, as a boy, he preferred a bicycle to a pony. Born into an Army family, his education followed a traditional pattern: Wellington and Sandhurst. He had lost his early love of bicycles and already the horse was taking pride of place. He passed out of Sandhurst winning the Saddle of Honour for his term.

Military Career

In 1923 he joined the Inniskillings, by then amalgamated with the 5th Dragoon Guards, the regiment commanded by his father at his death in action in 1914. Then began an outstanding career, militarily and as a horseman. Col. Sir Mike tells it all without embroidery and without false modesty: international honours as a polo player and a show jumper; producing spectacular displays of Army horsemanship at the Royal Tournament and the International Horse Show, which pleased the young Princess Elizabeth, and then the war: promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel as the youngest Commanding Officer in the British Army at 34; wounding and capture at St. Valéry.

From this point his Spartan writing comes into its own. Through it the reader can form his own picture of the pain and frustration of near-blindness as a prisoner-of-war. Understatement emphasises the raising and extinguishing of hopes as treatments were tried by French, German and captured British doctors.

In descriptions of the building up of show jumping after the war the book sustains the same vivid level. Sir Mike is a committed supporter of British teams he has helped to select. Blindness certainly does not impede his descriptions of the tension as he "willed" British riders to win gold at the 1952 Olympics—he can recall the exact lay-out of the Helsinki showjump course that year—and go on to find further success in international events of every kind.

Although, through his organising ability, enthusiasm and flair, he has achieved enormous popularity for horse riding and fame for himself, Sir Mike owns that, through two family tragedies, "twice a widower", as he puts it, complete happiness has been denied him. Of the death of his first wife, Victoria, he writes simply, "I think for the first time I felt truly blind".

Acceptance

In fact blindness does not dominate this book despite the deprivation it must have meant to a man who was an all-round sportsman. Because the writer has accepted it so completely, so does the reader. Sir Mike says, "You have accepted your fate when you can say without embarrassment to people, 'I'm blind, would you please help me' ".

Of our own organisation he writes, "St. Dunstan's is a very great regiment and I always feel proud to belong to it". Praise indeed, for although the idea of St. Dunstan's as a regiment is not new, this is the judgement of a professional soldier to whom a regiment means more than a cliché.

The book ends on a reflective note at the conclusion of the Twenty-fourth Horse of the Year Show at Wembley last year—judged by the horse world and the paying public alike as the most successful yet. In his study at Pillhead, Sir Mike recalls the successes and the sadnesses of his life and pictures the scene from his window, "A friend tells me I can't see them, but he is wrong, for in my mind I see things well. They blaze sometimes".

Soldier On is a moving book, deceptive in its simplicity and candour. It is well illustrated with photographs and drawings. One of these, a caricature, shows 'Captain M. P. Ansell, American's Dream of what a British Cavalry Officer should look like!' Through the pages of this most readable book, Sir Mike Ansell emerges as the British ideal of a winner against all odds—and it is no dream.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

LETHBRIDGE-DAVISON. On 3rd August 1973, WALTER LETHBRIDGE of Stoneleigh, Oldham, Lancashire married MISS PAMELA DAVISON. We wish them every happiness in their married life together.

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. RONALD TINGAY of Dartford, Kent, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 4th September, 1973.

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. TONY HARALAMBOUS of Winchmore Hill, London, N.21, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 4th September, 1973.

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ROAKE of London, S.E.6., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 28th March, 1973. They joined a friend and his wife and the two couples hired a hall and had a joint party to celebrate the event.

Golden Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. WALTER JAMES WEST of Littleover, Derby, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 18th August, 1973.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:—

LOUIS M. ANDROLIA of Birmingham, who is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild—Tracey Lou, born on 13th July, 1973, to his son, Christopher and daughter-in-law, Pam.

WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN of South Shields, has become a grandfather for the fifth time following the birth of a boy to his youngest son, Keith and his wife Norma—the baby is to be called Keith Andrew.

GEORGE FONE of Enfield, Middlesex, who is proud to announce the safe arrival of his second grand-daughter, Tracey Louise, born to his daughter, Veronica, and her husband, on 18th August, 1973.

FREDERICK P. HARLEY of Elstow, Bedford, is pleased to announce the birth of three grandsons born to his family this year. A son, Graham, was born on 7th February to Malcolm and his wife; Michael and his wife also had a son, Mark, born in March, and Maureen gave birth to a daughter, Anne Marie on 21st April.

JOE HUMPHREY of Belfast is pleased to announce the birth of a grandson, Colin Edward, who arrived on 2nd July, 1973, born to his daughter Angela and her husband.

JOHN MCDERMOTT of Manchester, has pleasure in announcing the birth of a grand-daughter, born to Michael and his wife on 12th March. The baby is to be called Nina and she is the first girl in the family of 4 sons and 4 grandsons.

HUGH NABNEY of Belfast, is pleased to announce the birth of his third grandchild —a son having been born to his daughter Jean on 28th July, 1973, and he is to be called Ross Thomas.

ALFRED OUTTRIM of Hertford, who became a grandfather for the third time on the safe arrival of Simon Matthew Outtrim, born on 29th August, 1973.

MORRISH JAMES THOMAS of Peacehaven, Sussex, became a grandfather for the first time when his daughter, Margaret Ann Bruce, gave birth to a girl on 21st August, 1973, in Melbourne, Australia. The baby is to be called Michelle Jacqueline.

KENNETH WARD of Exeter, has pleasure in announcing the arrival of a grand-daughter, born to his daughter Mrs. Richard Smith, on 24th June, 1973. The baby is to be called Nicola Louise.

HERBERT WARD of Leeds, is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild— Charlotte Louise, born on 15th July to their son Christopher and his wife, Janie.

WILLIAM VICTOR VENESS of Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, announces the birth of a grand-daughter, born to his son Christopher and his wife, Susan, on 15th June, 1973. The baby is to be called Ellen Rose.

Great Grandfather

Many congratulations to:—

CHARLES KIRK of Lancing, Sussex, is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his 8th great-grandchild. Sean Lockyer was born in Calgary, Alberta, on 16th July, 1973.

Long Life and Happiness to:—

Andrew, son of ERIC BRADSHAW of Northampton, married Jane Webb at Kingsley Park Methodist Church on 18th August, 1973.

Robert, son of GUY BILCLIFF of Sutton Coldfield, who married Miss Gail Morris at St. Michael's Parish Church, Boldmere, Warwickshire, on 25th August, 1973.

Susan Anne, daughter of STANLEY GIMBER of Whitton, Middlesex, who married Paul Goddard at St. Augustin's Church, Whitton, on 18th August, 1973.

Margaret Ann, eldest daughter of Frederick Greenaway of Hythe, Hants., who married Graham John Porter at St. John's Church, Hythe, on 8th September, 1973.

Arthur, son of ARTHUR HOLMES of Southampton, who married Miss Georgina Stephenson at St. Paul's Church, Hainault, Nr. Ilford, Essex, on 14th July, 1973. The young couple are honey-mooning in Greece.

Trudy, daughter of HERBERT HOWARD of Portslade, Sussex, who married Myles Keith Byrne at St. Andrew's Church, Portslade, on 30th June, 1973.

Robert, son of ROLLAND PILON, of Upper Warlingham, Surrey, who married Miss Venessa Taylor on 21st July, 1973. The wedding took place in Yorkshire.

Billy, son of ELMER RICHARDS of Tregaron, Cardiganshire, married Elaine Matthews in April 1973.

Kay, daughter of TREVOR TATCHELL of Cyncoed, Cardiff, who married Leslie Samson on 11th August, 1973. Leslie is now in his final year of his London University Honours Degree Course in Geology.

Trevor informs us that Kay has just obtained a Joint Honours Degree at London University in both Zoology and Botany and she has secured a post in the Research Department at a Manchester Teaching Hospital. Kay and her husband are now living in the Manchester area.

Marilyn, daughter of WALLY THOMAS of Southampton, who married Clayton Brendish on 11th August, 1973.

JOHN BLACK of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is pleased to announce that his daughter, Christine has passed her latest exams gaining 2 'A' levels and 10 'O' levels. This enabled her to be accepted and start her Teacher Training at Middleton St. George College of Education in Darlington in September.

Christine's brother, John, who is an apprentice with a local Engineering firm has also gained Part Two of his City and Guilds examination in Mechanical Engineering with a credit, missing a distinction by only one mark.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:—

LESLIE CADMAN mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Kathleen Louise Cadman, who passed away suddenly on 5th July, 1973.

RONALD MURRALL BEALES of Hereford, who mourns the recent death of his mother.

RICHARD TAYLOR of Wolverhampton, on the death of his grandson, Antony Richard, who was born on 18th July and died on 26th July, 1973.

CHARLES ALFRED TONGE of Salford, Lancs, who mourns the death of his mother. She passed away recently whilst Mr. Tonge was on holiday.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

William Ernest Brown. *13th London Regiment.*

William Ernest Brown of Ilford, Essex, died on 14th August, 1973. He was 88 years of age.

He enlisted in the 13th London Regiment on 4th August 1914 and served with his regiment until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in June 1971. Mr. Brown had already retired from his civilian occupation as an upholsterer when his sight finally deteriorated and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's. He was a widower and since the death of his wife had been cared for by his daughter, Miss M. A. Brown, who lived at home. Mr. Brown had enjoyed very good health until recent weeks and visited Ovingdean last year. He leaves a daughter.

George Jessup. *Pioneer Corps.*

George Jessup, late of Enfield, Middlesex, and latterly residing at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex, died on 30th July, 1973. He was 74 years of age.

He enlisted in the Pioneer Corps in October 1939 and served with them until his discharge in April 1940. He joined St. Dunstan's in 1952. After preliminary training, Mr. Jessup worked for a short time in a factory but unfortunately, due to ill health, he had to give up employment. He and his wife settled in Enfield, Middlesex, where he lived in semi-retirement until the death of his wife in 1970, when he went to live at Northgate House. Mr. and Mrs. Jessup had few relatives but he leaves a brother-in-law, Mr. A. E. Mansfield, and other members of his family.

John T. Illingworth. *Somerset Light Infantry.*

John T. Illingworth of Rochdale, Lancs., died on 6th August, 1973, at the age of 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the Somerset Light Infantry in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1928.

After training he set up as a Boot Repairer and mat maker. However he was eventually forced to give up his business because of his ill health. He then occupied himself by making wool rugs and keeping poultry. In 1942 he commenced work in industry and he continued with this for a few years before his health again forced him to retire. On retirement Mr. Illingworth interested himself in his garden and string bag and wool rug making.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Deborah Illingworth, and his daughter, Edna.

Charlie Roach. *5th Durham Light Infantry.*

Charlie Roach of Darlington, Co. Durham, died in hospital on 4th August, 1973. He was 74 years old.

He enlisted in the 5th Durham Light Infantry in 1915 and served with them until January 1917 coming to St. Dunstan's in April of that year.

After training he took up poultry farming and he continued with this work for many years, he also bred pigs and kept a few sheep. During and after the Second World War he occupied himself by making wool rugs and string bags and he had many hobbies including gardening, woodwork and reading Braille. He never lost his interest in poultry farming and found time to lead a very active social life in the community and social work as Vice-Chairman of the local Blind Club. He suffered the loss of his wife in 1966.

He leaves a niece, Mrs. Appleton, and relations and friends.

Albert Edward Kett, D.C.M., M.M. *Norfolk Regt.*

Albert Edward Kett, of Norwich, Norfolk, died at his home on 18th August, 1973. He was 81 years of age.

He enlisted in the Norfolk Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Kett suffered mustard gas poisoning during his service in the 1st World War but it was not until 1955 that his vision failed altogether and he came to St. Dunstan's. His health at that time was not good and this prevented him from undertaking any type of hobby occupation.

Mr. Kett was already a widower and was cared for by his niece, Mrs. Hawes. In later years he unfortunately became housebound but he derived much pleasure from the company of his young great-nephew, Colin Hawes. Mr. Kett became more seriously ill in July but, as always, was cared for devotedly by Mrs. Hawes until the time of his death.

He leaves his niece, Mrs. Hawes and her son, Colin.

Henry (Harry) Nelson. *Machine Gun Corps.*

Henry (Harry) Nelson, of Bakewell, Derbyshire, died on 28th August, 1973 whilst staying at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex. He was 90 years of age.

He enlisted in the Machine Gun Corps in 1916 and served with them until he was wounded at Arras in July 1917 and was finally discharged in December of that year. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1918 and trained in poultry farming. He started off with an acre of land and did very well in this occupation, gradually building up his stock of poultry. However, in 1926 Mr. Nelson disposed of most of his stock and concentrated on gardening and greenhouse work. He found this a most absorbing occupation and continued with it for many years. Later in life Mr. Nelson busied himself mainly in his greenhouse, in which he took great pleasure.

He always enjoyed very good health but unfortunately suffered an illness in April last and went to Northgate House for nursing care. He did have a very brief spell back at home in August but it was at Northgate House that he passed away peacefully on 28th August.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Alice Nelson, a daughter, Eileen and a married son, Randolph.

Albert Taylor. *4th Worcester Regiment*

Albert Taylor of Stourbridge, Worcs. died at his home on 7th September, 1973. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 4th Worcester Regiment in 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919 coming to St. Dunstan's in the same year. He was wounded at Menin Road in September 1918. On joining St. Dunstan's he trained and settled in boot repairing and clog-making. He concentrated mainly on the latter and built up a very good trade. This continued right up until 1939 when there was a decline in the demand for clogs and Mr. Taylor turned to mat-making as an additional occupation until the clog trade picked up again. He disposed of his business and retired in 1946, taking up greenhouse work which, with his garden, he found a rewarding hobby. In addition he undertook some string-bag making.

His wife passed away in 1966 and his daughter, Noreen, and her husband, gave up their home to look after her father and have cared for him ever since.

Mr. Taylor kept fairly well for his age but unfortunately became ill in July and had to spend a period in hospital. Sadly his health continued to deteriorate and he died at his home.

He leaves three grown-up children.

Arthur Leslie Young. *Royal Engineers.*

Arthur Leslie Young of Harrow, Middlesex, died at Northgate House, on 3rd August, 1973, three weeks before his 70th birthday.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1940 and served with them until his discharge in 1941. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until March 1973. Following his discharge from the Army he worked for some years before his health deteriorated and he came to St. Dunstan's. He has been in very poor health and since June of this year has been nursed at Northgate House where he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Florence Mary Young, his three daughters and son Colin and their respective families.

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St Dunstans REVIEW NOVEMBER

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 646 **NOVEMBER 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Remembrance Day

This year, it happens that Remembrance Day falls on Sunday, November 11th, the original Armistice date in 1918 which all of us who served in the First World War will recollect.

All being well, I shall be joining the Parade of ex-service men and women at the Cenotaph and I look forward, as in the past, to meeting thirty or forty St. Dunstaners and their escorts. We will march past the Cenotaph and pay our tribute.

We are one of the strongest units in this historic parade and all of us are proud to take part. I have no doubt that in addition many St. Dunstaners throughout the land will be attending their local Ceremonies of Remembrance.

International Mobility Seminar

An International Mobility Seminar, organised jointly by the American Foundation for the Blind and St. Dunstan's, was held at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the week beginning September 24th. On the opening day, I visited the Conference to welcome those taking part, including scientists and administrators from America, New Zealand and the United Kingdom.

The Seminar, chaired by Dr. D. E. Broadbent, F.R.S., who is also Chairman of our Scientific Committee, dealt with both the theoretical and applied aspects of mobility. United Kingdom contributions, mainly from the University of Nottingham and also including a paper by Walter Thornton, concerned the practical side.

St. Dunstaners may like to be reminded that for many years we have been leaders in the field of research and of experiments to find out how science and engineering could invent appliances or aids which would help the blind to overcome the two greatest handicaps of blindness—namely, those of reading and of getting about alone.

We have not solved these problems satisfactorily for ordinary blind persons and the stick, or the long cane, our own ears and knowledge, remain the best aids to mobility, whereas the radio, Braille and the talking book help us with access to literature and to keep in touch with the world.

However, our powerful Scientific Committee, under Dr. Broadbent's chairmanship and the management of St. Dunstaner, Richard Dufton, pursues this matter vigorously.

Our Lady St. Dunstaners

The last Reunion for this year took place on Saturday 13th October at Bristol, when twenty lady St. Dunstaners spent the weekend at the Esso Motor Hotel at Hambrook, Bristol. This special Ladies' Reunion is held every few years.

COVER PICTURE: *Bill Chamberlain with guide dog Sally. See full story on page 18.*
Photo: *Evening Post, Reading.*

This year I have attended Reunions in Cape Town and Johannesburg, London, Newcastle and Birmingham and at all of these, except the last, Lady Fraser was with me. We much enjoy St. Dunstan's Reunions and I would be very pleased if additional St. Dunstaners, who do not normally go to Reunions, were to try to go next year as it gives us, or some other member of the Council who presides, such an excellent opportunity for meeting our friends and gauging how St. Dunstan's services are working.

At the Ladies' Reunion, in addition to a friend or escort for each St. Dunstaner, Mr. Wills, Miss Rogers, Miss Mosley and Mr. Castleton were present from Headquarters. There were also two guests with us, Miss E. Tatham, Head of the Chairman's Office and Miss Midgley, whom very many St. Dunstaners will remember with affectionate regard.

Every detail of the weekend was beautifully organised by Miss Meyer with the help of Miss Newbold.

The party visited places of interest in Bath, Wells and Bristol and seemed to me to be enjoying themselves tremendously.

Lady Fraser could not go to Bristol, one of the very few Reunions she has ever missed, because she is suffering from a bit of rheumatism. Barbara Bell, physiotherapist, said: "If only the doctors and the physiotherapists knew a little more about rheumatic troubles, I am sure there would be a queue of St. Dunstaner physiotherapists applying to treat Lady Fraser". I thought this a most charming and warm-hearted remark.

Blodwyn Simon, the only First War St. Dunstaner present, gave me a lovely bunch of flowers for Lady Fraser and I brought them back to London for her. She was delighted.

The ladies present included telephone operators, one physiotherapist, some engaged in home work, many housewives and two or three keen bridge players.

Beryl Sleigh and Gwennie Obern very sweetly sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and helped us all to sing "God Save The Queen".

This was a most happy Reunion and I feel sure I was right to tell the girls that all St. Dunstaners send them our love and best wishes.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Coming Events

Grocers' Christmas Party

The Christmas Party this year will take place on **Wednesday, 5th December** at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, 6.30 for 7 p.m. Invitations will be sent out by the Secretary, Mrs. Lillie, to those on her mailing list but any other St. Dunstaner who would like to attend, please write to **Mrs. M. G. Lillie, 11 Lancaster Road, Brighton BN1 5DG** as soon as possible.

Bridge Cruise

Tom Woods, on doctor's advice, is now unable to organise the Bridge Cruise. If any individual player is still interested, details of cruises are available from travel agents. We might point out that, although the Baltic Steamship Company's prices are reasonable in comparison with other companies, there has been a considerable increase on the figures quoted in the *Review* previously.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

William Robert Allman of Hull, who came to us in September of this year. Mr. Allman served with the Northumberland Fusiliers during the First World War, and is a widower with two sons.

Albert Stephen Corrin of Douglas, Isle of Man, joined St. Dunstan's in September 1973. Mr. Corrin served in the King's Liverpool Regiment in the First World War. He is a widower with two daughters and one son.

Harry Anderson Danby of Torquay came to St. Dunstan's at the end of

August 1973. He served in the Tank Corps during the First World War and after his discharge from the Army he became manager of a grocer's shop and also worked in various offices connected with the control of food stuffs. On his retirement Mr. Danby and his wife settled in Torquay. He is a very keen musician and used to play the organ and lead the choir.

Douglas Lionel Howard of Cwmbran, Monmouthshire, joined St. Dunstan's in September 1973. He served in the Royal Engineers from 1932 to 1945 and is married.

William Frank Luck of Queniborough, Leicestershire, came to St. Dunstan's in September 1973. During the First World War Mr. Luck served with the Royal East Kent Regiment. He is married.

Leslie Gilespie Robinson of Worthing, Sussex, came to St. Dunstan's in September 1973. He served with the Northamptonshire Yeomanry in the First World War. Before joining the army Mr. Robinson was a farmer and although he returned to the land for a period following his discharge from the army he had to change his occupation and worked in Government Departments until the age of 72 when he retired. He is married.

POPPY

(A contribution from Denmark)

The Poppy means a million graves in Flanders,
All there that we might still wild poppies see,
And in the World pursue our way of thinking
To live and love—and be what men call free!

The Poppy means the Albert Hall in silence,
A breathless hush on sad Memorial Day
When poppy leaves a million—from the ceiling
Fall softly floating, flutt'ring on their way.

MRS. F. DIXON

Tandem Bicycles

Have you a tandem bicycle in the garage that you never use these days? If so, perhaps you would like to get in touch with **Mike Tetley** of **27 Cunningham Hill Road, St. Alban's, Herts.,** who is anxious to purchase three of these bicycles to send them out to the Salvation Army School for the Blind in Kenya.

The Long Cane

by Walter Thornton

Walter Thornton, O.B.E., who has pioneered more than one mobility aid for St. Dunstan's and was the first British blind person to be trained in the United States in the use of the long cane, has sent us the following article. He feels there may be a number of St. Dunstaners who would derive increased mobility and safety in their independent travel if they were to train in this method even though they are now in middle age or beyond. Why not give it another thought?

It is now eight years since the first attempts were made to introduce the use of the long cane into this country. It is seven years since the Midlands Mobility Centre was established in Birmingham, to train blind people in the long cane system, and to train sighted instructors. It is six years since Jock Carnochan took up his duties as mobility instructor for St. Dunstan's in Brighton. Four years ago the Midlands Mobility Centre became the National Mobility Centre, when it was taken over by a consortium of the R.N.I.B., St. Dunstan's and the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind. The total number of instructors trained at the Birmingham centre is 115 from 12 countries.

Apathy and Hostility

In spite of the apathy and even hostility which characterise the attitudes of some blind people and even some administrators to long cane training, the steady expansion in the number of qualified instructors has been matched by an equally impressive expansion in the number of blind people in Great Britain who have benefited from long cane training. Estimates based on a survey carried out by the National Mobility Centre and on the long cane sales figures of the R.N.I.B., indicate that the probable number of long cane users in the U.K. is now of the order of 2,500, of whom St. Dunstaners represent a valid, if small, percentage.

Apart from those who reject out of hand any suggestions that training in travel skills, outdoor or indoor, can benefit them, the main grounds of objection seem to have derived from two sources, one theoretical and the other practical.

Without first-hand experience, the theoreticians argue that the use of the long cane is obtrusive and likely to inconvenience the sighted public. They fail to appreciate that the use of the long cane embodies a whole system of travel skills, representing a fortunate combination of a wealth of experience and creative thought, and that its competent exponents, far from inconveniencing the sighted public, impress its members with their ease and freedom of movement.

The practical objections have rightly been based on the difficulties associated with leaving home and employment to go away for training and on the awkwardness which many blind people feel in disposing of their long canes when not in actual use. In both cases the picture is now very different. Although facilities for domiciliary mobility training are still far from adequate, there are currently 55 mobility instructors working for local authorities and voluntary agencies in Great Britain, so that the possibilities are greatly increased that a St. Dunstaner can receive long cane training without leaving home or employment.

Steady Application

Steady application by a variety of people and organisations in this country over the past six years has resulted in the production of a satisfactory folding long cane, reliable and convenient. A two-piece model can be supplied by Jim Pickles of Worcester College. Two-piece and four-piece models will shortly be on sale by the R.N.I.B.

There are many advantages which could never occur to the theoretician objector to the use of the long cane. He would find it difficult to understand how a long cane traveller can walk down the middle, or towards the edge, of a pavement, able to avoid being slapped in the face by overhanging bushes or trees, or scratched by protruding holly hedges. Equally, the theoretician would fail to appreciate that the long cane user is much more capable of walking a straight line across an open space and consequently much more able to avoid straying into the drives, parking areas, garage entrances, and suchlike. Without actually having experienced it, there is a real difficulty in imagining the comforting reassurance felt by the long cane user in knowing that he is protected against the most dangerous hazards of the sudden drop and of obstacles, low or medium high.

I would like to conclude this article with just one example known to me personally of a St. Dunstaner who obtained both benefit and enjoyment from the use of the long cane during his closing years. The late Arthur Chambers, a well known physiotherapist, took up the long cane when he was over 80. Before his death three years later it had been the means of enriching his remaining years. After having several guide dogs, he had ceased to go out alone when he no longer wished to re-train with a new dog. From being shut in, however, his long cane training enabled him to resume his old habit of a daily walk of an hour; he resumed his chapel going under his own steam; he faced with equanimity a move to a new house and established warm and new connections in the district to which he moved. He often spoke in grateful and glowing terms of the tremendous difference which learning to use the long cane had made to him.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1692

The Sword in the Stone
by T. H. White
Read by Andrew Timothy

Described by the author as a fantasy, here we have the boyhood of King Arthur, an unknown foundling in the care of Sir Hector a kindly old Knight who brings him up as his second son. Wart, as he is nick-named, is a tolerant boy who takes no umbrage at the slights and boasts of Sir Hector's first son. One night he ventures into the forest to retrieve a falcon and gets lost. He has many adventures. At daylight seeking his way back to the castle he meets Merlin. Of course this is a fantasy and a very amusing one. Time somehow gets bent a bit and into the play comes Robin Hood and Maid Marion. It only surprises me that a Chieftain tank doesn't make an appearance.

Anyway good lighthearted reading never did anyone any harm so I hope you find it as relaxing and enjoyable as I did.

The Long Cane—*continued*

Cat. No. 1702
Doom's Caravan
by Geoffrey Household
Read by Gabriel Woolf

A field security officer and his team find evidence of a Nazi planned uprising in the Lebanon when Rommel is at the Gates of Egypt. Knowing it to be too imminent to be countered by official channels he and his men go to it alone.

An excellent yarn with more than the usual amount of trimmings of the spy thriller, it also has the hallmark of authenticity.

Cat. No. 1642
Gold From Crete
by C. S. Forester
Read by Michael de Morgan

For those who dislike short stories I would suggest giving this book a hearing.

Forester always wrote well of the Navy, and with a great degree of accuracy. Here his hero is Captain Crow, R.N. and Hitler is the opponent, not Napoleon. I think though that he has committed a faux pas when he writes of a German submarine Captain being rescued after a depth charge attack, but then I'm not a naval man.

He turns his attention to the Army and the desert war before passing on to the R.A.F.

Finally we reap what I think is possibly the best of the crop. A long well-researched account of what would have happened and what would have been the result of Hitler's defeat had he decided to launch Operation Sea Lion against Britain in 1940.

Forester describes a battle with total surprise and initiative to the enemy, but a crushing defeat on land sea and air to follow.

Speculation perhaps, nevertheless fascinating reading.

John, son of our St. Dunstaner, STANLEY FOWLER of Beeston, Notts., has recently been made Sgt. J. Fowler in the Boys Brigade. He has obtained the following awards: **Scripture**—First Class with honours. **Communication**—gold. **Safety**—gold. **Drill badge**—silver. **Art**—gold. **Christian Education**—silver. **Sportsman's badge**—silver. **Camping**—bronze. **Physical badge**—bronze, and he also has sportsman's colours for football and cricket.

Free Tape Recorded Library for the Blind

We believe that a number of St. Dunstaners, who are not already acquainted with Mr. Ron Hall's Free Tape Recorded Library will be interested in the following particulars. Mr. Hall produces a new programme each week and has already built up a library of excellent recordings such as an interview with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (25 minutes), A Trial at the Old Bailey (80 minutes), The Steam Locomotive (25 minutes), An Archaeological Dig (40 minutes), An enquiry into Witchcraft (55 minutes), The Guide Dog (65 minutes), The Q.E.2 (75 minutes), and a great many others with a wide variety of subjects.

These recordings are available for play-back on either the ordinary tape recorder using 5 in. spools at a speed of $3\frac{3}{4}$ i.p.s. or on cassettes. Particulars are available from **Mr. Ron Hall, 26 Laggan Road, Maidenhead, Berkshire,** and a stamped addressed envelope should be sent or an addressed label if particulars are required in Braille.

Any St. Dunstaners who would like to become agents for the Library would be most welcome. They would be sent master copies by Ron Hall and would copy them on to their own tapes or tapes which he can supply. These tapes they would circulate to interested friends or acquaintances. The only condition is that no charge is ever made to any blind person.

STAFF RETIREMENT

Miss M. Dagnall

MISS MILDRED DAGNALL, who has looked after our St. Dunstaners' escorts, dances, race-going, concerts, bridge, chess and general entertainment details at Ovingdean for so long, retired at the end of October.

Miss Dagnall joined the Staff at Ovingdean in June 1948 and although she left the fold for periods of 2 years and 4 years, she has given 19 years' valuable service. We all wish her a very happy retirement.

As Entertainments Organiser she is known to all St. Dunstaners who visited Ovingdean and a number have asked to be associated with her retirement presentation. Matron Hallett at Pearson House will be glad to act as Treasurer and receive any donations.



Wally Thomas in the cockpit of a Lightning. With him are Flight-Lieutenant Chris Watson and Chief Technician Wally Murray. Photo: *R.A.F. Binbrook*

THE DACRE TROPHY

by Wally Thomas

I am a totally deaf-blind St. Dunstaner, having lost my sight and hearing while serving with an R.A.F. bomb-disposal squad during the second war.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre kindly invited me to join her at this year's presentation of the Dacre Trophy, and George Rees, known to many of you, generously agreed to act as my escort. The trophy was given by the late Air Commodore G. B. Dacre, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., in memory of Flying Officer Kenneth Fraser Dacre, D.F.C., killed in action in 1943. The award was won this year by No. 11 Squadron, Lightnings, R.A.F. Binbrook, Lincolnshire, as the squadron which made the most significant contribution to the overall level of fighter efficiency during the year.

It was mid-afternoon when George and I dumped our bags on to the platform of Lincoln station. George looked around and said, "There is an R.A.F. pilot further along the platform and he sports the rank of Flt.-Lt.—and now he is walking towards us."

The young officer picked up my left paw and said, "Good afternoon. I'm Chris Watson and I've come along to welcome you on behalf of the C.O. and the boys of No. 11 Squadron. My car is outside. Ready?"

As we sped to Binbrook, he told George and me he had learned the deaf-blind manual at school in order to help a deaf class mate. We parked outside the officers' quarters, were taken to our rooms and served tea. Then Chris drove us over to the main hangar and we went into the crew room to meet the Squadron Commander, Wing Commander D. A. Cowley, and the

boys. There was no inhibition among them, they were friendly and easy to know. Their warm welcome made me feel good all over and we were soon trading in humour. After telling them how I'd won the war, I left them and went to look over a Lightning aircraft. I climbed into the cockpit and had the controls explained to me.

That evening, Chris's fiancée, Anne, kindly learned the Manual and encouraged others to do so.

It was the following morning and my watch was registering 10.15 when George told me a small plane was circling the drome. It came in quietly and taxied smoothly and it brought Mrs. Dacre safely to Binbrook. Chris drove us to the main hangar to join the rapidly increasing number of spectators. George and I were favoured with front row seats. Mrs. Dacre, wearing a smart suit, walked with a slight military bearing to her appointed place to take the parade and make the presentation, and she did so with a combination of efficiency and dignity. She was accompanied on the dais by the Air Officer Commanding No. 11 Group, Air Vice-Marshal R. W. G. Freer, C.B.E., M.B.I.M.

I liked it a lot when the pipe band marched by, for I could feel the vibration of the big drum—t-bom bom bom, t-bom bom bom. After the parade we went into the crew room for drinks and to be introduced to some of the guests.

Miles Away in Minutes

Then we climbed the stairs to the control room in readiness for the fly-past. Nine Lightnings jockeyed into position at the head of the runway. A signal sent them screaming off the strip in single file and at five seconds intervals. Within minutes they were miles away and at a height of 10,000 feet. They looked like flies playing a game peculiar to their species. But a more intelligent observation served to inform they were weaving into formation.

They achieved their pattern and headed for the airfield. These cavaliers of the clouds advanced upon us in a daring wing-tip to wing-tip and nose-to-tail cluster. They dipped down to 2,000 feet and the control tower vibrated as they roared overhead, at 500 m.p.h. and leaving the spectators grinning with admiration.

They returned to their playground and re-grouped. This new formation placed greater demands upon their skills. They swooped in lower and noisier, then rocketed up and away. They seemed to be building up an atmosphere among themselves and the spectators. An air of expectancy was growing among the spectators as they watched the pilots manoeuvring into their third and final formation.

Skill and Daring

This called for all the skill and daring the pilots knew and to blend those qualities with team-work. They held a high ceiling until they were about five miles away then they dipped and the control tower began to vibrate. They were making an impressive and awesome approach. Then they roared over the tower and the roar was followed by a profound silence in the room. No-one moved or spoke. In that brief and tranquil moment honour was paid to Kenneth Dacre.

The armourers invited me over to their place for the afternoon for pow-wow and tea. They were a lively lot and happy to answer my questions about modern armament. The talk drifted to stories and the exchange rate was laughingly good.

The evening started with cocktails in the Station Commander's home. Then we drove back to the officers' mess to join the increasing number of guests. The main rooms had been gaily decorated by the officers and their wives. The dining room was shadowy in candle light. Over 200 guests sat down to a superb meal that was accompanied by wines, port and liqueurs.

Air Vice-Marshal Freer

Air Vice-Marshal Freer made the opening speech. His opening sentences were of a serious tone and suited to the occasion. When he turned his attention to the lighter side of squadron life, the junior officers started their bantering, and he wasn't slow in responding. Mrs. Dacre, was the next to speak and she received the same treatment and accepted it all in good humour.

The party atmosphere was growing in leaps and bounds. We moved from the dining room to the bars and dance floor. I enjoyed conversation with many people and danced with attractive women. It was around 2 a.m. and I was dancing with Jeanette. Dancing has never been among

my best subjects. But on this particular occasion I thought I was making a remarkably good show of a fox-trot, though I was told later the band was churning a waltz!

When Jeanette and I left the floor I was asked to go to another part of the large room. The Squadron Commander, Wing Commander Cowley, bestowed upon me the honorary membership of the Squadron and officers' mess. Then he handed me a folder containing photographs taken of me in the cockpit of a Lightning.

It was one of those rare moments when I found myself lost for words. Then I felt my jaw and tongue moving and realised I was making an inadequate speech of thanks.

Air Partial Thomas

As the hands moved around the clock I was becoming accustomed to my new rank of Air Partial Thomas. It was approaching 5 a.m. when I slid between the sheets of my bed, and two hours later I was climbing out of them.

Chris's car made it to the railway station bang on time. George was throwing the cases aboard as Anne kissed me under the left earhole and Chris shook my right hand. There was the slamming of a door, the turning of wheels and the waving of hands. We had throughly enjoyed every moment of those two wonderful days.

Flt.-Lt. Chris Watson had been generous to favour us with round-the-clock assistance, Anne was kind to help us whenever the opportunity presented itself, and it was good of all other members of the squadron to offer us such warm friendship. We thank them most sincerely for their every gesture.

Note by Elizabeth Dacre

Wally made a first class speech at the dinner and brought the house down. The Station Commander Group Captain McClen writes of Wally:

"What a success he was and how inspiring."

Wally's good spirits and delightful humour and George's skill and patience in dealing on hand language with the constant stream of "chaps" wanting to talk was unbelieveable. As I write I feel quite emotional when I look back on Wally's courageous come back and I am proud to have him and George as friends.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLANDS

We made our annual visit to Stratford on Avon to meet our old friends at the Royal British Legion on Sunday, 7th October, but unfortunately the outing started rather disastrously as our coach, which had been booked for 2 p.m. did not arrive to pick us up until 3.30 p.m. so instead of being able to spend an afternoon walking or boating at Stratford before tea we had to leave all these ideas alone for this year, although some of our party did go for a stroll round after tea.

A very lovely salad tea had been prepared for us by the Ladies' Section of the Royal British Legion and we all sat down and thoroughly enjoyed it. We gave our usual thanks to the branch committee and the Ladies for the very fine welcome which they gave to us on our arrival and for the grand spread.

The bar was opened early as usual for us and everyone enjoyed the evening.

We left Stratford for home at 8.30 p.m. and just to show that the delayed start to the outing had not dampened their spirits all joined in a really good sing-song on the return journey with a great deal of help from the coach driver.

This was the last of our club outings for 1973 and we have had three very good ones, including being very lucky with the weather each time.

As I have said in previous notes why not come along and join us at our club meetings and take part in these very enjoyable trips?

Our next meeting will be on **November 4th** owing to the second Sunday in November being Armistice Day.

D. E. CASHMORE
Secretary

LONDON

As we leave the lighter Summer days behind us when the attendance at our Thursday Club has been exceptionally good, we are hoping that the numbers will continue to grow through the darker Winter months.



Bill Griffiths with the Jack Bennett Challenge Trophy he won at Stoke Mandeville.
Photo: *Telstar Photographics, Blackburn.*

CLUB NEWS—*continued*

Before our Summer recess the Sir Arthur Pearson Aggregate Domino Competition (eight best results of twelve) came to its final conclusion. The first prize was won by C. Hancock, with 63 games. This was followed by R. Pacitti with 59, and the third was won by J. Majchrowicz with 57 games. The special ladies' competition in conjunction with the Sir Arthur Pearson Aggregate Dominoes was won by Mrs. Pacitti, the second by Mrs. Padley and the third went to Mrs. Hancock.

The Fives and Threes are also under way and we hope these will be concluded by the end of the year.

The winners of our Domino Games during September were as follows:

6th September	**1. W. Harding**
	2. J. Majchrowicz
	W. Miller
13th September	**1. W. Miller**
	2. J. Padley
27th September	**1. R. Pacitti**
	2. C. Hancock

W. MILLER

Michael, son of GEORGE HEWETT of Pearson House, Brighton, has gained a B.A. Degree (Hons.) in Fine Arts at the Newcastle University.

Sports News

Stoke Mandeville Multi-disabled Sports

The 1973 Senior Multi-disabled Sports were held in glorious sunny weather on Saturday, 8th and Sunday, 9th September at the Sports Stadium, Stoke Mandeville, as always, well supported by St. Dunstan's Team. Representing us this year were: W. Miller, C. Stafford, J. Cope, J. Wright, W. Griffiths, J. Simpson, W. Smith, G. Waterworth, D. Purches, P. Spencer, A. Carter, with J. Scott, W. Brown, G. Gillholm, B. Mills, W. Harris and J. Carnochan in attendance.

The team and escorts were billeted at the Sgts. Mess, R.A.F. Halton, where the Team Choir under the direction of 'Fingers' Spencer on the piano gave good rendering of "you name it, we'll sing it!" In fact, apart from his one or two medals for Sports, Pete should have had a medal for long distance piano playing.

It was nice to have some competition in the sports and swimming in that of the Metropolitan Sports Club for the Visually Handicapped, all a young team, in fact the average age comparison would be half, and it says a lot for our sportsmen when you compare performances, and the distribution of prizes, was fairly even.

The most exciting event was that of the Medley Relay Swimming, when the lead changed hands a couple of times before our final leg, J. Cope, came home a winner by a yard. The majority of our team won prizes in the field events and swimming, with the major prize in the multi-disabled section going to Bill Griffiths. So ends our sports for 1973. Keep training for 1974—who knows what is in store!

J. CARNOCHAN
Sports Officer

Miss Shirley Somervell



Some of our readers will remember CAPTAIN ALAN SOMERVELL who died suddenly at the age of 54, almost 10 years ago. He served in the 4th New Zealand Field Regiment and lost his sight at the battle of Monte Cassino in 1944. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1945 and trained in London as a physiotherapist. His wife Edna, and young son Derek joined him in England, where his daughter Shirley was born. After qualifying Capt. Somervell returned to New Zealand and set up in private practice, later becoming President of the New Zealand Society of Physiotherapists. He was a Rotarian and Borough Councillor and very active in local and charitable activities.

Amateur Runner

Mrs. Somervell and Shirley (No. 37 in our photograph) have been in England for some time. Back in New Zealand Shirley became a keen and very successful amateur runner. She is a middle distance runner concentrating on 800 and 1500 metres. In 1973 she won the Atalanta Trophy, known as the Lillian Board Cup, for the best performance of the day, qualifying for the track 400 metres record. In England she trained with the Cambridge Harriers Club and has put up some fine performances. In the time of 2 minutes 5.8 seconds she won the Women's Invitation 800 metres at the International Hungary versus Great Britain match, held at Crystal Palace on August Bank Holiday and won the International Invitation 800 metres, Sweden versus Great Britain, in 2 minutes 5.1 seconds, in September.

Born in England

Having been born in this country Shirley is entitled to run for England. On Saturday, 6th October, in the Commonwealth Games trials she came 5th in the 1500 metre event, her time, 4 minutes 20 seconds. Just four seconds slower than the winner.

Unfortunately Shirley could not give of her best in the 800 metres Commonwealth Games trials, owing to a virus infection, and she just failed to be selected for the English team by 0.4 seconds.

Now Mrs. Somervell and her daughter have returned to New Zealand, where Shirley will be competing in the Auckland trials in November, and the New Zealand trials in December, with the hope of being selected for the Commonwealth Games early in 1974. These are being held in Christchurch and we all wish Shirley the best possible good fortune.

Successes in 1973

Some of Shirley's further successes this year are:

2nd in Kent Championships 1500 metres.
3rd in Kent Championships 400 metres.
2nd in Southern Counties Championships 800 metres.

1st in British Milers Club invitation 1500 and 800 metres in July, running the second fastest time by a British girl in Britain at that time for the 800 metres.

Mr. C. D. Wills cutting the celebration cake provided by the Esso Motor Hotel, under the supervision of about half the Reunion party.

Waiting for the Prince of Wales outside Wells Cathedral are St. Dunstaners Vera Kemmish, Emily McClarnan, Barbara Bell and Margaret Paterson.



A Week-end in the West Country with the Girls

"I've enjoyed everything."

"The trips are always so interesting."

"It has just been absolutely perfect."

"A wonderful week-end, we've enjoyed every minute."

Just some of the things the girls were saying about their Reunion, held over the week-end, October 12th-15th, at Bristol. In his Chairman's Notes, Lord Fraser has described the Reunion and on these pages we include photographs and the views of some of the very happy group of St. Dunstaners gathered for their week-end in the West Country.

At Wells

Emily McClarnan: "Today was a real surprise—Prince Charles. We were by the wall as he got out of the car. I got the

. . . And the moment they were waiting for: His Royal Highness arriving for Harvest Thanksgiving.





The Penny-Farthings who provided the cabaret on the final night.

Margaret Stanway doubted comedian Brian Harding's claim to a hairy chest only to find he was prepared to prove it. "Eventually I likened it to a doormat," said Margaret.



atmosphere of the occasion and could hear what was happening."

Gwen Obern: "The Prince—Oh, he made my day. I think he's gorgeous. I heard him speaking to a young student and he said to him, 'I hope you will pass your examinations.' "

At Bath

Barbara Bell: "The Roman Baths were the highlight for me. Some of the broken columns that were lying about one was able to touch and I dabbled my fingers in the hot water. We were able to walk on some of the broken, crumbly pavements and one got a sort of impression of the tiled pavement under foot."

Vera Kemmish: "We did try a bath bun but we were so afraid they were going to be large that Blodwyn and I decided to have half each. It is light and fluffy compared with our currant buns. Afterwards I wished I'd had a whole one."

At the Reunion Dinner

Anne Hodges: "I enjoyed Gwen and Beryl singing. Having heard them so often, it brought back memories."

Eileen Maynard: "I will remember the sincerity of Lord Fraser's speech when he was telling us what Barbara had said about Lady Fraser. I admired him because he was very moved but he controlled his emotions and you just feel so proud."

The Cabaret

Beryl Sleigh: "They were very good indeed, I thought, and very natural. You can't single anyone out. They did it very well indeed."

Margaret Paterson: "The old songs are much more friendly. I mean, who could sing pop songs like we were singing tonight?"

St. Dunstaners' Thanks

Margaret Stanway expressed St. Dunstaners' thanks formally at the dinner: "On behalf of the women of St. Dunstan's I would like to say thank you for another wonderful reunion and especially I would like to say thank you to Miss Meyer for the organisation which has gone into this. We appreciate everything that has been done."



Lord Fraser amuses his guests during his speech. On the left is Eileen Williams and, right, Margaret Paterson.

After dinner, at Lord Fraser's request, Gwen Obern and Beryl Sleigh sing a duet.





Mr. Andrew Drysdale starts the race.

St. Dunstan's in City Road Walk

A bird's eye view of Billy Miller and escort as they turn out of Smithfield under Holborn Viaduct.



A team of four St. Dunstan's race-walkers acquitted itself well against five sighted teams in a new race on a road circuit in the City of London on Saturday, October 6th.

The race, called the City Road Walk, involved 24 walkers in a massed start—no handicaps—and the St. Dunstaners finished in this order: Bill Miller: 4th in a time of 35 minutes 10 seconds over the 3½ mile course; David Purches: 6th in 36 mins. 28 secs.; Roy Mendham: 10th in 38 mins. 44 secs. and Stan Tutton: 13th in 39 mins. 33 secs.

Team points were awarded according to the order of finish—24 for the winner, 23 for second and so on. The performances of the St. Dunstan's team members earned them 67 points and second place, only three points behind the winners, Metropolitan Police Cadets, Norwood, with 70 points.

The individual winner was Inspector K. Turner, of the City Police A team, who clocked 32 mins. 8 secs. In addition to the winners, Met. Cadets, as they are known, and St. Dunstan's, the City of London Police had two teams in the race as did the Royal Green Jackets.

The teams started from the church tower of St. Alban, Wood Street. The tower is all that is left of this City Church destroyed during the blitz in 1940. They walked twice round a circuit which took them along London Wall, Aldersgate Street, through Smithfield, down Farringdon Street under Holborn Viaduct, to Ludgate Circus, up Ludgate Hill, around St. Paul's Cathedral, up New Change, across Cheap-



Spectators applause as Stan Tutton and his escort finish—ahead of half the field of sighted walkers.

side into St. Martin's-Le-Grand, then Gresham Street and finally Wood Street again.

This race through historic streets, many of them rebuilt after the war and, on weekdays, busy with traffic, could only be run at a week-end and with the co-operation of the City Police—and what co-operation they gave! There was a policeman at every turn and, where necessary, the Saturday afternoon traffic was halted to give precedence to the walkers.

After the race the competitors showered and changed in Wood Street Police Station where they enjoyed a chicken supper as the guests of the Royal British Legion, Lloyds of London Branch, who sponsored the race. Presentations of a cup and medals were made by their Chairman, Mr. Andrew Drysdale.

The detailed results of the City Road Walk were:

Team Event:

	Team	*Points*
1st	Met. Cadets, Norwood	70
2nd	**St. Dunstan's**	**67**
3rd	Royal Green Jackets A	59
4th	City Police A	54
5th	City Police B	40
6th	Royal Green Jackets B	10

Individuals:

	Name	*Team*	*Mins.*	*Secs*
1st	Turner	City Police A	32	08
2nd	Pearman	Met. Cadets	33	54
3rd	Turner	City Police B	34	33
4th	**Miller**	**St. Dunstan's**	**35**	**10**
5th	Bennett	Met. Cadets	35	47
6th	**Purches**	**St. Dunstan's**	**36**	**28**

The dome of St. Paul's towers in the background as David Purches, escorted by Fred Duff, nears the end of the second lap.



BEYOND ALL PRAISE

Reprinted from the Reading Evening Post *of 1st August* 1973.

Sally the guide dog may have given up her life to save her handler, says the blind man who used her to "see" for four years.

The tragic end to the six-year-old labrador's life came less than 24 hours after she was in collision with a bus in the centre of Reading on Monday.

She was put to sleep yesterday as a result of serious injuries to her hind legs—after what her handler thinks was an attempt to save his life.

Mr. Bill Chamberlain, aged 79—who has been blind for 57 years after he was hit in the temple by a sniper's bullet in the Flanders trenches in World War I—says Sally walked into the road and then pushed him back on to the pavement. It was when she turned quickly to save Bill that her hind legs were caught by the bus.

"I am not absolutely sure that this happened but it seems likely because she turned back on me after spotting the bus," he said. "If this was so, it was a brave thing to do and she must have loved me very much."

Favourite visit

It was while the two were out on one of their regular shopping sprees that the accident happened at the junction of Queen Victoria and Broad Streets.

"We knew Reading very well between us. I just used to tell her that we were going to a particular shop and she would lead me straight there. We would have a 20-minute walk from our house in Shepherds House Lane, Earley, and then catch a bus to the town centre.

"Sally was able to associate the sound of the shop's name with its smell. She was an excellent dog and I am very upset at what happened. We went to Reading three times a week and her favourite visit was to the pet shop, where we picked up her food."

They were on the way to the pet shop when the accident happened. Mr. Chamberlain said he gave Sally the order to move forward and didn't hear the bus. He said her back legs caught the wheel and that she bit his hand in terror and pain.

Housebound

"She was taken to the vet's and was under heavy sedation. She didn't really know what was going on and the only humane thing was to put her to sleep. I will miss her terribly."

Without Sally, Mr. Chamberlain cannot leave the house because he is unable to cross roads alone. His wife Jessie, aged 81, is housebound. Nursing an injured left hand after being taken to Battle Hospital, where doctors inserted 13 stitches, he said there was a chance he might still be able to train for a new dog.

Describing Sally as a "friendly, gentle" dog, who was keen on her work, Mr. Chamberlain said she did not want to go out on the day of the accident. "She hid under the sideboard. That is very unlike her, as she knew it was the day to go to the pet shop to collect her food. Perhaps she knew something was going to happen. I have had four dogs in 31 years and this is my first accident."

We are glad to report that early in October, Bill Chamberlain was called to the G.D.B.A. Centre at Exeter to train with a new dog.

GARDENING NOTES

At this time of the year we begin to receive reports through the post from the keen gardeners amongst our St. Dunstaners on the results they obtained for their produce at the local Flower Shows held in their districts. Here are two good results received to date.

GORDON WATTS, of Norwich, attended his local show and entered 26 items obtaining prizes for 21 of these. He received 15 First and 6 Seconds and a certificate for the highest marks in Norwich. He was showing flowers, fruit and vegetables.

HENRY HASKEY, of Harrow Weald, also has been showing flowers in his local Flower Show and obtained 2 Firsts for asters and flower arrangement, a Third for mixed perennials and a Third for sweet peas, with a Highly Commended for african marigolds.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Here we are again, locked in the attic at Pearson House, pencil poised for a quick run-down of the events of the past month.

Before beginning our catalogue of more conventional happenings, must tell you of our alarming experience! It began, as do all the best suspense stories, in the early hours of a night rent by a violent thunder storm. Lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and the rain was coming down in buckets! Suddenly the strident clamour of bells joined in the din! It also rang in Westcot, which as you know, is that most desirable residence adjoining Pearson House, wherein dwell the Valiant and Dedicated ones. Roused from their slumbers, the V.A.D.s leapt from their beds. Struggling into a motley assortment of garments and seizing umbrellas, they sallied forth looking like fugitives from a "Carry On" film. One of them has been accused of hopping along with both legs down one trouser but this she stoutly denies! Through the torrential rain they scurried to reach the main building, hearts beating madly as they thought of the heroic deeds of rescue they might be called upon to perform. True there were no flames, not even a tiny puff of smoke visible. Could it be a false alarm? Yes it could! Lightning must have done something to the wires, and set the bells a-ringing. Oh, what a relief! A genuine fire is something we can well do without!

Two Concerts

Apart from things that go ring in the night, we had a fairly quiet time of it until near the end of the month. Then there were two very welcome concerts on our programme. The first of these was given by Mr. George Watson and the Palm Court Trio from Saltdean. As the name suggests, the trio consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Watson playing the violin and cello respectively, plus their lady pianist. The trio with their guest, a charming soprano, gave us a very enjoyable selection of music and songs in the Palm Court manner. Although much in demand they have promised to come again when their other engagements permit.

The second concert was most eagerly awaited and very well attended. You will understand why, when we tell you that it was provided by the Not Forgotten Association. How pleased we were to meet Colonel and Mrs. Schoolbred again. Miss Seeley, the Association's Secretary, was not herself able to come this time, but sent her warm regards to all. Although there were only four performers, an ideal number for the size of room we have here, they gave us wonderful entertainment.

Joan Bramhall, soprano, and John Ford, tenor, sang a delightful selection of solos and duets, ranging from calypsos to operatic arias. Bradley Harris, compére, teller of stories, reciter of odd odes, and singer of comic songs, had us "in stitches", as the saying goes. Their singers were accompanied by Elsie Taylor at the piano. Dear Elsie, our friend of many years, how pleased we were to hear you play again, especially as we have pensioned off the Ovingdean piano that you always had so much trouble with! After the speech of thanks given by Victor Buck, the waves of applause showed that once again the "Not Forgotten" concert had been a huge success.

August

In August the Wednesday group heard a talk entitled "An Examiner Abroad", given by Miss Jay Thomas of Worthing. Miss Thomas is, of course, no stranger to us. Many of you will have attended one of the concerts given by her pupils each Easter Sunday for oh!, we don't like to say how many years. As well as being a dancing teacher Miss Thomas is also an adjudicator. She visits many countries in the course of her work, and it was her experiences during these travels that were the subject of a most entertaining talk.

Now the sky over the chimney-pots of Old Kemp Town is darkening. Our pencil has worn down to the wood, and the "dreaded deadline" (the latest date for sending these notes to the *Review*) is upon us. So until the next time, from the struggling journalist in the attic, farewell!

BRIDGE NOTES

Bridge Week in Harrogate

Saturday, 15th September was the beginning of the 34th annual Bridge excursion to Harrogate. It is the one week of the year to which members of St. Dunstan's Bridge Club look forward. There were three new boys this year, myself being one of them and the others being Frank Griffee and Alf Dodgson, and I am sure that I can speak for everyone else who went when I say that a wonderful time was had by all. When I say all, there was one exception, Reg Goding, who unfortunately met with an accident as the train was pulling into Harrogate railway station which hospitalised him for part of the week, but fortunately he was able to travel home on the Saturday with the main party. I would like to take this opportunity to wish Reg a quick and sure recovery.

It was a pleasure to find everything so well organised and everyone so kind and co-operative throughout the whole visit. Beginning at the Hotel with the personal friendly welcome from Zophie, the Manageress, and her Staff, and then all the week the friendly reception from members of the various clubs we visited. Yes, indeed we met and made friends with a lot of very nice people and I would like to take this opportunity to thank them all on behalf of St. Dunstan's Bridge Club.

Match Play

Coming to the actual matches these were played in great earnest and I think it fair to say that honours were even. In the match for the St. Dunstan's Cup, I have to report that the St. Dunstan's team had to relinquish their success of last year but, of course, this I am sure will bring greater determination next year.

Thursday lunch time brought us to yet another of the highlights of the week—luncheon at the Drovers. Here we had the opportunity of meeting many of the friends of St. Dunstan's who since this Bridge week was started have maintained and supported its continuance. We were pleased to welcome Mr. Wills who gave a delightful speech of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstan's. We were also pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Norman Green, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkinson, Mrs. Nokes, Mrs. Habesch and Mr. Bob Herman, who we were happy to join in a drink. Mr. Norman Green spoke on behalf of the guests with his usual charm and wit. Thank you Norman. After lunch, until we returned to the Dirlton, the choice was either bridge or harmony. Needless to say everyone enjoyed themselves.

Hosts

On Friday evening St. Dunstan's were the hosts at a Bridge Drive at the Dirlton Hotel to members of clubs we had visited during the week. We were fortunate in having Mrs. Shirley Wrigley, Hon. Secretary of the Harrogate Bridge Club as a guest, and who had been responsible for arranging the week's programme. The Harrogate Bridge Club have kindly promised to undertake the arrangements of our fixtures in the future.

After Mrs. Wrigley had been presented with a bouquet of flowers, Mrs. Vi Delaney graciously presented prizes made by St. Dunstaners to the winners of the Bridge Drive.

Paul Nuyens finished the evening with a vote of thanks to all those responsible for making the Harrogate week such a success, and this was seconded wholeheartedly by every St. Dunstaner.

Yes, a great week, and many thanks to Paul Nuyens for his wonderful organisation. Last but not least thanks also to Norman Smith, Joe Kennedy and to the wives and escorts who played such an important part with their helping hands all through the week.

JIM PADLEY

BRIGHTON

The Eighth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 8th September. The results are as follows:

C. Walters and J. Whitcombe	72
A. Dodgson and W. Burnett	69
M. Clements and A. Smith	63
R. Fullard and W. Claydon	63
S. Webster and F. Griffee	57
R. Bickley and W. Scott	54

The ninth and final Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 6th October and the results were as follows:

J. Chell and A. Dodgson	68
R. Smith and Partner	66
F. Griffee and R. Fullard	66
F. Rhodes and W. Claydon	66
M. Clements and R. Goding	64
J. Whitcombe and S. Webster	62
W. Burnett and W. Scott	58
J. Walters and R. Bickley	54

The best five results out of nine are:

R. Goding	359
R. Fullard	357
S. Webster	356
F. Griffee	347
A. Dodgson	342
M. Clements	339
W. Claydon	337
J. Walters	329
F. Rhodes	327
W. Burnett	326
W. Scott	326
J. Whitcombe	321
J. Chell	312
A. Smith	287
R. Bickley	281

LONDON

The Eighth Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 6th October. The results are as follows:

R. Evans and W. Lethbridge	81
P. Nuyens and J. Padley	68
W. Phillips and A. Caldwell	56
W. Allen and R. Pacitti	55

Cumulative positions with one session to play. The best six results from eight up to date are:

R. Evans		432
W. Lethbridge		430
J. Padley		403
W. Miller		402
P. Nuyens		393
W. Phillips		387
F. Dickinson		378
A. Caldwell		372
R. Pacitti		356
H. Meleson		336
J. Lynch	after 5 matches	302
H. King	after 3 matches	196
Miss Vera Kemmish	after 2 matches	116
R. Stanners	after 2 matches	113

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From W. Scott of Rottingdean, Sussex

LINKS WITH THE PAST

May I express my gratitude through the *Review* to the "Talking Book Library". I have just listened to Judith Wale reading Ursula Bloom's "The Parson Extraordinary". It is an intimate factual family story, mostly about her father, the Rev. Harvey Bloom. I was interested to learn that Harvey went as a curate to Mr. Cecil Pearson, Sir Arthur's father, who had a living near Harwich. Later, Harvey and his family go to Whitchurch, here he enlists the help of a young Doctor Earnshaw Hewer. Ursula Bloom mentions how this young Doctor stays up all night with Avis Hodgson at Clopton as she was very ill with pneumonia. I wonder whether Mrs. Avis Spurway remembers, it was a long time ago!

During the last war Harvey lived in Rydal Road, Balham. I know it very well. He was there when there was a direct hit on Balham Tube Station. Ursula's father made a great study of Historical Records. He wrote a History of Balham and Tooting Bec.

In my childhood days I spent many happy hours on Tooting Bec Common. I knew every inch of it. I remember the bench Ursula mentions where her father, in his old age, used to watch the children at play.

Bridge Notes *continued*

The Autumn Bridge Drive was held on Saturday, 13th October, at the London Club Headquarters. Despite two late cancellations we were able to muster ten tables. Twenty happy St. Dunstaners with their wives and guests took part and enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon.

The results were as follows:

1 E. Carpenter and Mr. C. Boyd
2 W. Allen and Mr. W. Woods
3 L. Douglas and Mrs. Sterrat
Booby Mr. and Mrs. W. Claydon

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Pacitti and as always the guests were appreciative of the prizes of various items made by our St. Dunstaners.

P. NUYENS, *Secretary*

St. Dunstan's Fishing Club

The July fishing week-end proved poor for fishing, and the best fish of the week-end was quite out of character, a 6½ lb. Codling caught by Alf Dodgson, other than that only a few Dabs, Mackerel and Whiting were caught. However, the Fishing Club Social Evening at the Hare and Hounds made up for the lack of fish and a very enjoyable evening was had by all. The two raffles realised £31 towards club funds, mainly due to the hard work carried out by Mrs. Claydon and Mrs. Phillips in selling tickets.

The two annual trophies were presented by Mr. R. C. Hall, Chairman of Red Ball House, the Red Ball Trophy for the heaviest fish of the year went to **Fred Barratt** and the Topper Brown Trophy for the heaviest bag of the year went to **Jim Morrish.**

Mr. Hall also presented a Spanish drinking goblet to the past winners of the Red Ball Trophy as a memento.

Guests of the evening were, Matron Blackford, Mr. R. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. N. French, Mr. and Mrs. R. Feldwick, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. Colbourne and the music for the evening was provided by the Henry Kerr trio.

J. CARNOCHAN
Sports Officer

The Annual Social of the Fishing Club was held on Saturday, 28th July at the Hare and Hounds, Brighton. Members, wives and friends enjoyed a very happy evening together. Prizes and guests à la J. Carnochan!

Talk to your St. Dunstan's fisherman friends to find out what you are missing! and join the Fishing Club without delay. Join to-day.

We all enjoy a good day out in the fresh air on the boat even though fresh air is about all we manage to catch sometimes!

Very many thanks to Jock Carnochan for his excellent organisation once again which made the evening "plain sailing".

JOHN WHITCOMBE
Chairman

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

SLAUGHTER-GREENWAY. On 6th September, 1973, EDWARD CHARLES SLAUGHTER, of Salisbury, Wilts., married Mrs. Margaret Greenway. We wish them every happiness in their married life together.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. THOMAS HENRY HARDING of Bagborough, Taunton, Somerset, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 25th September, 1973.

Golden Wedding

Very many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. HARRY SMITH of Golcar, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 16th October, 1973.



Fred Barratt receives the Red Ball Trophy from the donor, Mr. R. Hall.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

LEVI J. KIBBLER of Oldbury, Warley, Worcs., whose daughter Janet presented him with a grandson, Garen Matthew, born on 23rd May 1973.

FREDERICK ALBERT (TONY) MORTON, of Peterborough, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of another grand-daughter, born to his daughter Jill, who is living with her husband in Jamaica. This is a second daughter for Jill and her husband.

STANLEY FLETCHER of London S.W.17, who became a grandfather for the fifth time following the safe arrival of Sarah, born to his son Stanley and daughter-in-law, Shirley, on 3rd October 1973.

HERBERT GREASLEY of Coventry who is pleased to announce the birth of a grand-daughter, Emma Louise in August 1973, born to his daughter Linda and her husband. He now has one grandson and one grand-daughter.

HAROLD KING of Dunstable, Beds., is pleased to announce the safe arrival of a grandson, Kevin, born to his daughter, Janet, on 1st July 1973.

JOHN PERFECT of Roker, Sunderland, Co. Durham, takes great pleasure in announcing the birth of his first grandchild, born to Ursula and her husband Lieutenant David Maxwell Perfect, R.N., a daughter, Louisa, on 27th September 1973.

ROLLAND PILON of Upper Warlingham, Surrey, is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his first grandson, Dominic Roland Bone, born to his daughter Jeanne on 18th August 1973.

GEORGE POOLE of Lowton St. Lukes, Nr. Warrington, Lancs., announces with pleasure the birth of his first grandchild, a grand-daughter, Dawn Ann, born to his son and daughter-in-law, Marion and David Poole, on 7th September 1973.

THOMAS ROSEWARNE of Manchester who became a grandfather for the first time on the safe arrival of Richard Jon, born on 30th August, to Malcolm and Mary, his son and daughter-in-law. Malcolm, a keen sportsman, has put Richard's name down for the Lancashire Cricket Club!

Great Grandfather

Many congratulations to:—

WILLIAM LEAR of Mary Tavy, Tavistock, Devon, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of his third great grand-child last June. She is the first grand-daughter for some generations in the family.

Long Life and happiness to:

David, son of MR. AND MRS. LEONARD R. BROWN, of Kempston, Beds., who married Miss Portia Cox at Woodside Church, Chaddington, Beds., on 1st September 1973. The young couple spent their honeymoon in Paris.

Michael, younger son of LIEUT.-COMMANDER AND MRS. ROBIN BUCKLEY, who married Mary Jane Watson, at St. Endellion, Cornwall, on 6th October 1973.

Caroline, daughter of MR. AND MRS. GEORGE EDWARD BULBROOK of March, Cambridgeshire, who married Rodger Symons on 15th September 1973.

David, only son of MR. AND MRS. BOB EVANS of Newbury, Berks., who married Margaret Lawrence, at Newbury United Free Church on 14th July 1973.

Patricia Rose, daughter of MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM D. FAULKNER of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, who married Michael George Lees, on 22nd September 1973.

Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. JOHN INNESS of Dewsbury, Yorks who married Janet Winfield at Dewsbury Registry Office on 22nd September 1973.

Barbara, daughter of MR. AND MRS. ALAN MOORE of Oxhey, Herts., who married Edward Fry on 4th August 1973.

Rhona, twin daughter of MR. AND MRS. ERNEST LESLIE STENT of Liverpool, who married David Keith Clarke at Huyton, Lancs., on 4th August 1973.

Jonathan, son of MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK RIPLEY of Wimbledon, who married Stella, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mann of Orpington, Kent, at St. Paul's Church, Orpington. The bridegroom's sister, Marion, was bridesmaid. The young couple, who met at Barclay's Bank, where they both work, will be living in Tonbridge, Kent.

Robert, son of JOHN LOACH of Dudley, Worcs., has obtained a Second Class Degree as a B.Sc. from Aston University in Civil Engineering. Robert is now Assistant Engineer at Wolverhampton Water Board.

Death

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:—

FREDERICK RODWELL of Tring, Herts., who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Emmie Ethel Rodwell, who died at her home on 16th September, 1973, after a long illness so bravely borne.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Charles Edward Beck. *7th Labour Corps, Royal Engineers.*

Charles Edward Beck late of Salfords, Surrey, and recently of Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex, where he died on 18th September 1973. He was 87 years of age.

He enlisted in the 7th Labour Corps, Royal Engineers, and served with them from September 1915 until his discharge in July 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in February 1919. He trained in making willow baskets and mats. He carried on with these trades for many years and after his marriage in 1923, Mr. Beck added poultry keeping to his interests.

Unfortunately the ill-health of Mrs. Beck almost throughout their married life, gave Mr. Beck much anxiety and in 1954 they moved to Salfords, Surrey, and lived in retirement. Mrs. Beck died in 1964 and Mr. Beck went to St. Dunstan's in Brighton to live and later moved to Northgate House.

He leaves a niece Mrs. Marjorie Woods, and a nephew, Mr. W. F. Breeze and their families.

Mr. Beck's lifelong friend, Mr. Bill Harding and his wife, Mrs. Harding, attended the funeral service. Mr. Harding is himself, a St. Dunstaner.

Frederick Charles Coates. *Labour Corps*

Frederick Charles Coates, late of Orpington, Kent, and lately of Pearson House, Brighton, died there on 28th September 1973, five days before his 79th birthday.

He enlisted in the Labour Corps in October 1917 and served with them until his discharge in July 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1921.

He trained as a telephonist and continued with this work up to his retirement in 1947. Upon retirement he and his wife moved to Hove but seven years later they moved to Orpington. Unfortunately Mrs. Coates died in 1962 but Mr. Coates continued to live in his own home and a nephew came to live with him. By 1968 Mr. Coates did not enjoy very good health and he came to live at Pearson House.

He leaves a sister, Mrs. May Oakley and nieces and nephews.

Ernest Alfred Green. *6th Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment*

Ernest Alfred Green of Whittlesey, Peterborough, died in hospital on 1st October 1973, at the age of 79 years.

He enlisted in the 6th Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment, and served with them from January 1940 until November 1942. Mr. Green's sight began to fail in 1942 but it was not until 1949 that he came to St. Dunstan's. After training he kept a small number of poultry and in addition ran an allotment in which he grew vegetables. He was very successful with his poultry and garden produce and continued with these occupations until 1958 when he gave up his hens and continued with just his garden and greenhouse.

Unfortunately in recent years Mr. Green's health failed considerably and he spent many spells in hospital and when at home, being nursed by his wife. His health deteriorated more seriously at the end of September and it was in hospital that he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Nellie Green and a grown-up family.

Wilfred Walmsley Warner. *South Lancashire Regiment*

Wilfred Walmsley Warner of Morecambe, Lancashire, died in hospital on 30th September 1973, at the age of 76.

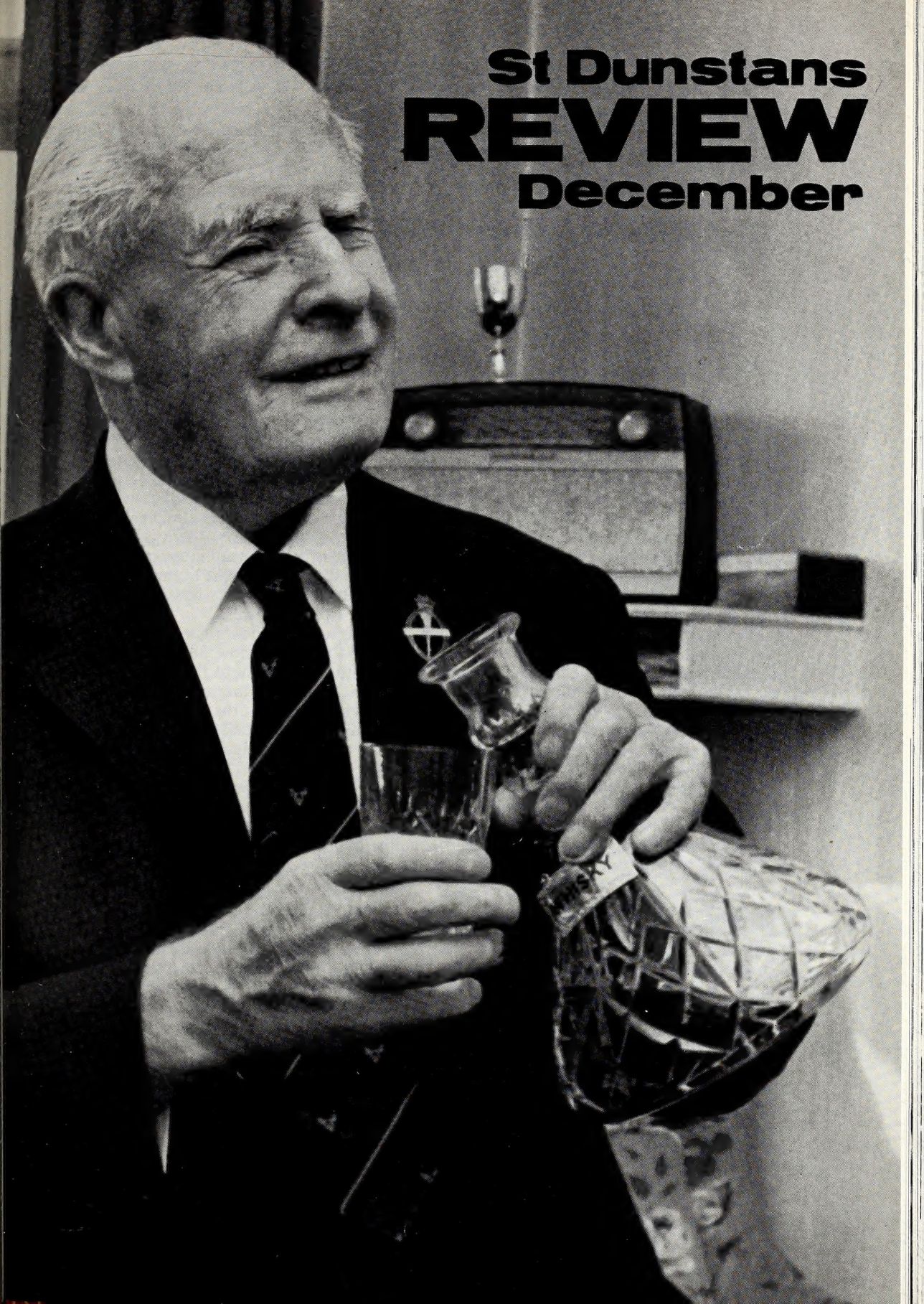
He enlisted in the South Lancashire Regiment in January 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1917. Mr. Warner suffered a gunshot wound in 1917 when he lost his vision in his right eye and his left eye was damaged. However, following his discharge from the Services he was able to continue with his work as a postman until 1957. Mr. Warner's remaining vision deteriorated in 1959 and it was then that he was admitted to St. Dunstan's by which time he was already retired.

Mr. Warner obtained great pleasure in working in his greenhouse and garden, and enjoyed holidays at Ovingdean. Unfortunately in recent years he did not enjoy very good health and he had to be admitted to hospital at the end of August for a couple of weeks. He returned to hospital on 27th September and died three days later.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ivy Warner and two grown-up children.

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St Dunstans REVIEW December



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 647 **DECEMBER 1973** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The Talking Book

I think the talking book is undoubtedly the most important invention that has arisen in the blind world since Braille itself. In some respects it may be even more important because more than half the blind lose their sight in middle or old age when it is difficult to learn Braille, though of course we must never forget the importance of Braille to younger people and for notes, records, etc.

Many St. Dunstaners use the talking book but there are still a number who do not. Perhaps they do not care for reading aloud or perhaps the wireless is sufficient. However, I commend the talking book as a wonderful pastime and by now there is a very great assortment of novels, detective stories, biographies and other books of interest in the library. The talking book machine works off the mains and is free and so is the library. If necessary, an earphone can be used, so that you can have the machine by your bedside and listen to it if you are sleepless without waking up your wife; I often do this.

This service started in an experimental way in a hut in my own garden, which I used to use as a workshop, and it has developed so that there are now 38,000 readers in the United Kingdom and our system is used in 15 countries throughout the world.

The readers are in the main professionals, such as B.B.C. announcers, and they read exceedingly well. I gave them a cocktail party in a private room at the Houses of Parliament the other day in order to tell them how very much we all appreciate their services. Some were old friends who have read to us for some 30 to 40 years, such as Eric Gillett, Alvar Liddell and Stephen Jack.

The first reader of all was Mr. Anthony McDonald and it was when he was regularly visiting the workshop in my garden that he met my daughter and they fell in love. They have now been married for 34 years. They have four children, three grandchildren and are a very happy family, the father and mother now living in Malta. There may be a few St. Dunstaners who remember Anthony McDonald's early readings.

New St. Dunstaners

I was looking at some figures the other day and was reminded that more blinded ex-Servicemen came to St. Dunstan's after the Great War than during the War years and the pattern is repeating itself now. This is because the door of St. Dunstan's is ever open for any man or woman who has suffered the loss of sight on account of war service, however long delayed.

I am sorry to tell you that I have myself visited a hospital in London to meet three young men blinded within recent months in Northern Ireland and they are now St. Dunstaners. I have told each of them that, whilst we regret the circumstances, we older men nevertheless give them a very warm welcome.

COVER PICTURE: *Frank Rhodes with his presentation decanter—see* It Strikes Me *on centre pages.*
Photo: Brighton Gazette

'In Touch'

In addition to those who come to St. Dunstan's because they have been blinded as a result of service with the Armed Forces, a small extension of our objects has taken place during the last year or so. This arose because a special legacy was left to St. Dunstan's by a generous lady which enables us to apply appropriate St. Dunstan's benefits, such as training and settlement, to an ex-service person who has gone blind even if the war service qualification cannot be proved. I referred to this under the name of the Gubbay Trust in the *Review* of October, 1971.

Lieutenant-Commander Robin Buckley, G.M., our Public Relations Officer, answered questions about this at 5 o'clock on Sunday, 11th November, during the B.B.C. "In Touch" programme which many St. Dunstaners may have heard. I thought that this was one of the most excellent broadcasts I have ever heard and extend congratulations to Commander Buckley.

Christmas

In some respects the family of St. Dunstan's has its own "bush telegraph" or "grapevine" and it has got round that Lady Fraser has not been so well recently. As a result a considerable number of St. Dunstaners have written to ask how she is getting on and to wish her luck. There are too many of these letters for us to be able to answer them all personally, so may we both thank the writers very much indeed for their warm-hearted messages.

Lady Fraser has rheumatoid arthritis and this is a condition which comes and goes. I am glad to say that she is now much better and will be going with me to South Africa shortly for our usual business visit.

We shall be in Cape Town on Christmas Day and will think of all our St. Dunstan's friends throughout the world and drink a special toast to them and their families, wishing them a happy Christmas and good luck in the New Year.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Coming Events

FOUNDER'S DAY

The Founder's Day Service will be held at St. George's Church, Kemp Town, on Sunday, 9th December, at 3 p.m. The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D., will conduct the Service. Mr. Nigel Pearson, a member of the St. Dunstan's Council, will give the Address. Commandant Fawcett will read the Lesson. There will be a pedestal of flowers and other floral arrangements in the Church.

On the morning of Friday, 7th December, a party of St. Dunstaners, accompanied by Mr. C. D. Wills, will leave Headquarters in Old Marylebone Road, and make their way to the Hampstead Cemetery to lay a wreath on Sir Arthur Pearson's grave.

The subscription towards the cost of the wreath is 6p and St. Dunstaners who would like to contribute are asked to send two 3p stamps to Mr. Wills at 191, Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN. Receipts will not be issued unless specially requested.

ARTHUR LEONARD CURNOW of Liskeard, Cornwall, is a member of the local branch of the Royal British Legion. This year he was the Poppy Day organiser.

At the annual meeting of the Liskeard and District Branch he was elected President and will hold this position for the next three years.



Guy Lawrence in Lotus posture.

HEALTH IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

by Guy Lawrence

The author served with the South African Air Force from 1940-1945 as an Aerial Photographer. He became completely blind in one eye within weeks of being discharged at the end of the War and the sight in the other eye became progressively worse during the next few years until he was completely blind. Despite this disability, Guy Lawrence went into the Estate Agency business where, with the help of his wife, Elaine, he has done very well. He is a keen bowler and has won Springbok Colours for representing South Africa in an International Blind Bowlers' competition. Guy Lawrence is a tape-recording enthusiast and exchanges recorded tapes with people all over the world. He is a good organiser and is Chairman of the Rainbow Club for the Blind in Germiston. He is a Long Cane user.

Most of us who are blind and have reached middle-age can look back and say that we enjoyed a measure of good health once but we now seem to have perhaps lost some of it in later years. Of those who have lost it, some seem to have the good fortune to make a good recovery, whilst others just go on floundering in a welter of aches and pains for the rest of their lives. I was nearly trapped in this latter stage by ignorance of the fundamental rules pertaining to the maintenance of good health throughout the whole of life. For many years I had accepted my natural fairly good health without question—it was just there and vaguely I thought I was lucky. I realised that some people had good health and others didn't, but what I did not know at the time was that you have to work the physical body to retain your natural heritage of good health.

Designed to work

The human body is designed to work: by this term I don't mean it is necessary to slog at tedious manual labour, but our bodies must function in all their parts. It is a complex system of self-regulating muscles, tendons, nerves, body fluids and specialised glands, all inter-related and, most marvellous of all, it is self-healing. If you do not give your body enough

physical activity the mechanism slows down, clogs, gets out of balance and malfunctions, then disease take over.

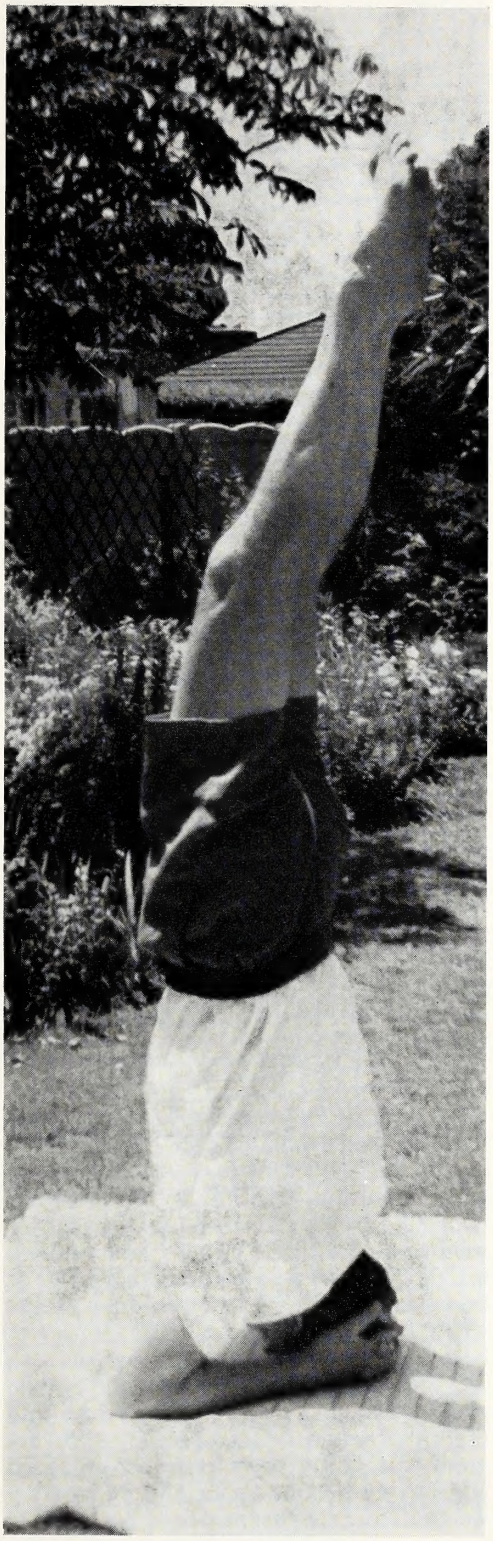
I became totally blind at the age of 38, and little did I realise at the time that the ravages of stress combined with years of bad food habits, and now the complete lack of mobility, would knock me back for a whole decade. By the age of 50, I had endured 10 years of indifferent health and hellish backache of the lumbago variety. In a vain endeavour to ease the constant pain I had been sleeping on a fracture board—I was full of aches in all limbs and was being tested for the onset of arthritis. Indigestion plagued me and I was subject to daily headaches. I dosed myself with bi-carb powders and took loads of aspirin tablets, all the while trying to joke about old age creeping up like a thief in the night.

Low state

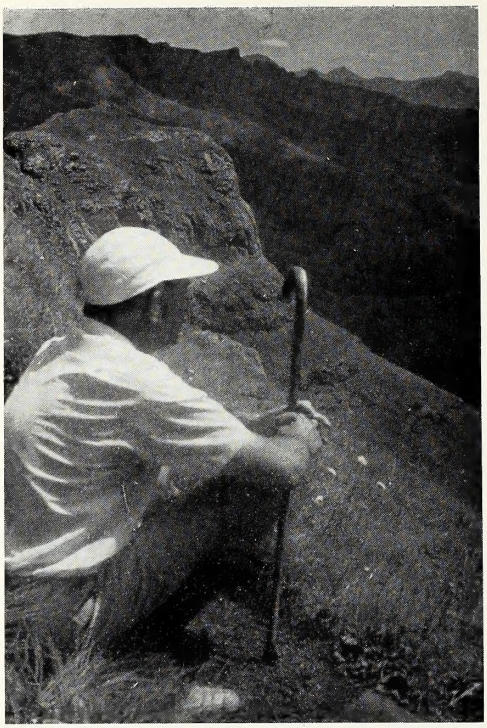
I was blissfully unaware of the low state into which I had sunk due to my neglect of the need to cultivate my sagging health. My doctors and I had merely relied on palliatives and pain-killers, I just assumed that it was all part of growing old. I had to lose good health in order to find it again, and now that I have regained my body vigour and a strong feeling of well-being, believe me, I can truly appreciate the meaning of the words "good health".

At this low point in my life I was about to be surgically operated on for prostate gland and piles when some innate resistance to the idea prodded me at least to try a herbalist before giving in to drastic measures. I found one who was also a Chiropractor and unexpectedly he gave my spine a workout, expressing his astonishment at the very poor condition of my spine due, it seemed, to lots of calcification and the slight displacement of several vertebrae. Later I was discussing my troubles with my good friend, the late Johan Botha who, being a physiotherapist, knew all about human anatomy. I was somewhat startled when he rebuked me by saying, "Why do you let your back get into this state?" This pointed remark gave my thinking a jolt.

Suddenly it became obvious that I had been assuming that all my aches and pains



Head-stand: King of Yoga positions.



Enjoying a breather on a walk in the Drakensberg mountains.

were due to my bad luck, that somehow it was all being done to me, but instead I was accused of bringing it all upon myself. This realisation brought a radical change to my inner thoughts. I began seriously to look for ways and means to improve my state of health, or rather the lack of it. I began to talk to my friends about health culture, not illness.

Suggestions

As suggestions came my way, I tried them out and evaluated each one carefully. One friend said that to keep the back in good condition you should daily suspend yourself from a bar fitted in the shower such as he did, for a minute, when taking his daily shower, whilst another told of how he often hung on the door frame when walking through his house. I began trying out these ideas on the crossbeam over the patio and while playing around I came to appreciate that natural traction of the spine by slow degrees was better than being hospitalised and having it done artificially by hanging weights from the feet in a bed. Yet another friend enthused about the natural spring that was put into one's step as a result of doing Yoga exercises so I made it my business to try this—to me unknown—system of physical culture. I acquired a book giving a 9-week home course of basic Yoga postures, and eventually got a recording describing in detail all the individual exercises. This search was very stimulating and I eventually went the whole hog and had a horizontal bar erected in the garden and got down to a daily session of Yoga exercises.

Hatha Yog

Looking back now I can say that Hatha Yog, as the physical training system is known, is the key that unlocked for me the gateway that led me back on the long road to good health. I soon found that Yoga is the ideal manner for a not very active blind person to have daily physical exercise, and to give the stimulation the body needs for the proper function of all its glands and inter-related complexities. The only thing that Yoga does not do is to give you stamina, but this aspect of health is not important to a blind person who does not need physical endurance in daily life anyway. The reason why I think Yoga is so good for the more mature blind person is because it is based on the principle of slow motion. There are no agitated movements; it can be done in a limited space, without any fuss and at any time of the day. As an example of how you slowly and with mental concentration do the postures I shall describe the simple act of touching your toes by the Yoga method.

With feet together, lean over forward and grasp the shins at a comfortable level with the knees locked. Move the hands slowly down the calves for a couple of inches and hold the position until the pull at the back of the legs eases, slowly move down another inch or two and hold, all the while breathing regularly and moving down only when you feel comfortable. If discomfort persists, release your grip and slowly rise to the vertical position; this way there is no strain and consequently no after-stiffness. As a newcomer, you will take as much as 5 to 7 minutes over this action, but a devotee will, of course, already be supple and for variation will put both hands flat on the floor on either side of the feet in half the time, although the basic

principle of slow motion remains valid whether you are a "newie" or an old hand at the game.

Controlled Breathing

Another basic principle in the Yoga system is the learning of controlled breathing which has very beneficial effects upon the person who leads a sedentary life. A good supply of oxygen is essential to the proper functioning of our bodies but most of us do not use our lungs to anything like their full capacity. Every minute of our existence we need an adequate supply of oxygen—the life force—to enrich our blood which carries the supply to every tiny tissue in the body. You can check this life-giving force inherent in oxygen for yourself. When feeling chilly, just do a few minutes of controlled diaphragm breathing and you will soon feel a warm glow as life and energy are expanded within you.

Other benefits which flow from the Yoga system are the stretching of tendons giving you suppleness such as you only knew in childhood and the easy movement of the skeletal joints in their natural arcs, so these will not get gummed up from calcium deposits.

I am now a firm believer in the dictum "You are as young as your spine". The spinal cord contained within the vertebral column, is the transmitter of all nervous energy and impulses to and from the brain. A healthy spine is one where the bones are all held in their proper positions by well-toned muscles. This way you do not have displaced vertebrae with resultant pinched nerve fibres giving rise to agonising pain.

Toning up the Muscles

Apart from toning up the muscle structure, keeping joints free, generating a sound nervous system and controlled breathing, Yoga also brings about the compression of body parts in the vicinity of the principal glands. By this means a stimulated blood flow bathes these glands with oxygen and nutrients which are carried in the blood. Healthy, well-functioning glands will more effectively interlock all the deep-seated interactions of body chemistry and thereby give rise to overall benefits and that elusive feeling of well-being. Knowing as I do now, the marvellous feeling of well-being which gives you the spring in your step, I certainly would not be without a 20 to 30 minute daily session of Yoga exercises. If you feel moved to try it out, I must emphasise that you cannot just plunge into Yoga—or any other system of exercises for that matter—but you should cautiously try out the method, and remember you have got to walk before you can run. It takes years of neglect and abuse to break down your God-given health, so naturally it must take time to build it up again. It is unfair to yourself to expect instant results after a casual effort to regain lost health. I know from practical experience that you can only achieve lasting results if you go at it slowly and persistently. It took me a couple of years before I could say that I had vanquished the torture of daily backache; equally so it required great patience before I was able to sit in the Lotus position or do the Headstand—king of Yoga positions—or do backward flips on the bar for that matter.

Life with zest

Today I give thanks to my Maker for the restoration of full body vigour, for freedom from disease and discomfort and the ability to live life with zest. I can once again, eat anything I like, I seldom have a headache, and needless to say that the once threatened surgical operation never materialised. I have taken on a new lease of life—a lease so good that I was able to withstand the rigours of climbing blind to the top of Mont aux Sources last year without any strain or any after effects.

Reprinted from St. Dunstan's (South Africa) Review.

Gardening News

There are more prizewinning gardeners among St. Dunstaners than ever this year.

Another report of success in the gardening world. Leonard Parry of Burghclere, near Newbury, Berkshire, tells us that in his local annual Summer Show he won 1st Prize for his red currants and 2nd Prize for his roses.

In the local Autumn Show he received a 2nd Prize for his culinary apples.

East African Safari

by Michael Tetley

Mount Longonot, 9,111 ft, is an extinct volcano rising up from the floor of the Great Rift Valley some fifty miles from Nairobi. During my recent visit to Kenya I invited three blind Africans from the Thika Secondary School for the Blind run by the Salvation Army to join me in climbing Longonot. I shall always be grateful to the Salvation Army as they gave me a Braille watch within a week of being blinded and set me on the road to rehabilitation. Together with their headmaster, four teenage lads from Starehe Boys Centre, John Wright, the chief training Scout Commissioner and my two daughters, we left Nairobi at dawn to motor to the foot of the mountain.

The dusty track stopped at 6,000 ft., leaving us 2,500 ft. to climb to the rim of the crater. We followed a well worn path through thorn bushes for two miles to the summit. The rim surprisingly was only 3 ft. wide in some places, made of loose cinder with steep drops on either side.

Into the crater

After lunch, using ropes for safety, John Wright belayed us as we climbed down 500 ft. into the crater. The inside walls of the crater were more friable than I expected and we could cut footholds easily. At the bottom was much vegetation. It was very quiet and the rocks were warm. We found a steam jet which smelt of sulphur and placed an egg on a ledge to boil.

Dusk found us descending the last slopes on our return journey. The end of a marvellous day. Thank you John Wright.

Month's holiday

My month's visit in Kenya was the holiday of a lifetime. Friends with whom I had served in the Kenya Regiment were very good to me. I wanted to show my family real Africa not just that which the tourist sees. We went on a foot safari to Hell's Gate, the thinnest part of the earth's crust and near Longonot. We had walked down a long gorge and were returning to the car only to find that a bush fire had just started on the side of the gorge and was between us and the car. Whilst we were making a dash for the car I was glad that we did not bump into big game and snakes fleeing ahead of the fire.

On another occasion a friend who was in the regiment and who is chief game warden met me at dawn at the Treetops Hotel. This is a house in the trees above a water hole where all animals come to the salt lick. He brought with him two ex-Mau Mau terrorists and they took us on foot to the leading terrorists' old hideout. The forest had changed in twenty years. With the increase in game the secondary undergrowth had been trampled down and there were now a number of glades under the big trees. Once we stopped and one of our guides threw a stone at a bush twenty feet away. Up jumped a large buffalo from behind the bush and crashed its way through the thickets. It seemed strange being protected by your former enemy. Later over coffee we discovered that he had been in the fight in which I was shot and he had been shot in the leg. Now we were friends.

After the kill

Later on we got so close to a lioness killing a zebra that I was able to record on my tape recorder the bones being broken and the flesh being torn. The children were fascinated by the ritual of the lions getting their share, followed by the hyenas and jackals and finally the vultures squabbling over the last bites.

A most interesting day was when, with a police escort, I visited some nomadic tribesmen. I had permission from President Kenyatta to study the effect of sleeping postures on skeletal development. The men who live in the bush with no clothes all sleep in the same posture. On their side, with an arm under their heads as a pillow but not covering their ears so that they can hear the lions. Their top leg is straight but the bottom leg is curled until the instep is under the knee of the top leg. It was forbidden to photograph them. An orthopaedic surgeon who is an African took a photograph recently and had his camera smashed and was beaten up. The warriors crowded round me naked except for a spear. Whilst I was looking at their spines, I used the baked earth as an examination couch.

Two weeks surfing in the sea brought a wonderful holiday to a close.



'Horses and jockeys' at West Pier.

Northgate House and the Shrimp Special

Some of our St. Dunstaners at Northgate House have been going out in their wheel chairs on what has become known as the "Shrimp Special". Matron Blackford said, "This weekly outing has gone on regularly throughout the Summer. Sometimes the transport drops us at Rottingdean undercliff walk and the party amble along to a cafe at Ovingdean or Saltdean for tea and back to Rottingdean where the coach picks us up. Sometimes when it was so hot in the Summer we took them into Preston Park and enjoyed the gardens there including the scented one."

Milking parlour

On one occasion there was a Dairy Show at Hove. The Shrimp Special visited that, the wheel chairs going round the various tents; one was a milking parlour, lots of smell and atmosphere and another was full of calves, goats, cows and bulls and there were arena events including a rodeo.

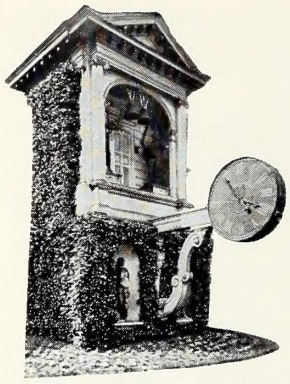
"Unfortunately now November is with us I think we will have to postpone these outings until next Summer," said Matron. "The St. Dunstaners in the picture are TONY ELLIS on the left, wheeled by a student who was doing temporary orderly work for us, FREDDIE BEARD and Mrs. Garrod; TISH ADAMS and Mrs. Whitehead and HARRY KINGTON and myself. The 'jockies' as we call ourselves change horses for the return journey."

Saltdean Charity Work

Mrs. Audrey Lee, wife of our St. Dunstaner, JOHN LEE of Saltdean, Sussex, belongs to the Saltdean Community Association and was elected "Madame Saltdean" recently for her work in connection with the Mentally Handicapped of Brighton. The Saltdean Community Association have presented Mrs. Lee with a sash which the Association gives each year.

Jimmy Saville

Mrs. Lee and her daughter Francesca, entered for the Jimmy Saville Charity Walk from Hove to Ovingdean Gap and back in aid of the Penny Goby House School for Mentally Handicapped. This walk raised over £2,000 and Mrs. Lee and Francesca personally raised £15 of this total.



IT STRIKES ME

Well Drilled

Stanley Jones, of Wembley, retired from his work at Hoovers Ltd., on 26th. October He was a twin drilling machine operator there for 12½ years. "I had the same machine all those years," he told me, "drilling switch cases for Hoover cleaners."

On his retirement day he was presented with a Spinarinse, spin dryer and an electric shaver and was entertained to luncheon. "We had a marvellous lunch," said Stanley, "and then we went back to the factory for the presentations. They are very good people there. They treated me marvellously. You do feel it a bit leaving them."

'Afore Ye Go'

The fellow on our front cover this month pouring out a dram from a handsome cut-glass whisky decanter is **Frank Rhodes,** who has retired after 18 years as Chairman of the Brighton Club, which he helped to found in 1952. The decanter, with a bottle of whisky and a cheque were the gift of Club members.

The presentation was made by Commandant Fawcett at the Club's Annual Dinner at the Dudley Hotel, Hove on 26th October. Guests included Mr. C. D. Wills, Secretary of St. Dunstan's, Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre, J.P., President of the Brighton Club, Matron Blackford, Matron Hallett, Miss Blebta and Miss Mosley.

Stanley Jones receiving his presentation shaver from Mrs. Josephine Webster.



They were honouring one of the pioneering first generation of St. Dunstaners. Frank has been a leading light in St. Dunstan's Bridge and Bowls. In his younger days he was a keen sculler and race-walker. Now after 50 years he is leaving his Ovingdean home to live with his daughter, Jean, at Little Aston, Staffordshire. Lord Fraser sent a telegram to Mrs. Dacre which sums up all his friends' thanks, "On behalf of the Council and St. Dunstaners generally, congratulations and very warm thanks to Frank Rhodes at your celebration dinner. All of us wish him the best of good luck."

Legion Guests

Readers of the *Review* will remember that our St. Dunstaner **John Cowan,** and Evelyn, his wife, are responsible for an annual party given by Boreham Wood Royal British Legion for war disabled people. A group of St. Dunstaners always attend this most enjoyable evening. This year they met some new and well chosen guests—a group of young soldiers wounded in Northern Ireland. They are all patients at the Royal Herbert Hospital in Woolwich. In the welcome and comradeship at Boreham Wood they found their journey well worth while.

Fast Men

No fewer than 108 vintage Morris cars drove into Oxford on September 16th for the Diamond Jubilee Rally of the Bullnose Morris Club. The President of the Club, Ken Revis, told me "It was the event of the year by the numbers involved. We have never had more than 59 cars before". The rally brought to a close a memorable year for Ken and his fellow enthusiasts, for it is sixty years since William Morris produced the first two-seater Bullnose Morris Oxford.

Guest of honour at the rally was Captain George Eyston, O.B.E., M.C. "He has had a tremendously long connection with M.G.", Ken explained. "He was the first man to achieve 100 m.p.h. in a 750cc car in February 1932—an M.G. Most people will remember his land speed record of 357.5 m.p.h. in Thunderbolt, in fact September 16th was 35 years to the day since he held that record. It is quite a thought that there is only one person alive who has driven a car faster than George Eyston, that is Bob Summers, who achieved 409 m.p.h.".



Ken Revis admires a 1914 Bullnose Morris.

Ken Revis, who could himself claim to be the fastest blind driver alive, has a great admiration for George Eyston. "He is a typical English gentleman, so modest it is hard to realise he once held the World Land Speed Record—a great driver".

Surprise Present

There is no doubt that an eightieth birthday is a landmark, especially if you are still spry enough to be an active member of your local Toc H branch.

John A. Bocking, of Morecambe went off to his usual Toc H meeting on his birthday and this is what happened:

"I attended the meeting that evening just as an ordinary meeting," he told me. "On entering I received the good wishes from several of the members. Then one of them grabbed my arm saying, 'Come on Arthur, you are the honoured guest,' and placed me beside the Chairman.



John A. Bocking at his 'birthday' meeting.

"Of course I felt very pleased with this reception and as I sat I began to feel there was something going on of which I was not aware. I heard a female voice and asked a member near me if there was going to be a concert, but got no reply. Then someone got on the piano and the company began singing 'Happy Birthday'. The Chairman presented me with a real leather wallet and purse. I thoroughly enjoyed it all, but it is a mystery to me how this had been arranged without giving me a clue."

Rucksack and Walking Boots

Back from an unusual holiday are Mr. and Mrs. **Frank Hawes,** of Southampton. Their way of getting away from it all was a rucksack and walking boots trek up to the Arctic Circle. They visited the Lapland capital of Rovaneimi where they lived with the Laplanders.

"We literally walked into the heavy log cabin at a point some 12 kilometres beyond Rovaneimi, where the Polar Circle line actually is," Frank told me, "and claimed a certificate apiece. We had splendid talks with the curators and staff of both Jokkmokk and Rovaneimi Lap Ethnic Museums and walked 400 miles in just under four weeks."

The Hawes also travelled across several waterways on a variety of boats, and many hundreds of miles in Lapland on their Port Coaches. "We ran up alongside the Sarek, the Lap wilderness, where bear, reindeer, lynx, lemmings, and eagles abound." To get into Lapland they had to travel the length of Sweden by rail. Experienced hostellers, the Hawes feel triumphant about their trek. "We achieved far more than we originally planned. We lived for part of the time in a Lap settlement where not a word of English was spoken and have made some very dear friends."

MAGOG

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1686

A Roof Over My Head and The Art of Coarse Sailing
by Michael Green
Read by Garard Green

Two amusing books issued on one recording, the first concerning the purchase of a house and its attendant difficulties and tribulations, while the second deals with the restful sport of a sailing holiday on the Norfolk Broads. The reader, Garard Green, apologises at the outset for his occasional guffaws which is hardly necessary, as funny as both stories are, his helpless laughter at one point is the best part of the recording.

Cat. No. 1622

A Place in The Country
by Sarah Gainham
Read by George Hagan

This story about the life of a young British Intelligence Officer working as an interrogator in Austria at the close of the war is made much more impressive in that the author Sarah Gainham has written the tale in the first person singular and produced a very sound male character.

The book has all the ingredients of a good novel and if it has a fault it is only that the author does prevaricate a little too much in places. Certainly it is a book which I think will interest men and women alike.

In September When the Grapes...

by Margaret Stanway

"Grapes, grapes, grapes; large luscious blue-black grapes; acres and acres of vines growing in such straight rows a guardsman might even admire." This was the description given me as we sped through the flat countryside of Bordeaux to the wine-making town of Saint Emilion.

I was making my first visit to this part of France and the reason for it was to stay with my daughter and her family for a few weeks in their new apartment in one of many blocks now being erected in Bordeaux. Our approach took us over the River Garonne along a suspension bridge similar to the Avon bridge, and, in fact, Bordeaux and Bristol are "twin" cities. On the whole I do not think it is a very interesting city like Paris, but their Botanical Gardens have trees from all over the world. Leading off from the main street is an unusual clock tower which straddled the street.

It was twelve months since I saw my family but I found my two grand children, Gillian and Marc, a great joy, and very interesting now both go to a nursery school. Although they cannot speak English and I can only manage one or two odd words in French, I found they picked up English very easily and quickly from me. Both gave me little gifts they had made at school and these I shall always treasure.

Bathrooms

I must give a paragraph to describing the bathrooms—or baths to be correct, I have encountered in the three homes my daughter has had. In Paris there was only a shower but when I say the whole bathroom measured only about 3 ft. 6 in. square (I used my stick) and there was a shower, a washbasin and a loo in that tiny room you see there was hardly enough space for a child to stand, never mind an adult. In Normandy the bath was about the same as the bathroom—square and standing over 3 ft. in height. There were four curved legs, a deep "bowl" which would hold two small children or one largish one and surrounded by wood varying from about 1 in. to about 3 in. I had to perch as best I could on this surround to shower. Even then my troubles were far from over as when getting out I must not put too much weight on one corner as the whole thing could tip over.

The bath was similar in Bordeaux but the tub had a long draining board affair where one could sit and shower in comfort with the feet in the bowl. It reminded me of a "sitz" bath used in Health Farms where the feet are in cold water and the upper part of the body in hot. Mine was for free though!

Saint Emilion

Saint Emilion is a quaint town with its narrow cobbled streets, and turreted buildings, so that a hoarding advertising some machinery "Made in Macclesfield", my home town, struck a very incongruous note. There were few shops but we found an ancient Monastery, about 13th century, where we could sit at tables and drink bottles of delicious wine. There was no roof to the building and a beautiful blue sky could be seen through the lacy pattern of an overhanging tree. The pillars and stone floor remained but everyone spoke in a hushed voice as befitted such a place of bygone worship and dedication.

At another town we visited, my daughter Pat and family visited a church which had been hewn out of rock sometime in the 12th century and it stood on catacombs which were made during the 8th century. Although I sat in the car while they went into these places, I was quite happy at feeling all those historic buildings around me and thinking of the happenings there in bygone days.

Truffles

One day we visited the Perigoro region where Truffles come from, and it was interesting to note how wooded and hilly the countryside became and how red the soil was. We passed through many villages all with a mediaeval look about them until we came to Sarlat. Here we lunched at a café adjacent to the River Dordogne. The main restaurant was on the other side of the road and we felt very sorry for the waitresses who had to climb a flight of steps with patrons' orders, and then cross

a busy road, laden with heavy trays for the hungry people awaiting them.

Table setting

Three similarities I noted in the various restaurants we visited, and so I wonder if it is general throughout France. One was that tables are laid with two medium sized dinner plates on top of each other at each "setting" and the first two or three courses —e.g. pâté, hors d'œuvres, and fish, were served separately on the top plate, and then the meat on the other plate after one had been removed. Also hors d'œuvres are not served en bloc but one or two portions at a time. A meal can take about two hours, and the plates are always cold. By the way the fish we were served had been caught in the river that morning and were similar to a sardine in size.

All the houses here were very, very old, and with their turreted roofs rising to a chateau on the top of the cliff, the whole panorama had a fairy tale quality about it. It must have been the original for stage pieces for our well-loved pantomimes like Cinderella. Eventually we visited the chateau and the church and houses surrounding it, which all dated back many, many hundreds of years. I was told the view was magnificent with the Dordogne wending its way through the valley far below us, and woodlands stretching into a hazy distance.

The climate in Bordeaux is very warm and the last time snow fell there was in 1956. The rainfall isn't heavy either, and warm weather and not too much rain are necessary for a bumper wine harvest such as there had been this year.

Bordeaux is very much to my liking both for its warmth and its wine. And "Bella Marguerite" Stanway likes the wine!

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

William Arnold of Keighley, Yorkshire, came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1973. He served in the London Irish Rifles during the 2nd World War and is married with five children.

John Edmund Brown of Nuneaton, Warwickshire became a full St. Dunstaner in October, 1973. He served in the Cambridgeshire Regiment during the 2nd World War and is married with a son and a daughter.

William Charity of London, N.W.10, joined St. Dunstan's in October, 1973. He served with the East Kent Regiment, (the Buffs) during the 1st World War and suffered injuries which have ultimately brought a loss of sight. He is married with a grown-up family.

John Llewellyn Davies of Swansea, Glamorganshire. He served as an Air Raid Warden in the Civil Defence and was wounded in Swansea in 1941. He is married.

Raymond Lazare Hazan of Aldershot, a Regular Officer in the Royal Anglian Regiment, was severely wounded and lost his sight whilst serving in Northern Ireland. He came to St. Dunstan's in November and is now training at Pearson House. He is married.

Charles Percy Heselton of Scarborough, was commissioned, served in the R.H.A. and R.F.A., and was gassed in the First War; he came to St. Dunstan's in August. He had wide business interests for many years until he retired. He is married with one son.

William Henry Hodder of Hull rejoined St. Dunstan's in October, 1973. He had previously been a member from 1951 to 1960. He served in the Royal Corps of Signals during the 2nd World War and is married with two children.

Ernest Hornby of Hull, Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's in October, 1973. He served in the 1st World War in the Royal Field Artillery and was wounded in France. He is married with two sons and a daughter.

TAPE RECORDING SERVICE FOR THE BLIND

In November we published information from Mr. Ron Hall's "Free Tape Recorded Library for the Blind." Now we publish information about another recording service which has already provided valuable help to at least two St. Dunstaners. The Review *would be interested to know if any other St. Dunstaners take up this generous offer.*

Our Aim:

To give a service to blind people through the medium of tape-recorded information, with the intention of supplementing the work of the official organisations by satisfying individual needs:

Our recording to date has included:—

Educational courses
Technical papers and books
Informative booklets, articles
Reports, periodicals, etc.
Instruction leaflets
Non-fiction, eg biographies etc.
Language courses.

We will in fact undertake the reading of any printed material except political matters and any fictional reading already covered by the RNIB Libraries.

How to Make Use of The Service:

For further information about these or any of our other services, please do not hesitate to communicate with the Secretary, by tape or letter—preferably Braille—or by telephone any evening after 7 p.m., when he will be pleased to answer any queries.

SECRETARY
Mr. Charles Cadwell, 48 Fairfax Road, Grange Estate, Farnborough, Hants. Tel: Farn. 47943.

ASST. SEC.
Mrs. Wendy Davies, 9 Walkers Lane, Tarporley, Cheshire. Tel: Tarp. 2729.

CHAIRMAN
Mr. Peter Leyden, 23 Wiltshire Road, Derby, DE2 6EY. Tel: Derby 674544.

If you are a registered blind or Visually Handicapped person, and would like any letterpress material read on to tape, please send it to the nearest of the addresses, see above, together with an adequate tape or cassette, and full instructions about the number of tracks to be used, speed, etc., and it will be dealt with as soon as possible.

The Cost:

This service is quite free, although a donation of cash or Green Shield Stamps to help with the running costs is always welcome AND PLEASE ACCOMPANY ANY QUERIES WITH A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE! It would cut our costs tremendously if only everyone did this.

By donating an annual 50p or a 900ft tape, you will be entitled to receive our periodical tape magazine "Far and Wide", and also "New Beacon". There is as well a ladies' tape, and other tape periodicals and news letters which will be sent by arrangement with the appropriate organisations.

WELCOME—*continued*

Gerald Robert Jones of St. Agnes, Cornwall, a Regular Officer and helicopter pilot in the Royal Corps of Transport, came to St. Dunstan's in July. With some guiding sight, he is able to work with a friend in a firm producing hand-made goods in the West Country. He is married with two small children.

Lieut.-Colonel Cyril Luxford of Crowborough, was a Regular Officer and served in the First War. He is in poor health, his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's in August; he is married.

Cedric James Ousley of Worthing, served and was commissioned in the Second War in the R.N.V.R.; his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's in November. He is a widower with one daughter living in America.

TOP CIVIL SERVANT

Denis Church lost his sight in the Second War and went back to the Civil Service where he had been employed for a short time before hostilities. Now he has just been promoted from Principal to be Assistant Secretary, Department of Trade and Industry. An Assistant Secretary is one of the higher ranks in the Civil Service and this may well be the first time that a totally blind career Civil Servant has worked his way to so high a rank.

Denis Church married Susan Canti, who will be well remembered as a V.A.D. at Church Stretton and in Toronto for many years.

St. Dunstaners will join in very warm congratulations to them both.

Remembrance Sunday 1973

by Joyce & Robert Pringle

On Sunday, 11th November, St. Dunstaners, their wives and escorts gathered at Headquarters where we were greeted by Mr. E. V. Stevens. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Chow made sure that we were each given a cup of tea and we had time to talk to St. Dunstaners that we had not seen for some time. Matron Blackford was up for the day from Northgate House.

Eventually we boarded two coaches which took us to Wellington Barracks where we formed up and marched to the Cenotaph.

We heard people remarking that they could not recall a Remembrance Sunday which had been other than fine but this must have been a gem among them. The sun shone warmly from a cloudless blue sky and lit the familiar buildings with a champagne-like warmth. As Big Ben struck eleven and the cannon sounded out the beginning of the two minutes' silence a wind sprang up and hundreds of russet coloured leaves fell from the trees drifting to the ground past the eyes of the silent crowds. A fitting symbol of the thousands of men who fell in two world wars. After the silence and the short religious service we marched past the Cenotaph executing a smart eyes left.

Special cheer

The crowds in Whitehall gave our contingent a special cheer. The wives in the crowd said that Lord Fraser looked in fine fettle and was a magnificent figure striding out at the head of the column. It was good to be present again this year to honour the memory of fallen comrades.

The coaches took us from Wellington Barracks to the Great Western Royal Hotel where we were able to resume the conversations that had begun at Headquarters earlier in the day. Here we were joined by Lady Fraser whom we were all truly delighted to see.

At luncheon it was the general consensus of opinion that the Great Western Royal Hotel had provided a very good meal indeed. Lord Fraser rose to speak to us. He began by saying that he apologised for having left his notes behind and hoped that he would remember all the subjects he wanted to talk to us about—of course he did. He went on to say how pleased he was that so many of us were present; 72 St. Dunstaners and escorts had marched past the Cenotaph.

He pointed out that to symbolise the nationwide character of St. Dunstan's he had chosen a first World War lady St. Dunstaner to sit at his left hand and a second World War man to sit at his right; These were, Blodwyn Simon and David Bell; one Welsh and the other a Scot from a city called Edinburgh and he seemed to recall having heard of that place at some time or another. Lord Fraser went on to thank our escorts, our friends from *H.M.S. Daedalus* who had joined us for the parade, and, last but not least, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith.

Lord Fraser said that on this day we remembered all the many times when Mr. Wills had been with us at this luncheon and wished him continued success as Secretary. It was his pleasure to introduce Mr. Stevens, who rose to his feet and, quietly in his fashion, said how very pleased he was to be with us on what he hoped would be the first of many such occasions.

Mr. Stevens

Mr. Stevens called upon Billy Miller to give the vote of thanks on behalf of the St. Dunstaners. Billy spoke simply and directly and said what we all felt, which was that we were grateful for the opportunity of attending this function, for an excellent lunch, and wanted to thank Lord Fraser for all that he does for us as Chairman of St. Dunstan's. Coupled to our thanks to him were our thanks to Lady Fraser. Hardly had Billy finished speaking when a chorus of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow" was started, swiftly followed by "For she's a Jolly Good Fellow". During the singing of this last chorus, Lord Fraser rose and went to Lady Fraser's side, he bent over her chair and spoke to her. She was visibly moved but stood to say a few words. She thanked us for what she described as this charming expression of our sentiments.

The last speaker was Mr. Bill Harris who thanked St. Dunstan's on behalf of the escorts.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLANDS

Business was very brisk at the "Bring and Buy Sale" which we held at our meeting in October. We also held the final of our Sir Arthur Pearson domino competition and our Annual General Meeting on the same afternoon.

The meeting was very well attended and a very nice sum of money was raised toward club funds.

The final of the domino competition was between Joe Kibbler and Louis Androlia. It was a very tight game but eventually Louis was the winner.

The Annual General Meeting was mainly taken up with the election of a new Treasurer, as Guy Bilcliff resigned the office thus leaving a vacancy. Louis and Cath Androlia were asked if they would care to take over this job and they have accepted. Actually they were proposed by Doug Faulkner and seconded by Tom O'Connor. Therefore, our committee now comprises of the following members, Chairman, L. Kibbler, Secretary, D. E. Cashmore, Treasurer, L. M. Androlia, other officers, D. Faulkner and E. Hordyniec.

The thanks of all club members go to Guy and Sallie for being our treasurers for the past seven years and we hope that they will still attend club meetings in the future.

Our congratulations go to Mrs. Elizabeth Tomporowski, who was presented with a silver medal by the Polish Archbishop, on behalf of the Pope, for ten years work as secretary of her Polish church in Wolverhampton. The medal was presented to her at a Service of celebration to commemorate twenty-five years in the history of the Polish Church in Wolverhampton. It is a very lovely medal and Elizabeth was very proud to show it to all club members.

We were very pleased to welcome Loreto Rea to the club and trust that he will continue to attend.

Our November meeting was held on the first Sunday of the month so that members wishing to attend Armistice Services on 11th November would be free to do so.

Compared with the previous meeting this was rather a quiet one. A few chaps had a friendly game of dominoes, and after tea we had a short session of "Bingo".

Tea for this meeting was prepared for us by Mrs. Connie Faulkner and we all showed our appreciation with our thanks for a grand tea.

Our next meeting is to be held on **Sunday, 2nd December** and will be our Christmas Party.

All members of the Midland Club join together in wishing St. Dunstaners everywhere, and all St. Dunstan's staff, a very happy Christmas and a very happy, healthy and prosperous New Year.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

BRIGHTON

The Annual General Meeting of the above club will be held on **Friday, 14th December, at 2.30 p.m.** It will be held at St. Ann's Hall, St. George's Road, Kemp Town, just a little west of Pearson House, bus stop Great College Street. Please come along and elect your Chairman and Committee. All St. Dunstaners and wives or other escorts are most cordially welcome.

F. RHODES

LONDON

The October Football Pontoon Sweepstake was shared by H. King and E. Carpenter, their teams being Queens Park

From the Chairman's Postbag

From Randall Williams, Bexley Road, London, S.E.9

In the October *Review* you asked for any comments on sizes of banknotes. I have observed that the size of the £5 note is getting dangerously close to the size of the £1 note. In comparison the £1 is slightly narrower, but at the same time, slightly longer than the £5. There was a time when, by sliding the notes between my first and second fingers I could easily tell the difference; the £5 would be over the length of my first finger whilst the £1 would be well under. However, it appears to me that some blind folk could easily get the newer notes mixed.

I myself overcome the difficulty when paying out by having separate places in my wallet for these notes. I find it more convenient to carry an amount of cash in the form of notes rather than keeping a cheque book on my person. Since I often wear a sweater I dislike carrying a bulging wallet in the back pocket of my trousers. Therefore, to keep the number of notes to a low number I have them in denominations of £5.

BRIDGE NOTES

The ninth and final Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 3rd November:—

W. Allen and J. Lynch	84
W. Lethbridge and W. Phillips	72
R. Evans and W. Miller	64
R. Pacitti and Miss Vera Kemmish	63
P. Nuyens and R. Stanners	55
H. Meleson and J. Padley	49
A. Caldwell and F. Dickerson	45

The best five results out of nine are:—

W. Lethbridge	444
R. Evans	432
W. Allen	416
W. Miller	406
J. Padley	403
W. Phillips	401
P. Nuyens	396
J. Lynch	386
F. Dickerson	378
A. Caldwell	372
R. Pacitti	366
H. Meleson	338
H. King	196 after 3 games
Miss Vera Kemmish	176 after 3 games
R. Stanners	168 after 3 games

CLUB NEWS

LONDON—*continued*

Rangers and Aston Villa, respectively. Miss Vera Kemmish and W. Allen divided the "Booby" between them with the teams Fulham and West Ham.

Winners of our Domino Games during the month of October were as follows:—

4th October	**1. M. Sheehan**
	2. W. Miller
11th October	**1. M. Sheehan**
	2. J. Padley
18th October	**1. W. Harding**
	2. G. Stanley
25th October	**1. R. Pacitti**
	W. Miller
	R. Armstrong

It was with a great sense of loss that we said goodbye to Kay and Ralph Pacitti in November. They were such popular members of both our Thursday Club and the Bridge Club. Now it only remains for me on behalf of all the members and their wives to wish them both the very best of luck in their new life and home in Elgin.

Once again the joyful season is upon us and it only remains for me to wish all our friends of St. Dunstan's a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I would like to wish to-day
As our old year is nearly gone,
That Christmas Day
In every way
Will be a merry one.

W. MILLER

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

MURPHY-CHEOK. On 14th November, 1973, PATRICK MURPHY, Junior, of New Stevenstone, Lanarkshire married MISS ROSEMARY CHEOK in a New Stevenstone Church. We wish them every happiness in their married life together.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

HARRY BLUNDELL of Warrington, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his third grandchild, Mark Steven, born to his daughter Gwelda, and her husband, on 30th September, 1973.

LESLIE COPELAND of Clevedon, Somerset, on the birth of a grandson, Stuart Alan Copeland, born on 18th October, 1973, to Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Copeland, his son and daughter-in-law.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND of Burgess Hill, Sussex, on the arrival of his 5th grandchild, Martin James, born to his daughter, Anne Doreen FitzGerald, in Rhodesia, on 25th October, 1973.

FRANK MADGWICK of Crawley, Sussex, who has much pleasure in announcing the birth of his first grandchild, Kelly Madgwick, born to his son Michael and his wife, Janice, on 26th September, 1973.

ARTHUR HENRY VICKERY of Cheltenham, Glos., who announces the birth of a grandson, Mark, born to his daughter Gaye and her husband in July, 1973.

CYRIL WOOD of Petersfield, Hants., who is pleased to announce the arrival of his second grandson, Edward Steven, born to his daughter Jennifer and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Day, on 12th October, 1973.

Long Life and happiness to:

Aileen, step-daughter of LESLIE COPELAND of Clevedon, Somerset, who married David Hallister of Wingfield, Berks., at St. Peter's Church, Cranbourne, Nr. Windsor, Berks., on 3rd November, 1973.

John Richard, son of NORMAN COOK, of Croydon, Surrey, who married Miss Heather Ann Pratt at St. Peter's Church, Morden, Surrey, on 29th September, 1973.

Terence, son of JOHN NINIAN COLLINS of Cardiff, who married Miss Pamela Godolphin at St. Joseph's Church, Cardiff, on 6th July, 1973.

Keith, son of Mrs. Lily Filby, of London S.W.16, and the late WILLIAM FILBY, who married Miss B. Peterken on 18th August, 1973.

Mrs. Lily Filby of London, S.W.16, widow of WILLIAM FILBY, tells us that Linda, her eleven year old daughter, has won several swimming badges in school competitions and has been awarded the A.S.A. Silver Survival and Life Saving badge.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

HORACE STANFIELD BLAKE of Ross-on-Wye, who mourns the death of his mother on 19th October, 1973.

HARRY SMITH of Golcar, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, who mourns the death of his wife, Marion, on 20th October, 1973.

MRS. SADIE STOKES, of Salford, Lancashire, whose husband, Tommy Stokes, died in hospital on 30th October, 1973, after a comparativley short illness. She is very grateful for the many messages of sympathy she has received.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

George Edward Bulbrook. *Royal Army Service Corps*

George Edward Bulbrook of March, Cambridgeshire, died at his home on 15th October, 1973. He was 55 years of age.

He served in the Royal Army Service Corps from 1940 to 1946, and it was in that year that his sight began to fail, but he did not come to St.

Dunstan's until 1961. He did not undertake any training but set himself up with a small garage business carrying out limited motor repairs more or less as a hobby occupation.

In 1969 Mr. Bulbrook left Northern Ireland with his family and came to live in England, first at Langley and then in March, Cambridgeshire. He then made poultry keeping, his garden and greenhouse his hobby occupations and carried on with these right up to the time of his death, which was very sudden.

When he lived in Northern Ireland, Mr. Bulbrook was a member of the Organising Committee for the "Not Forgotten Association" and did much work in connection with their annual flag day.

He leaves a widow, two daughters and a son. Caroline, his elder daughter was married last September, but Sylvia and Robert are still at home with their mother.

Henry Geller. *1st Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment*

Henry Geller of Woodford Green, Essex, died on 20th October, 1973. He was 83 years of age.

He served in the King's Liverpool Regiment from 1916 to 1919 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until March 1971, as the serious deterioration in his sight did not take place until later on in his life and he had retired.

During his business life he was a butcher and during his years of retirement his main hobby was gardening. He had three sons all of whom are married and the families visited him frequently. Recently he told us of the arrival of his 9th grandchild who was born earlier this year.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Winifred Geller and his grown-up sons and grandchildren.

George Walter Elphick. *Hong Kong Dockyard Defence Corps.*

George Walter Elphick of Whitstable, Kent, died at home on 3rd November, 1973. He was 72 years of age.

He enlisted in the Hong Kong Dockyard Defence Corps in 1941, he was discharged in 1947 and came to St. Dunstan's in 1948.

After preliminary training, Mr. Elphick and his wife went into business and opened a shop in Rochester, where they ran a successful business until 1953, when they moved to Tunbridge Wells and, after a short break, they purchased a tobacco and confectionery business in Rainham, Kent, which they ran successfully until the ill-health of both Mr. and Mrs. Elphick made it necessary for them to retire and in 1960 they moved to Tankerton, where they enjoyed a happy retirement. Mr. Elphick was taken ill suddenly a few days after returning home from hospital.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith Elphick.

Malcolm Roderick Hackett. *Royal Air Force*

Malcolm Roderick Hackett of Peacehaven, Sussex, died suddenly on 16th October, 1973 at the age of 65 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Air Force in 1940 and served with them until his discharge in 1943. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1945. In addition to learning Braille, typewriting, and studying English and general handicrafts, Mr. Hackett chose to become a leather worker and carried on with this occupation for a few years but in 1948 he commenced work in a factory and worked in industry until his retirement in 1973, when he completed a working life of just over fifty years. In retirement Mr. Hackett continued with his many hobbies and used his workshop at home to make various things in carpentry which he needed for his own use.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Florence Hackett and his only daughter, Margaret.

John Lavell. *King's Liverpool Regiment*

John Lavell of Portsfield, Hereford, died at Tupsley Hospital, Hereford, on 20th October, 1973. He was 84 years of age.

He enlisted in the King's Liverpool Regiment in January, 1917 and was discharged in May, 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1923.

He trained in joinery and picture framing, the latter having been his occupation before joining the Army. Later he also took up the making of trays.

Following the death of his wife in 1970, he made his home with his son, Harry and his family in Hereford. His health had become rather frail in recent years but nevertheless he enjoyed regular visits to our Brighton Home.

He leaves two sons and two daughters.

Frederick W. Matthews. *2nd Bedford Regiment*

Frederick W. Matthews of Soberton, Hants., died on 21st October, 1973, whilst staying for a convalescent holiday at Pearson House, where he was suddenly taken ill. He was 83 years of age.

He enlisted in the 2nd Bedford Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916 when he joined St. Dunstan's.

He trained in Braille, typewriting and in netting and the making of wool rugs. At a later date he also kept poultry. In recent years he and his wife suffered from poor health and lived in quiet retirement.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Matthews, and his daughter and grand-daughter.

Frederick Peacock. *15th West Yorkshire Regiment*

Frederick Peacock of Stokesley, Yorkshire, died in hospital, on 11th October at the age of 74 years.

He enlisted in the 15th West Yorkshire Regiment and served with them from 1917 to 1918 when he was wounded at Armentieres in July 1918 and he came to St. Dunstan's in January 1919.

He trained as a basket maker but later gave up this occupation and began keeping pigs and poultry. Over the years he developed his smallholding and carried on with this occupation until recent years. When Mrs. Peacock died in 1971 he made his home with his daughter Mrs. Ada Featherstone and her family.

He became ill and was admitted to hospital in September and it was there he passed away in October.

He leaves his daughter, Mrs. Ada Featherstone and her family.

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St Dunstans REVIEW JANUARY



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 648 **JANUARY 1974** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The Young

These Notes are mainly about and are indeed addressed to the young.

On Saturday, 8th December, I attended the Bridge Club's Christmas Party, where some 35 St. Dunstaners and an equal number of their guests and friends sat down to a bridge afternoon. I thought then how fortunate the Second War St. Dunstaners were that, when they joined us as young men, there were still many of the older generation alive to welcome them. We older men may have had nothing much but a little experience and a little wisdom and we were perhaps a little bit old-fashioned or "square" as some would say nowadays. But it was possible for us to pass on something of the earlier traditions of St. Dunstan's and some helped to encourage bridge amongst the newcomers. This is but one example worth recording of friendly help between St. Dunstaners.

It is my opinion that to-day's younger generation are as good as and in many respects better than we men and women of both Wars are or were and I'd like to pay a tribute to them.

I get many charming letters from St. Dunstaners about their children and grandchildren and occasionally great-grandchildren and often read in the *St. Dunstan's Review* of the young people's progress. This gives me great pleasure.

I expect that most of us hope that members of our families are enjoying a better time than we did in our day, for life is undoubtedly more varied and interesting, though perhaps more complicated, than it used to be. Certainly general education and training have improved enormously since the First War and perhaps even more rapidly since the Second War. I like to think that the new generations have a good life ahead of them.

I hope many of them read the *Review*, so that they may know something of our organisation and the activities of their grandfathers and fathers, and that they will continue to be proud of St. Dunstan's. Lady Fraser and I send our warm good wishes to them all.

Memories

St. Dunstaners know many members of our Executive Council, whom they meet from time to time at Reunions and other events. This month our two youngest Councillors have spoken to audiences of our men at Brighton. Mr. Michael Delmar-Morgan gave a most excellent address at the Grocers' Dinner and Mr. Nigel Pearson, grandson of the Founder of St. Dunstan's and son of our President, spoke at the Founder's Day Service—his message is printed on another page.

COVER PICTURE: *St. Dunstaner Llew Davies (left) with Dr. Edwin Spearing at Streatham/Croydon Rugby Club (see* Ways of Life *on centre pages).*

Whilst there are very few of us still alive who knew Sir Arthur Pearson personally, his spirit has pervaded the whole blind world and—after 52 years—continues to have its influence. A leading newspaper and periodical publisher, who started some famous journals which still have a widespread impact, he lost his sight during the years just before the First War. He did more than any other single person to set the National Institute for the Blind on its feet and he founded St. Dunstan's. His newspaper contacts, the poignancy of his own blindness at the height of his career, his skill at publicity, and his warm personality and imagination dramatised blindness in a way that had not happened before and this was more particularly seen when the first thousand blinded ex-Servicemen were gathered together in and around Regent's Park at St. Dunstan's. For the first time the world was told and able to see for itself that blindness is a handicap to be overcome and not a final disaster. The St. Dunstaners of that era, and indeed the 5,500 who have followed, benefited directly and indirectly and carried his ideas all over the British world and beyond and by their success and example enriched the understanding of blindness everywhere. This was what we remembered at Brighton at our Service.

I have attended almost all these Services for half a century, but have not heard a more moving or graceful tribute than that paid by Mr. Nigel to his grandfather's memory.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.

Robert Lawson Austin of Elland, Yorkshire, became a full St. Dunstaner in December, 1973. He served with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers during the 2nd World War and is married with seven children.

Mrs. Muriel Kathleen Bryant of Radstock, Somerset, joined St. Dunstan's in November 1973. Mrs. Bryant was injured when working in a Munitions Factory in 1941 where she held a clerical position. She is a trained telephonist and typist and worked until her marriage in 1960. She is very interested in handicraft and has won many prizes, and her work has been exhibited in London. She had the honour of representing the Somerset Blind Association at a luncheon party given by the Prime Minister earlier this year.

Mr. Ernest Harry Budd of London, S.E.20, came to St. Dunstan's in November 1973. He served in the Bedfordshire Regiment during the 1st World War. He has now retired but his previous occupation was as an employee on the railways. He is a widower.

Edward Ellis of Nuneaton, Warwickshire, joined St. Dunstan's in November 1973. He served as a Regimental Sergeant Major in the Royal Artillery from 1933 to 1960.

Edwin Clarence Longstaff of Bognor Regis, Sussex, joined St. Dunstan's in November, 1973. During the 1st World War he served in the Machine Gun Corps, the Royal Engineers and later in the Pioneer Corps. He was discharged from the Services in 1919 following his injuries. After the war he returned to his employment and served for some years as a Departmental Manager for his Company in India. He is a widower.

William Marley of Washington, Co. Durham, joined St. Dunstan's in December, 1973. He served in the 19th Division, Royal Field Artillery during the 1st World War. He is married.

Raymond Henry Peart of Churchdown, Gloucestershire, came to St. Dunstan's in November, 1973. He joined the Gloucestershire Regiment in January 1966 and served with them until he was wounded in Belfast in July 1973. He is married with two sons.



St. George's Church, Kemp Town.

FOUNDER'S DAY SERVICE 1973

The Founder's Day Service, in memory of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E., was held at St. George's Church, Kemp Town, on Sunday, 9th December, the actual day of the month of Sir Arthur's death in 1921. The Service was conducted by our Chaplain, the Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D. Commandant Fawcett read the lesson. Among those present were Lord Fraser of Lonsdale, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Dacre, and Sir Neville Pearson's daughters, Mrs. Michael Noble and Mrs. Robert Hardy, with her daughter Justine. A number of St. Dunstaners, some with their wives, attended the Service, as did members of the staff.

Mr. Nigel Pearson, Sir Arthur's grandson, who was accompanied by Lady Frances Pearson, gave the address. He said:—
Although we were here at this time last year, this is the first Founder's Day since Pearson House was officially re-opened last May. The new building is a tribute to all those involved with it, St. Dunstan's staff, architects, specialist designers, surveyors, builders,—and I hope that our friends the Grocers, whose generosity started us here, are pleased with the way their acorn has grown.

The new building is a striking example of something which is a feature of all our lives, the balance and interplay of mutual dependence and independence, of people working together but each getting on with his or her own part, whether it be the kitchens, the heating, or the dentist's chair.

Independence is something which everybody wants, and to some extent should have, but as my grandfather once said, "all members of a civilised community are more or less dependent on each other". I am not going to rabbit on about teamwork. I will leave that to the football managers. But I would like us to think for a moment on the degrees to which we depend on each other. Probably the biggest renunciation of personal independence we make is when we fall for a bit of life-long "trouble and strife",

commonly a very advantageous surrender of independence.

No one, not even the most talented and individualistic artist, earns his livelihood without some essential function being performed by others for him. Total independence is simply impracticable. But just as total independence is impossible, so absolute dependence on others is undesirable.

Satisfactory Life

As with all things, the art of conducting a satisfactory life is striking the best balance between the extremes for each of us. Any loss of independence that comes from loss of sight can be compensated by gains with other faculties, in memory, concentration, clarity of thought, purposefulness and feel, each of which can contribute towards achieving a greater degree of independence – whether through craftsmanship or executive position or understanding of life which so many St. Dunstaners have proved.

I am sure our Chairman would, under any circumstances, have been a very able man, but who can say whether in other circumstances his thinking would have been quite so incisive or his purposefulness so precise.

I am sure most of us will agree with our Founder, Sir Arthur, when he wrote, "I am quite certain that almost every man who passed through St. Dunstan's would agree with me that from the mental point of view he is a far superior being to the one he was when he possessed his sight".

Developing Talents

It is up to St. Dunstan's to help replace any independence lost in one way by developing talents through which that independence can be regained by other means. That is readily understood. But the main point I want to make is this. Do not expect total independence. None of us have that. We are all in different ways partially dependent on others. We work with others and accept help from others without demeaning ourselves as recipients. Those who can should give definite and material help to others – without getting in their hair. Make yourself as independent as you reasonably can be without being 'hornery'. At the same time do not be disturbed by being dependent on others. We all are.

Like the American poet, Alice Cary, who wrote throughout her life in conjunction with her sister Phoebe. When she went blind, she wrote this:—

"My soul is full of whispered song,
my blindness is my sight.
The shadows that I feared so long
are full of life and light".

When my grandfather died, my grandmother received telegrams from the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra and the Prime Minister, and many other tributes. At the end of the year the old Queen Alexandra wrote a 4-page letter herself which ended, "May this work live after him and prosper". It has, and I feel sure it will, as long as it is needed.

VISIT TO HAMPSTEAD

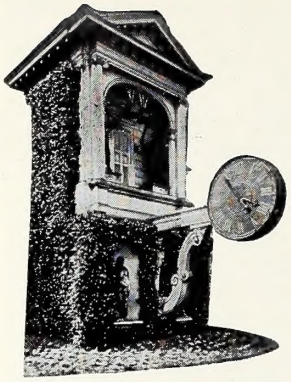
On Friday, 7th December, Mr. C. D. Wills accompanied by Albert Woollen, of Watford, Herts., a 1st World War St. Dunstaner, William Allen of Farnborough, Hants., and Patrick Sheehan, of Wanstead, London, E.11, both 2nd World War men, made their way to the Hampstead Cemetery to lay a wreath on Sir Arthur's grave.

Blind Bowlers

The following is reprinted from the *New Beacon* of October 1973:—

Formation of
National Association of Blind Bowlers

Interest has been expressed in the formation of a national association of blind bowlers. The RNIB is pleased to offer its facilities for a meeting to be held in the gymnasium of the Physiotherapy School, 204 Great Portland Street (4th floor), London W1N 6LQ, on Saturday 26 January 1974 at 2.30 p.m. It is proposed that a steering committee be elected at this meeting. Individual blind bowlers are welcome to attend, and it is hoped that all established blind bowls clubs and sports clubs for the disabled with bowling sections will send representatives. The organisers would like to hear from those interested in this venture who might not be able to attend the meeting. All communications should be addressed to the Principal of the Physiotherapy School at the address above.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog



Exceptional Services Recognised

In the Queen's Birthday Honours list last Summer **Walter Thornton,** of Edgbaston, Birmingham, was awarded the O.B.E., and on 4th December he was at Buckingham Palace to receive his Order from the hands of Her Majesty. With him went his wife Margaret, his married daughter, his son and his daughter-in-law, seen in our photograph outside the Palace.

The award was made in connection with Walter's services to the Federation of Boys' Clubs in Birmingham over a number of years. Walter is, however, much better known to our readers for his pioneer work with the long cane, the sonic torch and the ultrasonic spectacles. He is Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the National Mobility Centre for the Blind.

Walter Thornton has received another insignia in Birmingham where, quite recently, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Mrs. Marjorie Brown, presented him with the Gold Badge of the National Blood Donors Service. In 23 years he has given a total of 50 pints of blood.

The Younger Generation

Peter, son of **Frank Griffee,** of Rottingdean, has just spent his first Christmas in England for six years. A graduate of Bath University and Imperial College, London, Peter is a plant pathologist. His job is to identify and control plant diseases caused by bacteria, fungi or viruses. After working in Zambia, he travelled to the Windward Islands to do research on banana diseases. During a recent international conference in Brighton, he read a paper on this subject.

Gold Watch for John Bailey

Another St. Dunstaner, **John Bailey,** blinded at the age of twenty when serving in the Parachute Regiment and trained at St. Dunstan's for industry, has held down a variety of interesting jobs with Dennis Motors, Guildford. His twenty-five years service with the firm was recognised in November. Mr. Tom Dodd, Managing Director, presented John with a Braille watch in a gold case. Our photograph shows him chatting to the Mayor.





Dr. Spearing's commentary helps Llew Davies picture this line-out.

WAYS OF LIFE 20

WITH EYES WIDE OPEN — Llew Davies

"Living is going through life serving some purpose. If you haven't got a purpose it is no good; there's nothing in it – and to give in life, in my opinion, is far more than to receive, although it's nice to receive sometimes". Expressing part of his philosophy of life, Llew Davies, totally blind physiotherapist and sportsman, very Welsh Welshman, gives a glimpse of his personality in the slight self mockery of the last phrase.

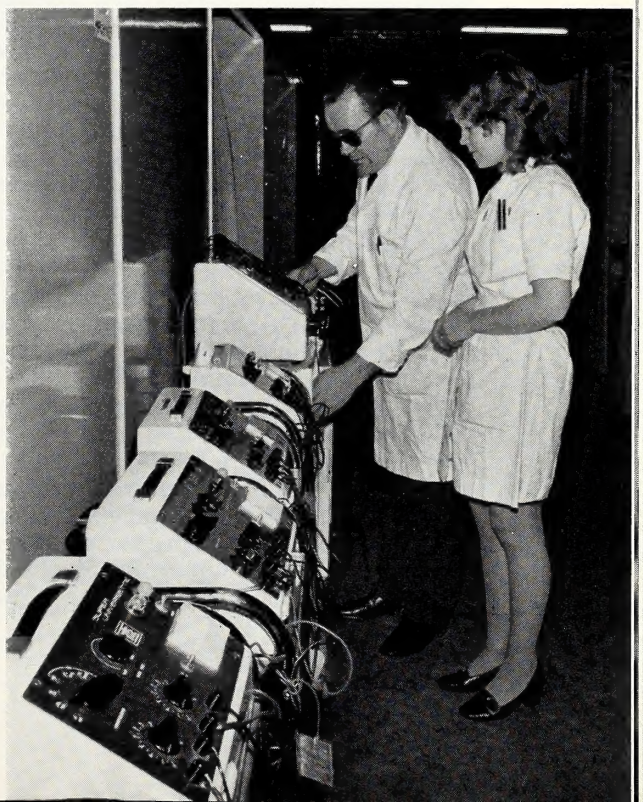
"There are people who feel bitter about losing their sight. Others who are indifferent to their loss of sight. There are other people who try to analyse the reason for their loss of sight. When you are on your own sometimes, you try to analyse it all out and you try to be truthful with yourself in your own mind. I have done this and the answer I come out with is that I'm a far better blind man than I would ever have been as a sighted man".

A sighted person meeting Llew Davies might find that statement over modest for he is a small, dark-haired man of enormous personality, with the charm and fluent, lilting speech of the Welsh. Although he left Wales 36 years ago he still retains his accent, "I was given advice many years ago: No matter where I'm speaking or when I'm speaking or what Im doing, the thing is to be my normal self".

He was born in 1922 in the tiny mining town of Gwaun-cae-Gurwen on the borders of Carmarthen and Glamorgan. Small it may be but Llew can cite some famous names born there. Although he names opera

Llew shares a joke with professional footballer Mel Blyth as he treats his injured leg.

Llew Davies is responsible for the equipment in his Department. Here he checks some apparatus with one of his staff.



stars and actresses, a stronger note of pride enters his voice when he mentions Wales' rugby captain, Gareth Edwards. "It's insignificant, a tiny place but Welsh culture still exists there", says Llew, "And, of course, for me it's still home. I was one of 13 children: seven girls and six boys, the youngest of the boys. It is very much a mining family. Father spent years in the pits. I would like to inherit his qualities. Not a big man, small in stature but big in heart. He understood what kindness was. Five sisters and two brothers still live in Gwaun-cae-Gurwen so there's always a welcome".

The war took Llew away from Gwaun-cae-Gurwen. He went straight into the Army from school. As a Territorial he was called up the day before war was declared. He served in the 2nd Battalion, London Irish Rifles. "I was with the 1st Army in Africa, Sicily and Italy in the 78th Infantry Division – these are the boys who know all

about it. I've been in hand to hand fighting twice in my life. Nothing to brag about and yet one tends to look at it as the great adventure. I wouldn't like to have missed all this – on the other hand I don't want ever to go through it again".

Blinded in a Brigade landing behind the German lines at Termoli on the Adriatic coast, Llew finally came to St. Dunstan's and to his chosen profession of physiotherapy. Chosen? No, says Llew, "I didn't want to choose St. Dunstan's. My first reaction after losing my sight when somebody said would you like to join St. Dunstan's was, I'm not going to volunteer for the Girl Guides again, let alone any other damn organisation. Yet, how wrong I was. This may be my Welsh sentiment but I don't think you must ever disguise the truth. Where would we be without St. Dunstan's? I know we have had financial help from St. Dunstan's but that is not what we owe them. They have kept us as men. We have proved ourselves as men again. They have given us something. I don't think any other organisation in the whole world could have done better".

Early Days

In those early training days, though, Llew needed some pushing along his present successful way of life. "When I started in Church Stretton I didn't have any idea what I was taking up. I didn't know much about physiotherapy and all this twaddle about wanting to help others – it didn't have any appeal to me". It took a visit from his old Company Commander, Major Costello, to decide for him with the direct order, "You will do physiotherapy". A new course was starting in 48 hours and Llew found himself on it, "I was bulldozed into it and I went".

He had no medical bent and, but for the war, had ambitions to enter engineering. He found his mechanical knowledge helped in his new studies, "It enabled me to visualise the mechanics of the human body. Very often I answered questions which I didn't understand but I could analyse out in my mind because of the mechanical knowledge I had".

"We were in St. Dunstan's and you had colleagues who were in the same position. There were four of us in my section: Reg. Theobald, Paddy Humphrey, Bill Shea and myself. It wasn't a question of one of us getting through, or two or three of us getting through. It was the goal of all of us in that section that all four of us would go through. I don't think I could have succeeded without the help of the other three".

"Once that goal had been reached it was then I realised that the final examination was the step on to the bottom rung. The climbing of that ladder has been far more difficult than getting on to the bottom rung".

The bottom rung for Llew, after he had served St. Dunstan's for 18 months as a physiotherapy instructor, was a post in the National Health Service. "Having been born and brought up in Wales I think one must agree that one is a socialist. Anybody who runs down the National Health Service, even today, is the biggest fool on earth. There is room for improvement, of course there is. There are shortcomings, yes, of course there are. But the good work does not get the publicity".

"Having trained a physiotherapist St. Dunstan's puts him as a private physiotherapist because some people say that a blind man is more effective in surroundings he knows. This I will grant without any shadow of doubt but I have done 25 years in my department and I am quite familiar with my surroundings. The mere fact that you have got to leave the house, catch a bus and mix with the public tends to broaden your knowledge of life. I think it is educational to go out into the sighted world – with your eyes wide open, if I can coin a phrase".

Life or Death

"At the Mayday Hospital we have something like 16 or 17 physiotherapists with a Superintendent, Assistant Superintendent and three Senior Physiotherapists. The others are basic grade and part-time physiotherapists. I am now Assistant Superintendent of the Department". In a big general hospital there is no lack of variety in the patients to be treated. For some of them life or death may depend on physiotherapy: "If you get people in the Intensive Care Unit who are unconscious they can have a chest condition – pneumonia can set in and the patient, instead of dying from his injuries could well die from pneumonia. We are sent in to do chest therapy. You have to be cruel to be kind. You've got to turn them, twist them. It is

your job to get the patient to cough up that stuff. This is not easy. You sometimes come across a young girl, just about half conscious and you've got to make up your mind you are going to do the best job you can. You're human, you've got daughters of your own, kids like this. Sometimes the sweat rolls off my brow and sometimes tears roll down my cheeks too. I'm not ashamed of it".

For Llew and his colleagues there is the satisfaction of a patient they treated night and day coming back to see them, "He recovered and now he pops into the department every now and again. He is only about 44 and he is as well and as fit as I am. Well, you can't help but feel a certain amount of pride or satisfaction but not individually, because it was team work".

Manipulation

In his normal work manipulation is the aspect that interests Llew most: "It is a technique of treatment that is so dependent on the sense of touch. You don't need sight, although sight would be very useful in assessment. Seeing the posture might be a bit of an advantage but you can make up for this by using your hands and your fingers and the actual manipulation itself becomes a sense of touch. A range of movement which is very small, reasonably gentle. You must not hurt the patient. It is a field of knowledge you can go into and develop. The point of this is that when I first started at Mayday you would not dream of seeing manipulation written on a physiotherapy card. In the last five or six years you saw the term 'gentle manipulative treatment' and now they tend to put 'low back manipulative treatment'. The thing is growing".

The field of manipulation has led Llew back to the field of sport. He treats athletes and footballers like professional Mel Blyth of Crystal Palace, who says this of him: "I have known Llew for four years, I always like to come to him. If you are in trouble you can always call on him because he seems to find out what is wrong. If he says 'You'll be all right to play', I know I will. I suppose you could just say it is my confidence in him but it is more than that. This injury had been troubling me for three weeks without improving but now Llew has been treating it for another three weeks and I hope to be training again in ten days".

Llew makes no charge for the help he gives to sportsmen, "I'm treating people like Mel Blyth, not because he's a footballer earning £150 a week, not for any pride that I might take that I am looking after Crystal Palace players. I recall my own youth when I used to play rugby and was injured, looking to see if somebody was around to give me a bit of advice, a bit of help. Now I am in a position to help these youngsters I do it because I feel I can put something into it again".

In addition, for Llew there is the professional interest in treating athletic injuries, "This is where you get perfection. This is where you get the comparison between the physically sick and the athlete who is slightly injured. Here you get a good chance of studying anatomy at its best. You feel the muscle tone, you feel the nerves. When you come to put an electric machine on to an athlete he will react much quicker than anybody else. Mel Blyth, if you put a machine on his leg and you turn it up for Faradism, for stimulating the muscle, gosh, you have only got to touch the switch and his muscles are away".

Rugby Official

Rugby is Llew's first love – he is a Vice-President of Streatham/Croydon Rugby Football Club and a member of the famous London-Welsh Club. Streatham does not make its Vice-Presidents lightly, they must have served the Club as an official for at least 15 years. Llew is the Club physiotherapist, "Streatham run 12 teams every Saturday – 180 players, with reserves for injuries there are probably 250 players. On top of that we have got on our books at present something like 150 schoolboys. We are keeping 400 youngsters occupied and we can teach them how to behave – how to be able to take a knock".

"Somebody described me as rugby crazy. I'm not rugby crazy but once you are committed to a club to do something then you either do it whole-heartedly or get out of it". Every Saturday Llew is on the touchline bench sitting with his colleague, Club doctor, Edwin Spearing, who gives him a running commentary. Llew played good class rugby but joined the army before he could reach big club standard. In the army he played for his battalion and the Brigade side.



With Peter Atwell (left) and Bernard Utting, O.B.E., President and Past President of Streatham/Croydon.

Nowadays from that bench he still enjoys the game, "I love the thrill of being alongside the touch-line to listen to the pack going down. I like the sound of the boot against the leather". Dr. Spearing's commentary, however, is essential, "I need to be told everything that can be told. If somebody throws a punch, I want to know. The main clue to any commentary is what position the ball is on the field and the movements that follow any set-piece. A commentator may say to you, 'I wish they'd try a few up and unders because the full-back looks a bit shaky'. So when a kick comes – an up and under – you are almost ready to say, 'Did he take it or didn't he?' Hoping he might drop it. You can get into the game much more by a good commentator telling you if a bloke is limping".

In the dressing room or the bar afterwards he joins in the discussions and the inquests. "It opens up a field of social life that is unlimited. Last year, travelling to Ceylon with the London Welsh as physiotherapist, touring right over the island, that increased my range of acquaintances. I have even got a patient in Mayday, Father Gomez, who has come over from Ceylon. I asked him why he came over, he said, 'Because I've got a bad neck and I've come over for you to treat me' ".

So back to Mayday, where, in a quarter of a century, Llew has climbed a good many rungs. "I never seek promotion but if the question does arise I shall put in for it and I shall fight for it. You've got a moral responsibility to achieve something in life on behalf of the blind world because you've got to prove to the sighted world that blind physiotherapists are equally as good as sighted physiotherapists".

Llew knows a good deal about winning acceptance as a blind man in hospital or on the rugby ground. "The answer must always be in the blind man's mind – consideration of others rather than himself. It is not a question of being a clever blind man who can walk straight up the middle of a ward without touching anything. Any old fool can do that if it is clear. In a hopsital you can't guarantee it's clear. I don't mind walking up the ward at a quick pace but I don't do it because I don't know if there is someone in front of me on a pair of crutches".

Next year is another 25th anniversary for Llew, that of his marriage to Joan, a Londoner born in Forest Hill. They have two daughters. "You know, we've been talking and you will write the article and say 'This is Llew Davies' but it has always been made possible by a woman behind the scenes. Your wife is always the important factor. She is always there. She never gets any of the praise or the glory or anything like that but in all truthfulness wives are still the key to it all really".

As Llew put it, this is Llew Davies: A thoughtful extrovert, who clearly sees his purposes in life: his family, his profession, his sport. A blind man going out into the world with his eyes wide open.

A Funny Thing Happened To Me Last September...

by Phillip Wood

With the exception of the ordinary run-of-the-mill correspondence, I have not written a single word since 23rd September of last year. At eight o'clock in the evening of that fateful day I smoked my last cigarette . . .
. . . and almost immediately underwent a complete, terrifying, X-Certificate personality change that would make Dr. Jekyll look like Mike Yarwood on an off-day.

I couldn't think. I couldn't type. I couldn't string half-a-dozen words together. I left dear old ladies to cross the road by themselves. I scowled vilely at babies in prams. I imperiously waved aside girls selling flags for good causes. I even refused to renew my subscription to The Brian Clough Adoration Society. In short I became a totally different person, unloved, unloving and unlovely.

Like so many momentous events the thing began casually, almost as a joke, I suppose. I met an acquaintance in North Wales during last summer. He eyed my cigarette coldly and said it was a dirty habit, smoking, and didn't I have any will-power, or anything.

Sixty a Day Man

He was fairly bursting with the dedicated zeal of the very new convert. Formerly a sixty a day man, he had given up cigarettes and wanted the whole world to know how marvellous it was.

Bully for him, but if he expected me to follow suit, he most certainly had another think coming. Me! after forty-two years!

Besides, he had talked about the magic tablets, or capsules, or whatever they were. Not for me! I hated taking things. I had never joined that most universal of all clubs, Pillswallowers Ubiquitous – I didn't even take the tablets I was supposed to take. In any case, who ever heard of a drug stopping people smoking! There'd be mile-long queues at all the chemist's!

Moreover it was a patriotic duty to smoke. The Government netted a cool £1,000-million from tobacco. As they only spent £1 out of every £25,000, on anti-smoking campaigns *they* couldn't be all that worried about lung cancer.

About two months after my meeting with the crusading non-smoker (late afternoon on the 23rd September, to be precise) I found myself coming out of Boot's clutching a small package and already cursing my folly. The capsules had cost me around thirty bob! How many cigarettes would that buy?

Incredibly the things worked – to the extent that I didn't need sedation or a strait-jacket. I suppose they did take the murderously-savage edge off intolerable craving. But I remember very little of the zombie-like existence of those first few days.

I suppose the best way to describe my painful progress to non-smoking is to say that after eight days withdrawal symptoms made life a nightmare, after eight weeks I felt marvellous . . . and after eight months I felt infinitely worse than I had ever done in the early days of abstinence. I suffered (and I do mean suffered!) from a constant black depression such as I had never known in all my life. I had a permanent searing ache of non-fulfillment, of *unsatisfaction*. I had an unbearable craving for *something*, without knowing what it was.

But I *did* know what I wanted, of course. A cigarette. Just one. All my troubles would dissolve in the smoke from that one cigarette. Life would be a wonderful thing. One cigarette and I would be able to paint a masterpiece, write a best-seller, play King Lear, walk from John O'Groats to Land's End.

Secondary Problem!

Finally in desperation (and very much against my better judgement) I sought help from the doctor. I now had a secondary problem – I was twenty-five pounds overweight.

If I had been the town drunk or a junkie I would have been given all the expert assistance and encouragement I needed. As a smoker trying desperately to kick the habit I was offered tablets "to curb appetite" and the cheerful declaration that I was that rare bird a "nicotinic" and a "cure" could take anything up to *five years*.

Christmas Bridge Drive

ALL ROADS LEAD TO LONDON

With the gloomy prospect of rail strikes, fuel crisis and power cuts, those St. Dunstaners who are bridge enthusiasts waited this year with some anxiety for Saturday 8th December, the day on which our grand Christmas bridge drive was to take place.

However, even on the day before the drive, St. Dunstaners began to converge on London and in the event, Bristol, Ipswich, Newbury, Liverpool, Gosport, Eastbourne, Brighton and the surrounding area, various parts of Middlesex and of course, several districts of London were all represented so that it was impossible to accommodate us in our usual club rooms and it had to be held upstairs in the canteen. This gave Mr. Norman Smith and his band of helpers more trouble organising the catering, but as usual, thanks to them and to the willing co-operation of some wives, everybody enjoyed the customary Christmas tea. I hope I am not accused of dwelling too much on food if I list the fare: hot sausage rolls, sandwiches, chicken rolls, mince pies, Christmas cake, fruit salad and ice cream with as many cups of tea as you liked, not forgetting too the Christmas cracker for each player.

During the afternoon, Lord Fraser spoke briefly, taking the opportunity of wishing us all a happy Christmas and accepting from St. Dunstan's bridge club a bouquet of flowers presented on our behalf by S. Webster to Lady Fraser who, unfortunately was not able to be present because of an indisposition. Our captain, R. Evans thanked Lord Fraser and asked him to convey to Lady Fraser our sincere good wishes for her speedy recovery.

As for the prize winners, **R. Evans** and partner were first, **M. Tybinski** and partner second, **W. Allen** and partner third and **W. Miller** and partner fourth and I will not mention who it was who won the booby prize. However, in order that Christmas be celebrated properly, each St. Dunstaner present was given a raffle prize and our thanks and warm good wishes go to Mrs. Armstrong who had undertaken to purchase all these prizes and parcel them up in appropriate wrappings. Immediately after the Christmas tea which followed the drive, some of our more enterprising members had arranged to have dance music relayed in to the club rooms with some liquid refreshments in order to add to the air of festivity, whilst others adjourned to one or more of the nearby local pubs with the same idea in mind. Altogether, in spite of the failure of our hire car to turn up at the station on the way back home, it is true to say that we all feel that much more Christmassy.

BOB FULLARD.

A Funny Thing . . . *(continued)*

Gradually, however, things have become very much better. I no longer crave tobacco – but nothing has ever taken its place and this is something I have to get used to. And – I seem to have swapped one "guilt" for another! Once I felt guilty each time I put a cigarette in my mouth. Now I feel guilty each time I put food in it! I just can't win! But, happily, I am losing weight regularly and fairly painlessly.

And has it all been worthwhile? "You will feel a lot healthier!" they said. I didn't feel *un*healthy before! "Your cough will go like magic!" they said. I never had a cough! "Your taste and smell will return immediately!" they said. There was never anything the slightest bit dull about my olfactory machinery!

Mind, if anybody were to ask me (and they aren't very likely so to do) "Would you advise me to give up smoking?", my unhesitating reply would be——

No, perhaps I'd better just leave it there. In any case I'm a firm believer in letting everybody go to the Devil in their own particular way.

Blind Patriotism

From a London policeman we have the story of a woman motorist whom he stopped because she had no lights on. She could see all right, she told him, but because of the emergency she was saving fuel.



Bob Farmer bowling.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Jim Taylor, Glenelg North, South Australia

Through the generosity of ex-service airman Bob Farmer, a blinded bowler, I have been able to read your magazine *St. Dunstan's Review* and I was greatly interested in the articles on Les Dennis' bowls trip to South Africa and the golf ability of Gerry Brereton.

I am an ex-airman of the 2nd World War vintage and play a good amount of bowls (outdoors) with Bob Farmer who is president of the newly renamed Blinded Soldiers of St. Dunstan's Australia, South Australia Branch. Bob had the pleasure of meeting and chatting to the remarkable David Bell during his visit to Australia.

The RSL blinded bowlers association was formed about 16 years ago and the numbers were around the 16 mark. Now the number is down to four it is necessary for this body to close shop. The Burnside Returned Services League Bowling Club started the blinded bowlers off, providing bowls and shoes etc., and with the group going into recess the S.A. Returned Services League Lawn Bowls Association has taken them under its wing. This association is purely for RSL members and play social bowls only and the blinded boys have many outings with us.

Beside Bob, there are Alan Davis, Cyril Wilson and Ern Snelling. Age has caught up with Ern and he seldom bowls these days, Alan is the youngest of the group. He now plays at the Adelaide Club of South Park and plays in the 5th division in the Saturday pennant league.

Cyril plays mostly social bowls. Bob is an outstanding bowler and according to

The Chilly Congress

Despite a very cold weekend and accommodation to match, the St. Dunstan's Bridge Congress held at the Ocean Hotel was a great success. For this, we should thank Paul Nuyens for all arrangements concerning accommodation and travel, and as for the Congress itself, this was superbly run by Mr. Alf Field and Mr. Geoff Connell.

One new feature appreciated by all concerned was the wives being allowed to play in all bridge drives, competing for a separate prize. Full results of the Congress will be found on this page.

Unfortunately, this may be the last Congress held at the Ocean. I view this with some regret as I am sure many others do; the amenities at this hotel we found most acceptable. The evenings were spent in dancing, listening to the cabaret, or even playing bridge. Add to this the pleasure of our wives being with us all the time, and plenty of good conversation, this made up a wonderful social weekend, and I am sure all of us are looking forward to another instructional weekend at a date which has yet to be fixed, probably in February.

In concluding, may I again thank Alf and Geoff, our wives, and all the Markers. Last but by no means least, Norman Smith and Joe Kennedy for their first-class escorting. Without all these people the Congress could never take place. We thank them most sincerely for their help and kind consideration. May I also thank everybody taking part for a wonderful weekend.

JERRY LYNCH

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON CUPS

TEAMS OF FOUR
1st **R. A. Fullard – J. C. Walters**
J. Lynch – W. T. Scott
2nd P. Nuyens – A. Caldwell
J. Huk – J. Padley
3rd A. Smith – J. T. Simmons
R. Armstrong – Mrs. Vi Delaney

PAIRS
1st **R. Armstrong – Mrs. Vi Delaney**
2nd P. Nuyens – A. Caldwell
3rd W. Allen – R. Freer
4th E. Carpenter – F. Rhodes
5th S. Webster – F. Mathewman
6th Miss V. Kemmish – L. Douglass

DRUMMER DOWNS CUP
1st **J. Huk – W. Lethbridge**
2nd R. Freer – R. Stanners
3rd J. Lynch – J. T. Simmons
4th Mrs. Vi Delaney – J. C. Walters

LORD FRASER CUP
INDIVIDUAL
1st **E. Carpenter**
2nd F. Mathewman
3rd W. Allen
4th Mrs. Vi Delaney
5th L. Douglass
6th R. Freer

GOVER CUP
INDIVIDUAL
Brighton **R. Goding**
London **W. Lethbridge**

BRIDGE DRIVES
FIRST BRIDGE DRIVE
1st **J. Huk – J. Padley**
2nd F. Dickerson – W. Lethbridge
3rd W. Miller – F. Griffee

SECOND BRIDGE DRIVE
1st **L. Lynch – W. T. Scott**
2nd R. A. Fullard – J. C. Walters
3rd R. Goding – A. Dodgson

THIRD BRIDGE DRIVE (OPEN)
1st **Mrs. Gover – F. Mathewman**
2nd J. Majchrowicz – Partner
3rd R. Armstrong – Mrs. Vi Delaney

Letters *(continued)*

his wife, Joyce, bowls better now than when he was sighted. He now plays at the Mitcham Air Force Association Bowling Club in its Division three pennant league team on Saturdays and division 2 in the mid-week competition.

The 1973-74 season commenced here at the start of September and he has two trophies on the specimen shelf already!

1971-72 season was the highlight of Bob's career with myself as his sighted helper, with two very strong open pairs tournaments, one the South Australian Bookmakers Charity Committee's annual pairs, the contest attracts many top bowlers of South Australia.

We had the pleasure of playing and defeating that past Australian great sportsman and international cricketer the late Vic Richardson. For the rest of the tournament Vic was always watching Bob wondering how he did it.

From Ray Benson, Horsham, Sussex.

Having recently joined Mathematical Services Dept., R.A.E., Farnborough, I had an urgent need for two computer manuals to be read on to tape. The Tape Recording Service (See December *Review*) did this for me very quickly. This organisation is providing a very good service and I shall not hesitate to use it again.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1769

Death in A Pheasant's Eye
by James Fraser
Read by Stanley Pritchard

Bonfire night on the village green. The flames, the fireworks and the horror as the guy is seen to be a real corpse. The village is off the beaten track so the police look into the affairs of the villagers to find their murderer. The next day another murder follows. A child has gone missing from home and as the police dig deeper there are thieves at work in the village.

A nice little novel with some good detective work, a bit jerky in its delivery by the reader.

Cat. No. 1745

The Medical Witness
by Richard Gordon
Read by Philip Treleaven

Most readers will be familiar with this authors' previous light and humorous works, therefore prepare yourselves for a shock before reading this most macabre book.

Dr. John Dunbellow, pathologist at the Blackfriars Hospital has made a name for himself in forensic medicine and it is to him that the Crown turns whenever a suspected murderer is to stand trial. Mean, arrogant, conceited, Dunbellow is the perfect witness for the Crown and by his evidence brings many men to the gallows.

The reader is spared no details as an hour after the "drop" the pathologist carves up the still warm body ready for the inquest, which takes place at ten in the morning following the execution at eight. But Dunbellow has one weakness which although it keeps him well within the law puts him beyond the pale with his colleagues and the public. Here in this shocking story is a very good argument against the death penalty, for so obsessed with his public image has Dunbellow become that he has been faking the evidence.

A terribly frank and brutal story set in the 1930's excellently written, but not for the squeamish.

Grocers' Christmas Party 1973

The following report has been sent to us by Mrs. Margaret Lillie, Hon. Secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Fund. We thank her and all concerned for another very successful party.

The Grocers have given a Christmas Party at Brighton to St. Dunstaners since 1919 and, for the past 25 years, this has been held at the Grand Hotel. To mark this "silver" occasion, held on Wednesday, 5th December, just as the Christmas Pudding was being served, in came the chef complete with his tall hat and carrying a large 2-tier iced cake topped by 25 candles, all alight, which he placed on the table in front of Mr. Ken Phillips, the Chairman of Sussex Grocers' Entertainment Fund.

The chef was suitably thanked for his lovely surprise and, on behalf of the kitchen staff, he accepted a bottle of Scotch. Mr. Boswell, the Manager, was similarly presented but he asked that his present be used as a raffle prize (later won by Frankie James, lucky man) and he also added a bottle of champagne.

After the Loyal Toast, Mr. Michael Delmar-Morgan, representing St. Dunstan's Council, accompanied by his wife, thanked the National Grocers' Federation for their continuing kindness throughout the years, and he was followed by short speeches from the Mayors of both Brighton and Hove. The former, a resident of Ovingdean village, said he had come to know many of "the boys" personally and had often seen them treading their well-worn path, accompanied by a guide, down to their local pub. He was, however, awaiting the day when he would see the guide being led back by St. Dunstaners!

National President

Mr. Desmond Perris, National President of N.G.F., was the next speaker and he said that owing to the petrol shortage it was with some trepidation he had set out earlier that day with his wife from their home in Cardiff, but with great luck he had found a friendly garage owner on the way and so was able to keep his very happy appointment with everyone at Brighton.

At the conclusion of the speeches everyone adjourned to the Ballroom for lucky raffle numbers to be drawn by Mrs. Perris, concluding with the tiers of The Cake being presented each to Matrons Blackford and Hallett, and it was seen that exact replicas of St. Dunstan's badge in coloured icing adorned each side of the cake. A further bottle of Scotch was presented to Percy Warden for his musical services during the last quarter century. Dancing then followed in full swing, with a 20-minute interval of sweet singing by the Maria Singers, all girls aged between 13 and 16, followed by more dancing for spot prizes with the final waltz and Auld Lang Syne at 11.20 p.m.

Apart from those mentioned above, amongst the 274 persons present we were honoured by having with us Mrs. Dacre and Commandant Fawcett, representing St. Dunstan's, and, for the Grocers, Mr. and Mrs. Sturt of the National Grocers' Benevolent Fund, Chaplain the Rev. Harry and Mrs. Warne, Mr. and Mrs. Everson and Mr. and Mrs. McEniry, both from the Southampton area, and members of Sussex Grocers' Association, who acted as stewards, headed by their President, Mr. Joe Witts, and his wife.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLANDS

Our Christmas meeting, held on Sunday, 2nd December, was a very happy one, especially for the children. It was well attended and I am sure everyone enjoyed themselves.

A really lovely spread was put on by our wives, with all sorts of Christmas goodies, including Turkey, Christmas cake, mince pies and crackers.

After tea was all over it was time for Father Christmas to join us and every child received a present from him. He then presented all the prizes to members who had been successful in our domino tournaments this year and every St. Dunstaner received a gift from him.

To the tune of "Jingle Bells", sung by the children, Father Christmas departed and his place was taken by another gentleman with a large opener and he immediately commenced to open the refreshments so that we could drink each others health.

It was then time to break up the party, but everyone went away with the knowledge that the Club Christmas Dinner is still to come.

During the Christmas tea a vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Joan Cashmore for all the hard work that she has put in this year to help keep the club running.

Our first meeting in 1974 will be on **Sunday 13th January,** weather and petrol permitting. Why not start the New Year by coming to a club meeting?

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. BERNARD BLACKER of Wigston Magna, Leicester, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 18th December, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. DANIEL MCGOOHAN of Tolworth, Surrey, who celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary on 25th November, 1973.

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. EDWIN STURGESS of High Wycombe, Bucks., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 22nd October, 1973.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. HARRY MELESON who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 25th December 1973.

Golden Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. FRANK BELL of Nottage, Porthcawl, Glam., who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 1st December, 1973. Their family gave them a party to mark the occasion.

FAMILY NEWS

Warm congratulations to MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ELPHICK of Tankerton, Kent, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 26th December 1973.

Sincere congratulations to MR. AND MRS. STANLEY PIKE of Brighton, Sussex, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 15th December, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. CHARLES REED who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 23rd December, 1973.

Warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. SIDNEY ROBERTS of Salisbury, Wilts., who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 10th December, 1973.

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Herbert Underwood of Birstall, Yorks., who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 27th July, 1973.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

JOHN EDWARD COOPER of St. Asaph, Flintshire, who became a grandfather again, when his daughter, Dorothy, gave birth to her third child, Malcolm John, on 1st November, 1973. Dorothy and her family are now living in Australia.

JOHN TAYLOR of Hounslow, Middlesex, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of his first grandchild – Zoe Ann, born to his daughter, Margaret, on 19th October, 1973.

JOHN MOONEY of Oldham, Lancs., who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of another grandchild, born to his son and daughter-in-law, Ian and Susan, on 17th October, 1973. The baby is to be called Paul John and is a brother for Jane.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

BARNARD (BARNEY) MARTIN, of Bray, Ireland, who mourns the death of his wife Mary on 12th November, 1973.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Harry Chorlton. *Royal Fusiliers*

Harry Chorlton of Manchester, died at his home on 29th November, 1973. He was 74 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Chorlton suffered mustard gas poisoning in 1918 but it was not until much later in life that his sight failed and he had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1964.

Although Mr. Chorlton did not enjoy good health, as a hobby occupation he learnt to make sea-grass stools.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. L. B. Chorlton.

Henry George Foster. *Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers*

Henry George Foster of Highcliffe-on-Sea, Hants., died on 26th November, 1973, at the age of 71.

He served with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers from 1919 until his discharge in 1955. During the 2nd World War he was an Armament Instructor and was injured in 1941. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1960 when he had already retired from active service.

During his years of retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Foster have enjoyed creating beautiful gardens at various houses where they have lived and have recently moved to Highcliffe. Amongst Mr. Foster's other hobbies were woodwork and other handicrafts and he took a keen interest in Braille and typed his own correspondence.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary Foster, and his son.

Arthur Grogan. *8th West Yorkshire Regiment*

Arthur Grogan of Halton, Leeds, Yorks., died in hospital on 24th November, 1973. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in the 8th West Yorkshire Regiment in 1916 and served with them until March 1917. Although Mr. Grogan served in the 1st World War it was not until 1939 that he was admitted to St. Dunstan's.

He did not enjoy very good health and therefore did not initially undergo any training. Mr. Grogan did however, take up rug making as a hobby occupation until 1948 when he took over a tobacco, confectionery and grocery business but unfortunately he was obliged to give up the business after about 18 months. He then took up poultry keeping on a small scale and continued to make rugs and string bags.

Mr. Grogan was cared for devotedly until his death by his wife, Mrs. Bridget Grogan, and son and daughter-in-law.

Ernest Hornby. *Royal Field Artillery*

Ernest Hornby of Hull, Yorkshire, died on 29th November, 1973. He died on his birthday and would have been 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery and served with them from 1914 to 1918 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1973. He was only a member of St. Dunstan's for a month. He was in very poor health having suffered a stroke but he was nursed devotedly by his wife and daughter. He had of course retired many years before joining St. Dunstan's.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. L. Hornby and a daughter.

Lieut.-Colonel Cyril Luxford. *3rd Bn. East Surreys*

Cyril Luxford, of Crowborough, Sussex, died on the 10th November at the age of 85 years.

He was a Regular Officer for some time before the First War and served until 1919, after which he lived abroad for very many years. He had been wounded and his sight ultimately failed. He became a St. Dunstaner only a few months ago, by which time he was in poor health and resident in a nursing home, where he died, leaving a widow.

William Henry Rowe. *Labour Corps*

William Henry Rowe late of Colchester, Essex, died on 13th November, 1973 at Northgate House. He was 82 years of age.

He enlisted in the Labour Corps in August 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1951.

Mr. Rowe suffered with defective vision after serving in Salonica in 1918 and it was not until much later in life that his sight failed completely and he came to St. Dunstan's. He was by then already retired but he did not enjoy very good health. After the death of Mrs. Rowe in 1966 he made his home with his step-daughter, Mrs. Florence Bowell, who lives in Great Bromley, Nr. Colchester, and in 1970 he became a permanent resident at St. Dunstan's. Mr. Rowe had been rather poorly in health for the past few months and it was at Northgate House that he passed away on 13th November.

He leaves his step-daughter, Mrs. Florence Bowell.

Jesse Salt. *13th King's Liverpool Regiment*

Jesse Salt of Morecambe, Lancashire, died in hospital on 19th November, 1973. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 13th King's Liverpool Regiment in February, 1916 and served with them until July, 1917 coming to St. Dunstan's in that year.

Mr. Salt trained as a basket maker and this was his occupation for many years. Later he made string bags as a hobby occupation and he was also interested in his garden and greenhouse. Although for the past few years Mr. Salt had been troubled by arthritis, he kept fairly well in his general health until the last year or two when unfortunately he became more and more housebound. He became ill at the beginning of October and was admitted to hospital and it was there that he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Betty Salt.

Wallace Scoffield. *Labour Corps*

Wallace Scoffield of Alton, Hants., died in hospital on 23rd November, 1973. He was 82 years of age.

He enlisted in the Labour Corps in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1949.

When Mr. Scoffield came to St. Dunstan's he was not in very robust health and this prevented him from carrying on a remunerative occupation, but he was very keen on gardening having at one time earned his living as a gardener. He was able to carry on with his gardening work and added poultry-keeping to his interests.

Mr. and Mrs. Scoffield lived in Lincolnshire until 1953 when they moved to Hampshire, where they have lived in retirement ever since. Unfortunately, Mr. Scoffield's health deteriorated even further and he has been a permanent patient in Alton General Hospital since 1964.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Constance Scoffield, and friends.

Geoffrey Power. *South Wales Borderers*

Geoffrey Power of Filton, Bristol, died in hospital on 7th December, 1973. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the South Wales Borderers in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1922. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1938, when he trained in netting and mat making.

Having resided in Wales for some time, Mr. and Mrs. Power and their family moved to Filton, Bristol, in 1946, where they have lived ever since. Unfortunately, Mr. Power's health has frequently given cause for concern and in 1971 Mr. Power was admitted to Manor Park Hospital, Bristol, where he remained a patient until his death on the 7th December, 1973.

In June, 1972, Mr. and Mrs. Power celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary and the Sister of the Ward at the Hospital arranged a private celebration for our St. Dunstaner, and his wife and family.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ida Power and their grown-up children.

Wallace Young. *Royal Engineers*

Wallace Young, of Northampton, died in hospital on the 8th November, 1973, at the age of 91 years.

He was Commissioned and served in the Army throughout the First War. He then worked and travelled abroad for many years, his sight eventually failed and he became a St. Dunstaner in 1967. He had been seriously ill for some months and his death was not unexpected. He was a widower and his only son was killed in the Battle of Britain.

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St Dunstans REVIEW February



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 649 **FEBRUARY 1974** 5p MONTHLY

STILL YOUNG AT EIGHTY

by Bill Chamberlain

In last November's Review *we printed the story of how Bill Chamberlain's previous guide dog, Sally, saved his life when they were crossing a Reading road, but lost hers in the process.*

When the shock of the accident which resulted in the death of my guide dog, Sally, had eased somewhat, the question arose in my mind whether, at the age of eighty, I should be fit, both mentally and physically, to stand the strain which training with a guide dog entails. In coming to a decision, I was greatly helped by Mr. John Weeks, Controller of the Guide Dog Training Centre at Exeter, and by Mr. Paul Master, one of the Instructors there.

On the instructions of Mr. Weeks, Mr. Master paid me a visit for the purpose of ascertaining at first hand my state of fitness. Mr. Master took me for a short walk, himself acting as the dog. For this purpose he used a shortened version of the handle which is attached to the harness worn by all guide dogs. In this way trainers are able to make a fair assessment of a person's ability to work with a guide dog, judging their gait and reflexes.

On returning from the walk, which I must say left me rather "short of puff", he gave me his verdict, which was, "Come to Exeter on October 12th as I believe I have the right dog for you." This, of course, was very good news indeed, and I duly presented myself at the Exeter Training Centre, prepared to stay for a month, which is the specified time for training with a guide dog.

The first day was taken up with lectures on the care of dogs, and going out into the grounds with an Instructor, himself acting the part of the dog. This exercise is to teach the newcomers—those who have never had a dog before—how to give commands, and the correct position in relation to the dog. I should add that all the students, whether old or new hands, have to go through this procedure.

The second day was much the same as the first, with a walk in the grounds with the Instructor—this time learning the correct way to make a left and a right turn. As in everything else, there is a right and a wrong way to carry out this manoeuvre. Also on the second day we, the students, were given the gear used in working with a guide dog. This includes harness, leash, collar, etc.

Then the big moment arrived when we were told the breed and name of our dogs. Great excitement this. However, the greater excitement was when we were asked to go to our rooms and the Instructor brought along our respective dogs and introduced them to us. The dog chosen for me was a yellow labrador, almost white in colour. She answers to the name of Helen. On being introduced she immediately took a running jump at me, knocking me flat on my bed, and proceeded to lick all over my face. Perhaps she thought my face could do with a wash! However, by this greeting I knew we would work very well together. We now had the dogs for twenty-four hours every day, when we looked after all their needs, such as feeding and grooming.

On the third day Helen and I had our first walk. This was the beginning of the real test. It was a short walk with no down kerbs to deal with. This walk proved nothing except that my "bellows" were not as good as they might be. Again this

Front Cover: *Harry and Ethel Wheeler, whose services to the Royal British Legion have been honoured.* (*See* It Strikes Me)

An affectionate greeting for Bill—his introduction to Helen.

Helen enjoys this grooming session with her new master. Photos—Evening Post, Reading



shortness of "puff". The next walk was a little longer with a down kerb to negotiate. With everything going well, I was able to take a "crafty breather" at the kerb edge. I must add here that Mr. Master, my Instructor, advised me very thoughtfully not to thrash myself; should I feel like having a rest, I should do so. Therefore, all through the training period, this is exactly what I did.

As the days passed, the walks grew longer and more complicated. Now the real test really was getting under way. In the meantime, however, I found the need to take a rest was getting less frequent, which proved that I was beginning to get fitter. Still, I was not quite satisfied with myself, for the simple fact was that the Instructor was always at hand should anything go wrong, such as taking a wrong turning or crossing at the wrong place. What I really wanted was to prove



The team behind Bill and Helen. (Left to right) John Weeks, Controller; Sarah Harman, Head Kennel Maid; Rosemary Summers, Kennel Maid; George Cram, Head Trainer, David Bull, Apprentice Trainer; Scott Nightingale, Training Assistant; Paul Master, Helen's Trainer. Photo—Evening Post, Reading

to myself that I still had faith in a guide dog, and, above all else, I think that my nerve was still as good when out alone with my dog amongst the amount of traffic there is on the roads today. However, this proof came towards the end of the course. I was given a walk with rather a tricky crossing en route, the Instructor telling me I would be completely on my own. Eventually, I came to this crossing and found there was rather a busy road to cross, though not too difficult. I knew this was going to prove once and for all whether my nerve was all right and whether I could put all my faith in my dog. When I judged that the road was sufficiently clear I gave the command "forward". Helen immediately proceeded to cross the road making straight for the far kerb without hesitation, and in comparative safety as far as the roads are safe these days. It was when we mounted the pavement on the other side of the road that I knew that my nerve had not suffered and that my trust in my guide dog was as good as ever.

The end of the course was fast approaching, and I, along with the other students, would soon be leaving the centre for our homes, there to put into practice all we had been taught during the four-week period learning how to get the best out of our dogs.

At this point I would like to express my appreciation of the way in which Mr. Weeks and his staff helped me to overcome an eighty year old man's difficulties in training with a new dog. I would especially like to thank Mr. Paul Master, the Instructor who looked after me so well, and who, with his understanding of a difficult problem, patiently encouraged me throughout the four-week period of training. It was as a result of his patience that I am now at home and once again enjoying the independence and freedom of movement which a well trained guide dog can give to a blind person.

It was in 1941 that I first trained with a guide dog. She was a black and tan alsatian bitch named Tessa. It was whilst I was training with her that I first gained the confidence of walking with a guide dog through busy streets. It happened this way. Towards the end of my training I was given a route which would take me into Leamington and back to the training centre. I was well on my way home. Tessa and I stopped at a side turning. I listened for the traffic, heard nothing, gave the usual command "forward" and started across the road. When about half-way across a car flashed in front of us. Tessa pulled up immediately and, as soon as the way was clear, she continued to the other side of the street. On arrival, my heart doing a "yo-yo" act, I heard a woman letting forth on the mentality of car drivers. The adjectives she was using would have done justice to any trooper or sailor. She needn't have bothered as it was the late Captain Liakhoff, the chief trainer, at the wheel of the car. The object of the operation was to demonstrate what the dog would do in the same circumstances should they arise when we were working at home.

Number two was a border collie, black and white in colour. He answered to the



Working with Thuda in busy Victoria Station.

name of Robin, although his kennel name was Spot. He was a dog who had a strong dislike of "humans", and he objected in no uncertain manner to having his ears and tail stroked. A very good guide and worker for ten years, who then lived in retirement for another two years.

The third was a yellow labrador bitch. Her name was Thunder, but she answered to the name of Thuda. She too was a very good guide, with lots of initiative. To illustrate this let me tell you of an incident when road works were in operation outside my house. We set off on one of our journeys. On crossing a complicated intersection, we came upon a mound of earth which was hidden from view at the crossing point. Thuda immediately stopped, turned and made a semicircular movement which took us round the obstruction. This movement was entirely off her own bat and without any word of command from me.

Then came yellow labrador Sally, again an excellent worker. She had a strong will of her own and loved to tease. There were times when I wanted to go shopping or even for a walk—she would "take a dive" under the sideboard and nothing would induce her to come out. I had to get down and pull her out, then she would shake herself, wag her tail and say in her own way, "Come on, let's get cracking." Another point about Sally was that she always knew when we were approaching the bus stop where I wished to alight. Yes, a truly wonderful dog whose life was all too short.

Now there is Helen, who is already showing initiative. A very happy dog, obedient and easily controllable, who, I feel confident, will give very good service for many years to come.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Here we are again after rather a long silence. Sorry about that, but as you know, things are rather quiet around here in the pre-Christmas period. True there were a few incidents in the town. For a start, part of the Palace Pier descended with a crash into the sea. That was very well covered by the national Press. Two less publicised events were the marriages of St. Dunstaner Danny O'Sullivan to V.A.D. Enid "Shady" Lane, and also Patrick Murphy, Jnr., to Miss Rose Cheok. We wish both couples good health and long life together.

We are fortunate at the moment to have Mr. Edward Chapman, the well known actor, making a regular weekly visit to read excerpts from the novels of C. S. Forester. Mr. Chapman's resonant voice brings the tang of salt into our nostrils as he reads the stirring tales of the sea.

A pleasant evening was much enjoyed when members of the Brighton Society for the Welfare of the Blind visited us for a Social and a Domino Tournament.

As Christmas drew nearer, we were once more invited to a Dinner and Dance given by the Grocers' Association at the Grand Hotel. This was reported in last month's *Review*. Our thanks to the Grocers for all the hard work they put in on our behalf.

Carols at Roedean

Our annual visit to Roedean School for their Carol Service, admirably sets the Christmas spirit and the singing and readings by girls and staff are always delightful.

The next step preparing for the festivities was our own participation in the Christmas Eve Get-Together. The Winter Garden was full, particularly as 20 staff, V.A.D.s (past and present) and Orderlies, surrounded Mrs. Wright at the piano to sing carols, with everyone joining in the favourites. Joyce Briant sang "Winter Wonderland" and the ever-popular "Amazing Grace". Shady O'Sullivan, Jean Dennis and Joyce Briant raised a laugh with "Doing what comes Naturally". It reached some hearty guffaws when Jean Dennis gave us an anonymous poem called "Ten Little Tablemen", and her own original monologue about the year completed at Pearson House.

On the serious side, John Berlin (Orderly), played the piano beautifully. I'm sure one could have heard a pin drop as he played Mendelssohn's "Song without Words", a Bach Prelude and Fugue, and finally a Chopin Waltz.

Replenished with mince pies and sherry, we all sat back and relaxed to Tom Eales' excellent Christmas Stereo programme. He's given us one or two evening concerts recently, and he really is a wizard with his compiling and, as Commandant remarked, when he thanked him, his impeccable timing.

A big thank you is due to Mrs. Wright (a part-time V.A.D.), who gave so generously of her time to accompany the singing.

Christmas Day

Christmas Day dawned dry and bright for the churchgoers. The Lessons were read by Blodwyn Simon, Thelma Meredith, the Rev. Dennis Pettit and staff. Matron Hallett unfortunately had one of the mysterious throat infections that didn't permit her to read.

Everyone gathered in the Winter Garden for the distribution of St. Dunstan's gifts and what a lot of thought had gone into the choosing of socks and ties for the men and toiletries for the ladies.

Our friends from the Grocers—Mrs. Lillie, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Morris, came to us from Northgate House to join us in their Christmas drink, and chat to old friends and meet new.

Appetites whetted until lunchtime when the Dining Room was transformed into a banqueting hall, and all that this means. Decorations, white cloths, coloured napkins, bowls of fruit, nuts, chocolates, and the traditional fare preceded by melon. It's a pity there is no room to parade a flaming pudding! The seating is a little like a game of chess—your move and keep your elbows tucked in! Nevertheless Commandant managed to twist in and out to

lace the pudding. Greetings were read from near and far, conjuring memories of folk past and present.

Laughter long and loud was heard at the very successful play-reading. It was a broad comedy called "Crystal Clear", and all made the most of it. Since Matron Hallett had an uncertain voice, we were most grateful to Matron Blackford for taking her place. She really was a bully, and hysterical at times. Commandant had us falling about as he got more and more drunk as John Bingham (one of our liftmen) plied him with liquor. With such convincing performances nothing stronger than Tizer was needed.

Jean Dennis and her husband had no difficulty in playing the young love-birds, although it was a somewhat stormy courtship.

Nancy Feaver, last but by no means least, was lovely as the crystal gazer who caused a lot of laughs as she detected auras from I know not where!

A most enjoyable evening, a big thank you to all the cast.

Boxing Night

The gaiety continued on Boxing Night at the Fancy Dress Dance and what an array! We welcomed Matron Blackford, aided by "Griff" (Nurse Griffith), to perform the most difficult task of judging, as we had 25 in costume out of a rough total of 35. One can always depend on St. Dunstaners, aided by V.A.D. Staff, coming up trumps, even if it's at the very last minute!

Matron Blackford described the costumes to the few remaining seated, which was a mammoth task in itself. We very much enjoyed her visit and we were all pleased to have "Griff" with us for a short time.

The Fancy Dress Prizewinners:

Joe Langley *Sheik Amani*
Mrs. Highcock, V.A.D. *No Light*
Mr. Wright *Things to Come*
John Sugden *Backward Padre*
Miss Houlton, V.A.D. *Mrs. Modern Cook*
Blodwyn Simon *Lady Chamberlayne (complete with chamberpot)*
Margaret Stanway *Really cooked my goose*
Danny Daniels *Wee Willie Winkie*
Mrs. Exley, V.A.D. *Mrs. Tutankhamun*
Mrs. O'Sullivan *Charlie Chaplin*
Thelma Meredith, Miss Roffey, V.A.D., Mrs. Marshall, V.A.D. } *Bronte Sisters*
Mrs. Wright, V.A.D., Mrs. Dyke, V.A.D. } *Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee*
Tommy Raybone *Sleeping Beauty*
Miss Jefferys (Housekeeper) *Attendant*
Ted Kirman *Cinderella*
Tom O'Connor, Mickie Robinson } *Ugly Sisters*

Pantomime

A party visited the Brighton and Hove Operatic Society's Pantomime, "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and remarked what an excellent show it was—a real family affair.

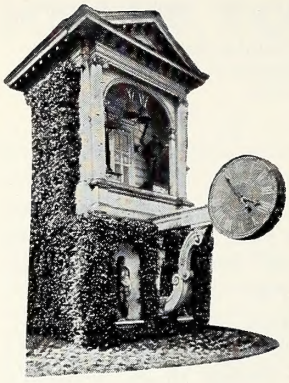
Our St. Dunstaner, Rev. Dennis Pettit, has been convalescing here so he has preached at our service in St. George's Church on several Sundays.

The turn of St. Dunstaners to entertain the staff came on Sunday night excellently accompanied by our friends Dolly and Cyril at the piano. We had songs from the "girls"—Blodwyn Simon, Thelma Meredith and Margaret Stanway and from Danny Daniels, Stan Duncan, Cyril Eighteen, Percy Holmes, Ted Kirman, Tommy McCann, Paddy Murphy, Les May and Johnny Sugden—all in good voice with spots of "all together". Jock Waddel was the winner of guessing the weight of a mini-hamper and Vic Goodwin claimed the "musical parcel". Naturally there was a break for mince pies and coffee. Talking of food, all caterers must be congratulated on the Christmas fare, particularly the two iced cakes, beautifully decorated and much enjoyed.

New Year's Eve, and again on our toes plus those of one or two others for dancing, and Commandant joining us to welcome the New Year with his special punch at midnight, and a hearty singing of Auld Lang Syne. All must have been wondering what 1974 will bring, but we must look forward to what at some stage will be a turn for the better.

New Year's Day arrived and how pleased we were to have Mr. and Mrs. Garnett-Orme here for the traditional lunch, they also called at Northgate House.

A name we heard many times spoken with affection during Christmas was that of Miss Dagnall, for many years she has been the producer of the entertainment and I know is greatly missed since she recently retired. We wish her well for the New Year as we do all our readers and St. Dunstan's families near and far.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Cover Story

December 7th was a big day in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. **Harry Wheeler** of Merton Park. First it was the 55th anniversary of their wedding. Then the Chairman of the Wimbledon Branch of the Royal British Legion chose this special day to present a certificate to Mrs. Ethel Wheeler in recognition of "her devoted exemplary service" to the branch. The presentation was made at a social and dance and was a complete surprise to both of them. Mrs. Wheeler is the first lady ever to receive such a certificate from the Branch.

It is only seven months since I was recording Harry's award of the Legion's Gold Badge for 45 years' service to the Branch. What a splendid record of service the Wheelers have.

George Eustace presents a bouquet to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Patron of the Not Forgotten Association. He was one of eleven St. Dunstaners who, with wives or escorts, attended the Association's Christmas Party on 19th December at the Royal Riding School, Buckingham Palace. Also in the picture is Miss E. J. Seeley, Organising Secretary.



Shirley Wins Again

Our readers may remember the article in last November's *Review* about Miss Shirley Somervell, daughter of our late St. Dunstaner, **Captain Alan Somervell** of New Zealand, and her many running successes.

Back in New Zealand, Shirley won her events in the 800 and 1500 metres in the Auckland trials. In the subsequent New Zealand trials she gained a silver medal for the 800 metres and a gold for the 4×400 metres relay.

In the Commonwealth Games now taking place at Christchurch she represents New Zealand in the 800 metres and we wish her the best of luck against all competitors, including our own.

Well Caught, Sir!

We are more used to hearing of **John Simpson's** exploits in race walking or athletics but recently this was the heading in a Brighton newspaper: "St. Dunstan's Angler Hooks a Winner". The Angler? John Simpson. His winner? A 3 lb. 6½ oz. Channel Whiting which took the prize for the best specimen caught in the Brighton Deep Sea Angling Club open boat match.

John has, of course, won trophies with St. Dunstan's Fishing Club, but it must be very satisfying to beat the sighted anglers in an open match.

Tandems Wanted

In these times of fuel shortage quite a number of people have been turning to the bicycle as a means of transport—and a very good one it is too. However, there may still be a St. Dunstan's family somewhere who has a tandem lying idle. If so, **Leslie Thompson** would like to hear from them because he has been looking for a tandem without success.

Readers may remember that Mike Tetley wants to buy tandems for the Salvation Army School for the Blind in Kenya. Knowing Mike, I am sure he will not mind my publishing Leslie Thompson's story too.

Leslie is very keen to own a tandem so if you would prefer an English home for yours, write to him at 38 Valley Drive, Low Fell, Gateshead, County Durham, NE9 5DH.



Easter Menu

At Smithfield, Mr. **Edward Price**, of Thornhill (Packers) Ltd., shoulders the large turkey presented to St. Dunstan's by Mr. J. Thornhill. The 63 lb. bird was only four ounces lighter than the British Turkey Federation's 1973 champion. It was not on the tables at Pearson House over Christmas as our poultry was already arranged but it is now in the deep freeze until the Easter celebrations. The near champion bird dwarfs the other turkeys in our picture and there will be ample helpings for all at Easter.

Hot Tip

Herbert Pownall's wife **Lena**—they live at Old Coulsdon—has found a new use for the Braille edition of St. Dunstan's *Review*, or any other Braille book for that matter. "Take out the staples," she tells me, "Take out a few pages and wrap them round your cake tin when baking. No cake will burn with that round it."

King Alfred could have done with that tip but Braille wasn't invented then. Still, I'll tell my wife!

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1739

A Start in Life
by Alan Sillitoe
Read by David Strong

A good if bawdy yarn of a young Nottingham lad, likeable, lecherous and light fingered who decides to make his home and fortune in London. On the way south in his ramshackle Ford he gives a lift to a man called Jack Straw, and later a girl called June, both of whom instantly desert him when the engine falls out of his car. Michael, installed in a small hotel immediately starts in on his life of lies and deception and after a job as chauffeur to a gang land boss meets Jack Straw again now known as Jack Hay, who teaches him that crime does pay. On his first trip smuggling gold he meets the daughter of his gang land boss and finds her quite ready for seduction. For the first time Michael falls in love but she is only using him to gain information for Daddy. Michael is jailed when the gang is broken up but he has assured his future.

An excellent story rather ripe in the telling, The hero is most likeable.

Cat. No. 1795

Firecrest
by Victor Canning
Read by Michael de Morgan

Sir John, head of an intelligence section of the Ministry of Defence, considers one of his top agents is going soft. Before liquidating him he sets him a final mission. Faced with the task of extracting information from a pretty girl regarding the hiding place that her late boy friend used to conceal his plans for a Laser beam infantry weapon, the agent knows that when he succeeds he must kill the girl. Now after many years, distaste for his work and Sir John, overcomes him. He decides that when he completes his mission it is Sir John who will die and not the girl.

All in all a good thriller with the interesting sidelight of the agent's old school friend hunting the hero with a gun, but inadvertently this rather fat psycopath gets himself eaten by a lion. Jolly good bloodthirsty stuff. I sincerely hope no such department does exist.

Cat. No. 1697 (2 cassettes)

Bear Island
by Alistair Maclean
Read by George Hagan

Not one of this author's better books, although I confess I find most stories of the arctic fascinating as long as I am reading about it in the warmth of my own home.

Here though is a converted fishing vessel ploughing through the Arctic Ocean with a film crew on board in mid-winter. This interests the British Treasury who have managed to secrete an intelligence officer on board in the guise of the ships doctor. When in mid-passage his patients start dying from poison and the first mate discovers that the radio has been shattered he decides to land with the shore party. With the departure of the ship the shore party fall to murdering with the greatest of zest, but the doctor has found the answer to the riddle and has managed to send for help in the shape of British and Norwegian Marines.

Certainly this book isn't of the class of "Where Eagles Dare" but one can't expect an author even of Mr. Macleans talent to write a best seller every time.

Cat. No. 1716 (4 cassettes)

Twilight on the Floods
by Marguerite Steen
Read by Stephen Jack

A saga of the Flood family of Bristol. Johnny the younger son from the land owning pseudo-aristocratic branch of the Flood family feels the odd man out and runs away to sea. Brought back from the West Coast of Africa by his Uncle's order he knows that his destiny lies there. He joins the family shipping business and works his way up together with his friend Joe Prior, the illegitimate son of his Uncle, the chairman of the company, Harcourt Flood. This is a work wonderfully descriptive of West Africa, Bristol, and the Flood estate from which Johnny feels alien knowing that the family made its first fortunes from the slave trade.

For my money this work is the equal of the Forsyte Saga and I hope Miss Steen will continue the work up until the present day.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

Christmas comes but once a year . . . and this year's good cheer came in the shape of our London Club's last meeting before Christmas. On Thursday, 13th December, 1973, our "regulars" spent a very happy evening in the Club Rooms at Headquarters, which had been so gaily decorated for the occasion by Barry and Dick of H.Q. staff.

The good spirits still prevailed long after the last domino had been placed when the lively company of St. Dunstaners with their wives assembled to dance to the record player which Mr. Norman French has so kindly provided for their use. Additional festive cheer like drinks, hot sausage rolls, Christmas cake and other seasonal delicacies were sampled.

When the participants tired of dancing the sound of music and singing could have been heard in the Marylebone Road. Outside the murky grey darkness contrasted strangely with the gleaming lights under which the tinsel scintillated even on the spring flowers which intermingled with the holly and the mistletoe immediately below the well-loved portrait of the man whom our Chairman has called simply, "The Chief".

I am sure it would have made him happy to know that he has brought so much light into the lives of so many men in darkness. We remembered our absent friends. The older ones like Bill and Phyl Harding who could not be with us on that evening, the absent ones like Kay and Ralph Pacitti, and others like Danny and Ann Watkins on the other side of the world—and we wish them health and happiness in the New Year.

"Moonlight and Roses" . . . and a small elusive fragment from the inmost recess of my memory kept on repeating over and over again "Roses in December", and it was only when saying goodbye to my friends that it came back to me:

> "God gave his children memory
> That in Life's garden there might be,
> June roses in December."

And as I wended my way homeward tired and happy, recalling the evening's jollity with pleasure, I was grateful as always to Norman and Flora for their help in making it an evening to remember.

I am sure Confucius would have agreed with me,

> "Creating, yet not possessing,
> Working, yet not taking credit.
> Work is done, then forgotten.
> Therefore it lasts forever."

Winners of our Christmas Domino Game were as follows:

1 C. Hancock
2 W. Miller
3 W. Phillips, J. Padley

The Football Pontoon ending on 5th January, 1974, was shared by Mrs. Dickerson, Mrs. Carney and the late Mrs. Carpenter and J. Majchrowicz with the teams, Oxford, Orient, Stoke and Bolton respectively. The "booby" prize was won by R. Armstrong with Queen's Park Rangers.

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

Christmas comes but once a year, and so does the Midland Club's Christmas dinner. Held this year on Saturday, 22nd December, at the usual venue, The Royal British Legion, Northfield. We all assembled at 5 p.m. and everyone received a glass of sherry from the committee of the Legion and at 5.30 we all took our places at the tables. An excellent Christmas dinner was served to us, very traditional with soup, turkey and all the trimmings and Christmas pudding, and cheese, biscuits and coffee to follow.

During his short speech of welcome, Mr. T. Hinton, the branch chairman, said how pleased the Austin Branch of the Legion

BRIDGE NOTES

After the Christmas and New Year Festivities, our Individual Competitions got off to flying starts and the first was held on 5th January both in London and Brighton. The results were as follows:—

LONDON

W. Miller and P. Nuyens	75
Miss Vera Kemmish and W. Allen	72
J. Padley and W. Phillips	60
R. Evans and H. Meleson	49
J. Majchrowicz and J. Lynch	49

BRIGHTON

W. Lethbridge and M. Clements	75
J. Walters and R. Bickley	68
R. Goding and S. Webster	67
R. Fullard and Partner	62
A. Dodgson and F. Rhodes	62
F. Griffee and Partner	59
F. Matthewman and W. Scott	56
J. Chell and A. Smith	55

P. NUYENS,
Secretary.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Stephen Blake, Chertsey, Surrey

In answer to Granville Waterworth's letter in the October issue of the *Review* on a Society Tie.

I have gone a bit farther and have designed one which I think would cover all branches of the Services.

The main colour would be navy blue with a broad red strip with a light blue strip along side, with the St. Dunstan's badge on it in gold.

From Margaret Stanway at Pearson House

On behalf of Blodwyn, Thelma and myself I wish to thank all of the Staff here at Pearson House for a wonderful Christmas.

I would like to make special mention of the Christmas dinner which was on a par with that which would be served at a Five-Star Hotel.

Temporarily our thoughts of the discord brought about by the fuel crisis and go-slows were dispelled whilst we quickened our pace to enjoy the harmony of the Festive Season so ably organised.

CLUB NEWS—*continued*

were to see us all again and he hoped that we would enjoy our evening there. I am happy to say that everyone did just that. We had plenty of dancing, talking and, of course, keeping our thirsts at bay.

We were very pleased to have Miss Newbold with us again, but we were all disappointed that Miss Mosley could not join us. She had been invited but owing to the situation on the railways was unable to travel down to Birmingham. Miss Mosley sent a telegram to us which was read at the tables, telling us how sorry she was not to be able to be with us and hoping that we had an enjoyable evening.

We all hope that, when all the troubles are over, Miss Mosley will be able to come and join us at one of our meetings.

We were also very sorry that our old friend and regular club member, Bill Green, was unable to be with us, unfortunately Bill was taken ill about ten days before and was in hospital, everyone sends him best wishes for a speedy recovery. As I write these notes I am pleased to be able to report that Bill is now home again and making a steady recovery, keep it up, Bill.

Our festivities finished earlier than other years, due to lighting restrictions, the bar closed at ten thirty, and our party then started to break up, but everyone had enjoyed yet another club get together and for this one all our thanks go to the Royal British Legion, Austin Branch, Northfield, who did all the arranging for us, thank you, gentlemen.

We now look forward to 1974 and hope for another good year of club activities.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

My First *Odd* Job

by Stanley Slater

The first odd job I attempted is an affair I have hitherto kept a closely guarded secret, but here it is, horribly hilarious minute by hour.

8 a.m. Decided to make some coffee. Feeling for the coffee in its usual place, I found a strange package—investigation revealed a can-opener. Why had a can-opener been strategically placed where the coffee should have been? Because my wife had been gently nagging for some months for an opener to be fixed in the lean-to, thus saving much movement to and fro between kitchen and lean-to. I had been putting it off; clearly something had to be done.

8.15 a.m. Made some coffee, put a piece of bread in the (to us) new pop-up toaster, which popped with great vigour and, as far as I know, the toast disappeared without trace.

8.20 a.m. All endeavours to find toast having failed, made fresh under grill, removing rapidly at first faint smell of burning. Having made coffee, scraped toast on kitchen roll—piece of, that is. Made plans over coffee and toast.

9 a.m. Began search for screwdriver.

9.25 a.m. Began work.

9.45 a.m. Had put in one screw, did not tighten right home. Made hole for second screw—dropped screw.

10.25 a.m. Had found three buttons, a strange object (which later turned out to be a thing for blowing up footballs), two small tins, one small nut and bolt, several pieces of string, but no screw.

11.30 a.m. After a short break for refreshment, back on hands and knees. Found we had been harbouring something nasty in the corner; became official cleansing department.

11.45 a.m. Found screw. Back to work. Seemed to have lost hole, never mind, made another. Had baseplate fixed by noon. Found business end of opener and tried to slide into grooves on baseplate—only to find I had fixed it upside down.

12.15 p.m. Front doorbell rang, admit friend. Friend fixed opener. Gained reputation as handyman, plus pint, from wife.

Friend now has regular hobby, rate for the job being one pint of lager per task.

Lee-on-Solent Camp

The Lee-on-Solent Camp will be held from **Friday, 16th** to **Saturday, 25th August.** Further details to follow in the next *Review*.

FIRST LOVE

Herbert Wood

On hilltop high, one summer morn,
I stood and watched the break of dawn,
And as night's curtain raised its folds,
It brought me happiness untold.
With young heart pounding, eyes aglow,
I fell in love with nature's show,
Her charm, beauty and serenity
Are locked within my memory.

Her song at dawn thrilled me through,
Her complexion tenderly kissed by dew
That sparkled in the early sun,
Like diamonds cushioned on velvet green.
Sunbeams filtered through the trees,
To dance and play on woodland streams,
Rippling, tumbling on their way,
Happily muttering, "No time to play,
Must away, must away."

With soft warm breezes so fragrant and free,
My love touched me caressingly.
I drank my fill of her delights,
That summer morn on greenest heights,
And pity those with eyes that see, but never look
At Mother Nature's open book.
For now I stare with failing sight,
At nothing but a fading light,
Remembering all she gave to me,
My first love.

THOUGHTS ON THE DOWNS

by John Sugden

We take a walk through the country-side, just to
miss the towns.
So the only way that we could go was over
all the downs.
That is the place where the birds will sing,
high up in the air,
And the tune that we hear is the song of the lark,
the best beyond compare.
When the seagulls go further inland and give out
their screeching call,
We know it's the sign of a coming storm and the
rain will certainly fall.

Radio Brighton

A team of St. Dunstaners broadcast on Radio Brighton during the week leading up to Remembrance Day. Our Chaplain, the Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D., was responsible for the organisation of daily morning programmes and he invited four St. Dunstaners to record talks. They were Tommy McKay, W. "Dickie" Richardson, W. "Ginger" Scott, and Sammy Webster. The fifth and final broadcast was made by the Chaplain, himself. We understand the 'St. Dunstan's week' on Radio Brighton was highly successful.

For almost two years now Ron Smith of Seaford has been compère for the ten minute programme for the blind "Listen and See", broadcast by Radio Brighton every Tuesday evening. This is a purely voluntary task and Ron Smith is much to be congratulated on the excellent presentation as well as the technical quality of the recordings he makes himself.

In this field he is both experienced and expert. There was a special fifteen minute broadcast Tuesday, 18th December, when "Joan and the three blind mice" (Joan Osborne, Bob Osborne, Win Holmes and Ron Smith) gave an entertainment. Readers may remember our article about their work published in the April *Review* 1973 under the heading "That's Entertainment."

"A BIG THANK YOU"

Since my recent retirement I have been very touched by all the letters and messages of goodwill I have received from my many friends in St. Dunstan's. To all those who sent these messages and who so kindly contributed towards my retirement presents I would like to say a "Big Thank You".

I have received a very elegant gold self-winding calendar wrist watch which is a joy to wear and a portable 12in. television set which has already given me much pleasure. These are truly wonderful and generous gifts and both will be a constant reminder of the affectionate friendship I found in such abundance at St. Dunstan's for so many years.

I hope to keep in touch with life at St. Dunstan's in the future and be fortunate enough to see some of you from time to time.

My love and best wishes to you all.

MILDRED DAGNALL.

FAMILY NEWS

Births

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. TONY PARKINSON, of North Shore, Blackpool, on the safe arrival of their daughter Julia, who was born on 14th December, 1973.

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. and MRS. PERCIVAL JOHN BLACKMORE of Grangetown, Cardiff, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 27th December 1973.

Congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR MARTIN of Peacehaven, Sussex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 7th December, 1973.

Grandparents

FREDERICK LEONARD BENTLEY of Birmingham, who is pleased to announce the birth of another grandchild—Samantha Jacqueline, born on 11th November, 1973, to his son Colin and daughter-in-law Jacqueline.

MRS. ROSE CULSHAW, widow of the late Joseph Culshaw, of Peacehaven, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of her first grandchild—Kim Lorraine, born 18th December, 1973, to her son Peter and his wife, Vicki.

WILLIAM GEORGE MORRIS of Bournemouth, Hants., who is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild, Justin Brian Morris, who was born on 30th October, 1973, to his eldest son, Brian, and his wife Anne.

Great Grandfather

NICHOLAS DOUGLAS HENMAN, who is proud to announce the birth of his third great grandchild, Jane Susan Engleton, born on 19th September, 1973.

William, son of EDWARD MILLER of Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of Sheffield University for his work upon Metallic Solidification.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:

BERNARD MARTIN of Bray, Co. Wicklow, whose wife, Christina Martin, died on 12th November, 1973 after a long illness bravely borne.

ERNEST H. CARPENTER, of Kings Langley, Herts., who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Elsie Carpenter, who passed away suddenly on 3rd January, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Harold Acton. *Royal Army Medical Corps*

Harold Acton of Thornton Cleveleys, Nr. Blackpool, died in hospital at the age of 85 on 14th December, 1973.

He served in the R.A.M.C. from August 1914 until his discharge in May 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's for a short period in 1921 and then permanently from May 1927. After training he was settled as a boot repairer and later supplemented this trade with mat and wool rug making. Except for a period in 1943 when Mr. Acton worked in a factory to assist the war effort, he kept busy making mats for our stores department until he was 75 years of age. He took pleasure in Braille reading and a little writing and enjoyed periodic breaks at our Homes in Brighton. Mrs. Acton has been much helped during her husband's illness by a visit from her son Colin who came over from Canada to see his father before he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ellen Acton, and his son, Colin.

William Henry Agate. *43rd Canadian Regiment*

William Henry Agate of Croydon, Surrey, died on 23rd December, 1973. He was 78 years old.

He enlisted in the 43rd Canadian Regiment in 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1920.

Mr. Agate trained as a boot repairer and also mat making and continued with these occupations until his marriage in 1927, when he moved to Alton, Hants., where, after a while he set up in business as a boot repairer. In 1928 Mr. and Mrs. Agate moved to Portchester where he worked up a good connnection with his boot repairing trade until 1946, when Mr. and Mrs. Agate began to consider semi-retirement, and moved to Waddon, Croydon. Here he continued his work in a more limited way until Mrs. Agate's health gave cause for concern. Unfortunately Mrs. Agate died in 1955 and Mr. Agate gave up his business. Mr. Agate continued to live at home with the employment of resident housekeepers.

He leaves a brother, Mr. Albert Agate.

Robert William Baker. *32nd Machine Gun Corps*

Robert William Baker of Cambridge, died suddenly in hospital on 12th December, 1973. He was 78 years old.

He enlisted in the 32nd Machine Gun Corps in February, 1912, and was discharged in January, 1919, when he came to St. Dunstan's. Mr. Baker was wounded in France in October, 1918. After his training in netting, wool rugs, Braille and typing, he worked as a string bag maker for many years. He also derived a great deal of pleasure in working in his garden. Throughout the years he kept fairly well in health and his death happened very suddenly.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith May Baker, and a daughter, Mrs. Olive Bembridge.

Dennis Edward Bingham. *Sherwood Foresters*

Dennis Edward Bingham of Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, died suddenly whilst on holiday in Las Palmas, on 2nd January, 1974. He was 51 years of age.

He enlisted in the Sherwood Foresters and served with them from January 1941 until 1942 but he did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1951. Mr. Bingham was injured by an anti-tank bomb in 1941 and needed a good deal of medical care but following his admission to St. Dunstan's he underwent a course of industrial training and about a year later commenced work in one of the largest industrial companies in Nottingham.

Unfortunately his health broke down and he was advised on medical grounds he should retire from factory work, but Mr. Bingham then retrained in joinery and continued with this work as his main occupation until his death.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Joan Bingham and grown-up sons and daughters.

William Alexander Brundish. *Royal Field Artillery*

William Alexander Brundish of Sunninghill, Ascot, Berkshire, died on 7th December, 1973, at the age of 81 years.

He served with the Royal Field Artillery from 1916 until his discharge in February, 1920, and was awarded the Military Medal for his service in the Battle of the Somme in 1916. During his working life, Mr. Brundish was employed by the Gas Company and it was in August, 1970, during his retirement that he came to St. Dunstan's.

After his sight failed, he continued with his interest in the garden until ill-health made it necessary for him to retire from any active occupation. In their years of retirement both Mr. and Mrs. Brundish were cared for by their daughter Margaret, who suffered the sadness of both parents dying on the same day within a few hours of each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Brundish leave a daughter, a married son and family.

James Chell. *Royal Artillery*

James Chell of Eastbourne, Sussex, died on 5th January, 1974, at the age of 64 years.

He enlisted in the Territorial Army in April, 1939, and during the Second World War served with the Royal Artillery until his discharge in September, 1945. Mr. Chell came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1961, but for health reasons he was unable to train for a remunerative occupation. He took up handicraft work and became a joiner, making goods for St. Dunstan's Home Industry Department. Mr. Chell was a keen member of St. Dunstan's bridge team and his other hobby was his greenhouse. His death occurred suddenly whilst waiting for a bus, after taking part in a bridge match with his fellow St. Dunstaners.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. V. M. Chell, and other members of his family.

Reginald Cook. *Royal Field Artillery*

Reginald Cook of Wallasey, Cheshire, died at his home on 6th January, 1973. He was 81 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in August 1914 and served with them until his discharge in December 1917, when he was wounded but it was not until 1966 that he lost his vision completely and came to St. Dunstan's. Before retiring, Mr. Cook worked in a merchant shipping office. He was in rather poor health when he came to St. Dunstan's but nevertheless he enjoyed regular visits to Brighton for holidays and meeting his fellow St. Dunstaners. Unfortunately Mrs. Cook passed away in December 1972 and Mr. Cook took up residence in a Nursing Home in Wallasey where he remained until his death.

William Frank Cork. *Royal Field Artillery*

William Frank Cork of Lyminge, Folkestone, Kent, died in hospital on 26th December, 1973. He was 83 years of age.

He served in the Royal Field Artillery from June, 1916, until October, 1917. Following his discharge he came to St. Dunstan's where he was trained in poultry farming, netting, Braille and typewriting and was a keen student of the violin. After training he carried on with poultry farming and, with the help of his family, increased his work by growing vegetables and greenhouse tomatoes. His recent move to a new house surrounded by a small garden, made it necessary to curtail poultry keeping on his usual scale.

He leaves a son and daughter, with whom he shared the house.

William James Cronk. *London Irish Rifles*

William James Cronk of Ramsgate, died in London on 11th December, 1973, at the age of 53 years.

He served in the London Irish Rifles from July, 1942, until his discharge in March, 1944. Although Mr. Cronk was known to St. Dunstan's since 1946, his sight did not completely fail until many years later and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in January, 1972. On medical advice he was unable to continue his training for industrial work, but had to consider what hobbies he would follow in an early retirement. Unfortunately his health deteriorated and he was taken ill whilst staying with relatives in London and was admitted to a London hospital where he died the following day.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Marie Ann Cronk, a sister, Mrs. Llewellyn, and other members of his family.

Harry Josiah Lamsley. *Grenadier Guards*

Harry Josiah Lamsley, of Margate, Kent, died on 22nd December, 1973, at Northgate House, Rottingdean, at the age of 86.

He enlisted with the Grenadier Guards in March, 1915, and served with them until his discharge in December, 1917. Mr. Lamsley was a retired printer and journalist and came to St. Dunstan's rather late in his life—March 1973—so he did not undergo any special training. He enjoyed several visits to St. Dunstan's Homes in Brighton, and was spending Christmas at Northgate House, when he was suddenly taken ill and died on December 22nd.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Margaret Lamsley, a daughter, Mrs. N. P. Honess, and other members of the family.

Charles William Pilbeam. *Royal Army Medical Corps*

Charles William Pilbeam of Maidstone, Kent, died in hospital on December 23rd, 1973, at the age of 85.

He served with the R.A.M.C. from January, 1915, until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Pilbeam had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in October, 1952, and his main hobby was gardening, where he specialised in growing vegetables. He later extended his gardening work by having a greenhouse. In recent years both Mr. and Mrs. Pilbeam found it necessary to limit their hard work but still maintained a keen interest in gardening and greenhouse work. Mr. Pilbeam was admitted to a local hospital last November where he passed peacefully away on 23rd December.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Julia Pilbeam, and a son.

Adam McLean Reagan. *8th Btn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders*

Adam McLean Reagan of Hastings, Sussex, died after a brief illness on 12th December, 1973. He was 66 years of age.

He enlisted in 1924 as a regular soldier and re-enlisted for the Second World War with the 8th Btn. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders until his discharge in March, 1944. Mr. Reagan was involved in the evacuation of Dunkirk and served in North Africa. He came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1944, and trained in Braille, typewriting, as well as hobby crafts, and employment was found for him as a telephonist. He continued his work as a telephonist until his retirement in 1972. He was an active member of the Bowls Club and enjoyed long walks with his guide dog until his illness.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ellen Reagan, two sons and other members of the family.

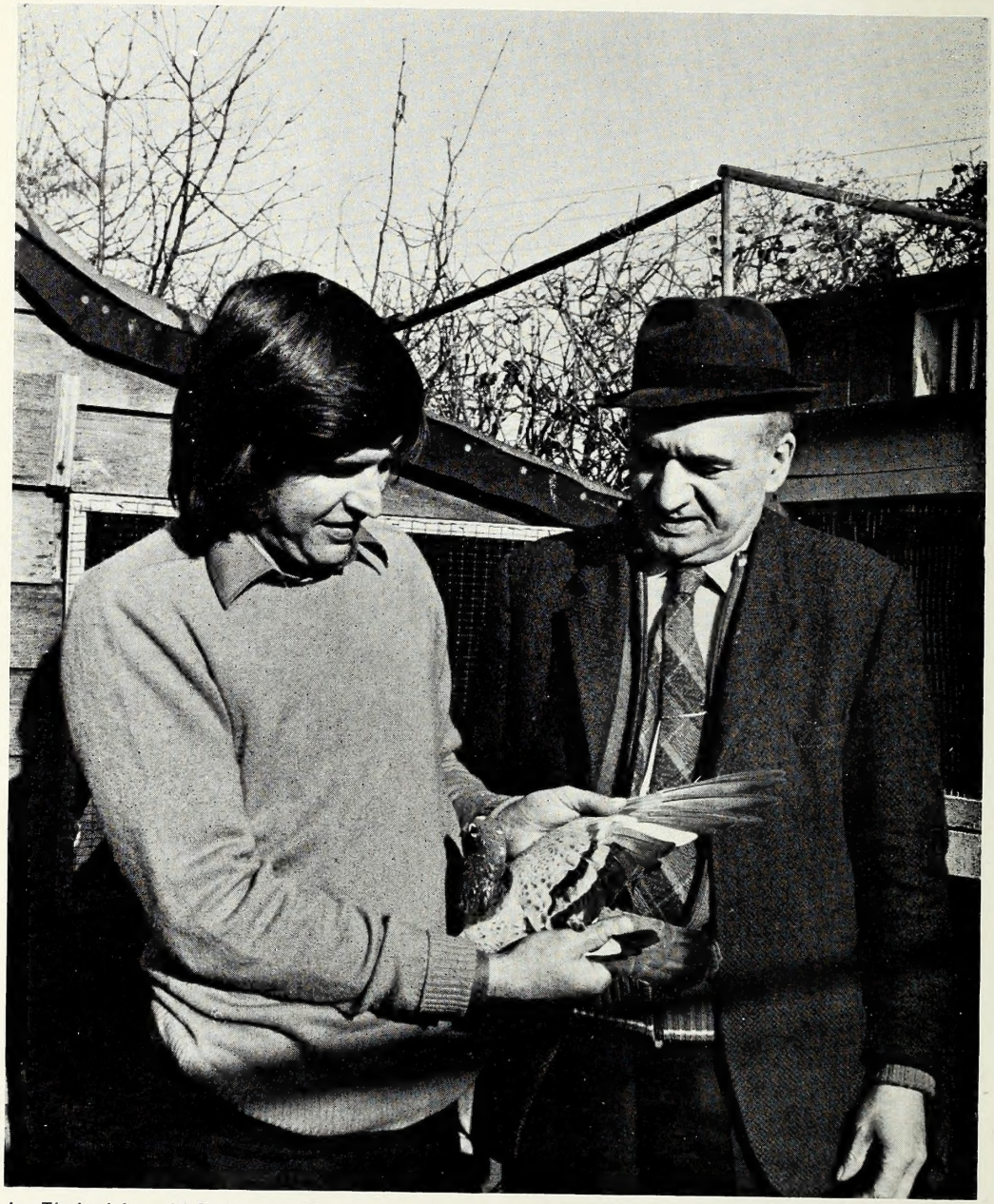
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St Dunstans REVIEW MARCH



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 650 **MARCH 1974** 5p MONTHLY



Ian Timberlake, with Ted beside him, displays Bletchley's wing.

FRONT & BACK COVERS : *Some of Ted Sturgess' pigeons coming home to roost.*

LIVING IN HOPE — Ted Sturgess

Before Ted Sturgess' sight failed in 1969 he used to follow his local cricket and football teams. A countryman who has lived at Hazlemere, near High Wycombe all his life, his main sport was shooting with a 12 bore gun. Ted was wounded in an explosion in June 1944 while serving in France with the Oxford and Bucks Regiment. As a result his sight deteriorated. Before he came to St. Dunstan's he worked as a chair-maker, later he re-trained at Ovingdean and now works as an inspector of engineering components. His spare-time interests had to change too and now he breeds and races pigeons.

He was always interested in birds and animals, "Hazlemere was nothing like this when I was a lad. You could walk nearly a mile before you came to the next house—naturally we always had animals of some sort." So Ted was receptive when his nephew, Ian Timberlake, talked to him about pigeon racing. "I found I had nothing to do on a Saturday afternoon. Now I've got these pigeons to come in there is something of interest. I had three pairs of birds from Ian and then I bred my young ones on from there."

Belongs to Clubs

Ted belongs to the Chiltern Club, The National Flying Club and the Royal National Homing Union—"You must be a member of this to fly pigeons". Very conveniently the Chiltern club house is the sports pavilion on the recreation ground at Hazlemere. "I get two evenings out a week, sometimes three and I get the company of the club members debating this and that and why the other happened." The membership is a real cross-section of the community: The headmaster of the local grammar school, a furniture manufacturer, the local builder, baker, plasterer; there are women members and ages range from 15 to over 65.

"They take it very seriously. Yes, some of them are fanatical about their pigeons. There's quite a feeling of rivalry in the club at times. You expect that, it makes the sport. It's really friendly. They pull each other's leg a little. They'll say, 'Are you sending old What-do-you-call-him? I'm saving mine for this race. Old so-and-so will beat yours here'".

A good racing pigeon is a status symbol for club members and "old What-do-you-call-him" when they pull Ted's leg is a three year old pigeon called Bletchley who, in the National Race from Nantes in France last year won £763. Bletchley, who can win races now at an average speed of 60 m.p.h., was not always so unerring in his homing. "As a young one he got lost at Bletchley and he was returned from there. I thought, well, I shall lose him but he has turned out my best bird, so ever since then I've called him Bletchley".

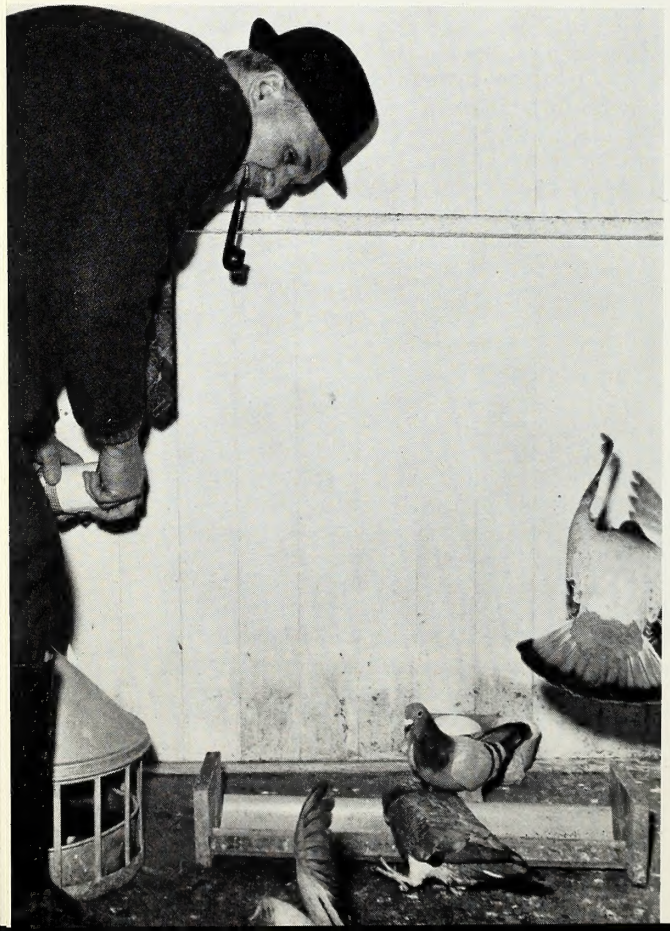
Bletchley

Bletchley has raced some 5,000 miles for Ted and his success in the National—the pigeon world's equivalent of the Grand National in horse racing—was Ted's first. "Pools" are organised on races at club, Federation and National level. "It starts with a 5p pool and goes up to £5 maximum. They don't pay out more than 15 to 1 so that the big men can't win it all and 5% goes back into the sport. You can have a maximum of £45 on the National. We started off by pooling him in the first race last year for eleven shillings, that's all you can put in the club. He won about £5 that day so the next race in the London Federation we put £3 on and he won £60. Then we put £43 on him in the National and he won £793.16".

"Ian comes up to help me clock in. They cut the seconds up into parts when they work the result out and on short races they are very close. The best speed in yards per minute is the winner. You've got to get the birds in quick and their race rubbers into the clock. We work out when they should come in and, of course, they don't come in then, so we start making excuses for them!"

"You can get a bit agitated", says Ted, so imagine the situation when Bletchley came back that Saturday in June last year. The race rules say telegraph Manchester within two hours of a bird coming in. "It

Ted and Ian release a group of young pigeons on a training "toss".



was the first National race I'd ever been in so we went down to Ian's father. I said, 'Is it worth sending a telegram?' He said 'Yes'. Ian went to see the club President, Mr. Patterson, who said, 'I've been 'phoning around and that's the first one I've heard so far.' We got the telegram in eight minutes before the two hours was up. We knew the prize would be quite a few pounds but not how much. It's five weeks after the race when you get the result".

The club will rent clocks to members but Ted has his own—worth about £60. Housed in a strong metal box, the clock is a secure method of timing a pigeon's arrival home. The rubber race ring is placed in a small hole at the top and a key turned which locks it in and registers the time to a fraction of a second on a paper roll—visible through a glass panel.

"Before the race on Friday evening the birds are basketed—that's for inland races. If they are going abroad it's either Wednesdays or Thursdays. The birds have the rubber put on with their race number and they are put in the baskets. The clocks are

Ted in his loft feeding the birds.

sealed and set to the master time at the club. Back home they 'phone up the time they were liberated. On Saturday you have to take your clock back to be checked and, of course, we have a drink on it as well".

The Birds go Abroad

When the birds go abroad they travel all the way in an articulated lorry belonging to the London Federation. Federation employees feed and water the birds and finally release them, sometimes nearly 500 miles away from their home lofts.

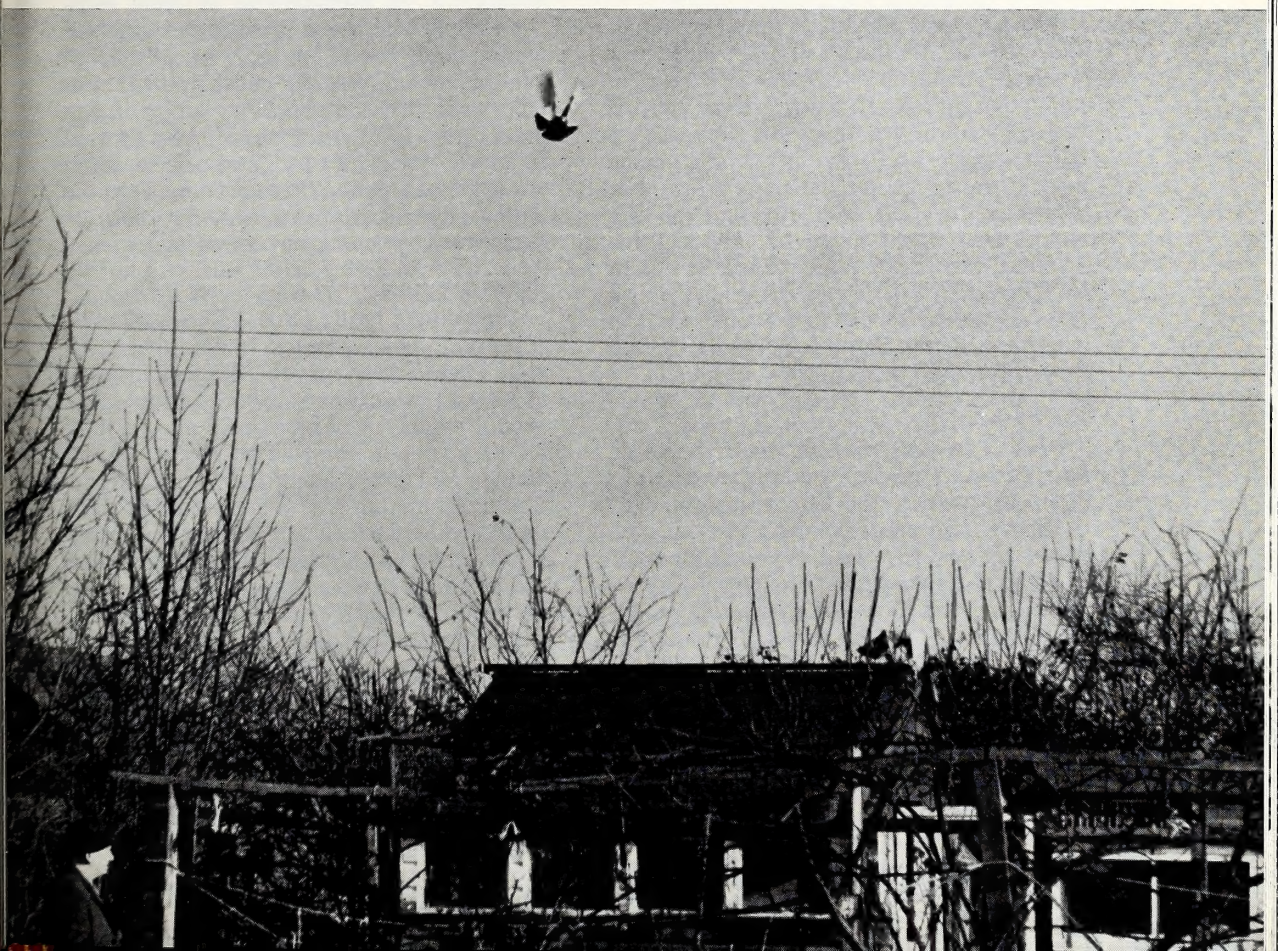
This is the exciting part of pigeon racing but it is only part of the year—from April to September. For Ted his pigeons give him a year-round hobby because he looks after his birds himself. "I manage them all the week—look after them, clean them out and keep them flying. I've got a bit of sight and I catch them by trial and error. If it's a dark one or a white one I can tell. Two blues I can't tell apart".

"You have got to have a wife who is interested. Well, my wife is not too much interested but she will feed them for me when I'm at work and she'll say, 'Have you got a pigeon out? There's one flying round'. Then I go and check and find I've shut one out". The pigeons eat a mixture of beans, peas, wheat and maize. Ted buys it ready-mixed and has made a neat trough out of a piece of guttering. "They are fed morning and evening—an ounce for each bird. If one gets a poor lot one time he makes sure he's first in the queue next time. They don't fight over food. They push and shove but they don't drive each other away from it".

Training

Training involves taking the young birds out successively further and further away from the loft and releasing them. Ted and Ian demonstrated a training toss, as it is called, some two miles from the loft. Returning, by the time the car had reached his home, the birds were circling the loft. Normally Ian takes the birds out, "Sometimes I go with him for the ride. My job is coming home from work, taking a deck chair up there, putting the flag up and sitting there. When the flag is up they know they have to stay up and when it's down they can come in".

Safely home from its training flight, one of the young pigeons drops towards the loft.





Pigeon-holed—Ted's 1974 racing team.

"You can get pigeons to know anything. If they go on a house, you don't feed them when they come in. Next time you let them out they don't do it. They are no good if they go on houses. They are supposed to come straight on to the loft. If they came back from a race and sat on a house that would be no good. If I left them the flag would keep them away for about three days but then, after that, if I weren't there to shoo them off, they'd come down and take no notice of the flag at all. As it is when I take this flag down—bang they're down on top of the loft."

The Summer

This is in the summer when the birds have eggs and they are anxious to return to them. Both cocks and hens sit on the eggs in turn. "Some pigeons race best to eggs, some race best to young. If you don't want to breed you substitute china eggs". Breeding pigeons is not difficult: "The most difficult part is to stop them. I've only got a few birds because I can't count to know if I've got them all in. There's thirteen up there now. Four are for breeding and nine for racing".

"People who breed them for a living sell young birds for £25 a pair. Locally, from club members, you can get them for about £5 a pair. If it is a good one, a pigeon can fetch quite a lot of money. If I advertised Bletchley I'd get a very good price for him on what he's done. There was one sold the other week for £1,300 and another for £5,000".

They Get Colds

Pigeons are hardy birds: "They get colds. I am pretty lucky. How I've got mine fixed, they're sheltered from the North and East. A loft can be very expensive. I bought mine second hand. They must have air. As long as they've got somewhere dry to perch they're all right. Protect them with wire or bars or something. If you close them right in you will have illnesses. Each pair of birds has its own nesting box. In fact they need two because they've got young when they lay their next lot of eggs. They won't let any other pigeon near their nest boxes. That's one thing they will fight over".

The main enemies are cats and Ted lost all his young birds one year despite the protecting wire. He expects to lose a few

LIVING IN HOPE—*continued*

young birds, "They just take off and decide to clear off. I lost three this year but that's nature's way. They originated from rock doves—and rock doves, when they have young, on a nice day they spiral up in the air and away they go. So there is not too much in-breeding".

Another hazard is telephone wire, "They hit the telephone wires. I had a young one who won my first race. The next race he came back with a broken leg. Ian mended it—put it in a splint and it healed. If I am in any doubt, if a bird seems sick, I get Ian to come up. I didn't know this one had hit the wires till he came".

Ted had a flying start to his racing career. In his first race in July 1969 he had first and second. Although it took nearly three years to get in the first five again, he has now produced a bird in Bletchley, that many pigeon breeders work for years without equalling. He has won a considerable sum of money and held the club cup for the best overseas average last year. He looks forward to establishing a fine loft, breeding from Bletchley but for Ted, his pigeons' real achievement is in giving him an added interest in life.

"I like to have something I've got to do or I'd just sit down and do nothing. Pigeon racing seems to get you. If you get your pigeon back you think you are good. You are living in hope".

DERBY SWEEPSTAKE 1974

Applications are once again invited from St. Dunstaners and St. Dunstan's trainees for tickets in the *St. Dunstan's Review* Derby Sweepstake. The attention of everyone is drawn to the rule that **every application for tickets made in the British Isles must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**

Tickets are 15p each, and applications for them should be made as soon as possible and will be received up to the first post on **Wednesday, 22nd May.** Each application must bear the name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, and, **with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed,** must be sent to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to St. Dunstan's and crossed. Loose money should not be sent unless it is registered.

Tickets will be issued consecutively, and are limited to twenty-four.

The total money subscribed, less the cost of printing and expenses, will be distributed as follows:

50 *per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the winning horse.*

20 *per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the second horse.*

10 *per cent to the holder of the ticket drawing the third horse.*

20 *per cent to be divided equally among those drawing a horse which actually starts in the race.*

No prize won in the Sweepstake will be paid to any person other than the person to whom the winning ticket was sold.

The Draw will take place in the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 30th May, the race being run on 5th June.

BRAILLE READING COMPETITION

National Library for The Blind announces the 45th E. W. Austin Memorial Reading Competition to be held on Saturday, 11th May 1974.

Unseen passages will be read, and prizes awarded for fluency, ease of diction and general expression. (Should the entries in any class be very limited, prizes will be awarded only if merited).

Sturmey-Wyman Challenge and Medal Competition

This class is in competition for the Sturmey-Wyman cup and is open only to previous winners of the Open and Medal classes. The winner will also receive a silver medal. *Readers entering for this class may not enter other classes.*

continued on page 8

Class A. Advanced readers in competition for the Blanesburgh Cup.

Class B. Other readers in competition for the Stuart Memorial Cup.

Class C. Readers who have lost their sight since 1939 and who have learnt to read Braille since the age of 16 (and who do not feel competent to enter the more advanced classes), in competition for the Lady Buckmaster Cup. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

Open Competition

A special competition open to all readers eligible to enter Classes A and B and to all previous winners of Classes A, B and C for reading prose from the novels of Anthony Trollope.

Class D. (Moon) Open to readers of Moon type. (Entrants for this will not read in the afternoon, but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

Class E. (Deaf-Blind Readers) Open to blind readers of Moon or Braille who are also deaf. (Entrants for this class will not read in the afternoon but the winners will receive their prizes in the afternoon).

The eliminating rounds will be held in the morning, in the Library and will commence at 10 a.m. The finals will be held in the afternoon at Church House (which is also in Great Smith Street).

Intending competitors should send their names to the **Secretary, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, London SW1P 3BU,** not later than Friday, 19th April 1974 stating whether they will be bringing a friend and whether or not they will be staying to lunch (at a cost of 25p per head).

Francis White of Bedford, came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1974. He served in several Regiments during the 1st World War but was wounded whilst with the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment on the Somme. He is a widower.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

John Newland of London, S.E.15, who joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1974. Mr. Newland served in the 1st World War in the Machine Gun Corps. He is married and has a grown-up daughter. After his discharge from the Services he worked for some years with a firm of Tea Importers and also worked in a Brewery but has now retired.

Edward Seddon Hirst of Rotherham, Yorkshire, joined St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. Mr. Hirst served in the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment during the 1st World War and was wounded at Cambrai in 1917. He is a widower with a grown-up son.

Mrs. Mavis Patricia Rose of Paignton, Devon, came to St. Dunstan's in January, 1974. She served in the W.R.N.S. in the 2nd World War. She is married and her husband is a State Registered Chiropodist and Physiotherapist and they have a young son still at school.

Arthur Leonard Watkins-Grafton of London, N.W.9. joined St. Dunstan's in January, 1974, and served with the Royal Fusiliers in the 2nd World War. Although he was wounded towards the end of 1940 his sight did not finally fail until recently. He is married. Since leaving the Services, Mr. Watkins-Grafton's business has been concerned with insurance.

Charles Frank Vener of London, S.W.11, who came to St. Dunstan's in November, 1973. He served in the Royal Fusiliers in the 1st World War but actually enlisted in the Territorial Army in 1909. Mr. Vener is married and has a grown-up family. Unfortunately, his health in recent years has not been very strong and he has been unable to follow his previous occupation as a gardener.

Coming Events

DERBY DAY COACH TRIP

It is proposed to run a coach trip for Derby Day, leaving H.Q. Old Marylebone Road, at 9.15 a.m., Wednesday, 5th June, this year.

Any St. Dunstaner wishing to join our party should send in his name not later than Saturday, 30th March to: **Norman Smith, St. Dunstan's London Club, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.**

The outing is always an unqualified success for the price charged. This includes the coach fare, a packed luncheon with either soft drinks or beer. This year the charge will be £2.00 per person. This must be paid when booking.

It is a most enjoyable day out and I hope more St. Dunstaners will wish to be included in this trip to the Derby. So hurry up and send your names in to Norman as soon as possible.

May it be noted that if insufficient St. Dunstaners book for the coach trip, this will have to be cancelled.

W. MILLER

Royal Tournament and Trooping The Colour

It is hoped that we may be allocated tickets again this year for the Private View of the Royal Tournament at Earls Court on the afternoon of **Wednesday, 10th July,** and also for the Trooping the Colour Ceremony on the morning of **Saturday, 15th June.**

Any St. Dunstaners who would like tickets for these events please get in touch with **Miss Bridger** at Headquarters before 17th April.

C. D. WILLS

H.M.S. Daedalus Camp

The Commander of H.M.S. Daedalus has written inviting you to the Camp from **Friday, 16th August** to **Saturday, 24th August.**

As last year, fares will be refunded in full. There will be a camp fee of £5. Please send me your names as soon as possible. Closing date for entries—4th May. Please write to **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.** Tel. 0823-43-359.

OBITUARY

Jim Chell

by John Whitcombe

Jim Chell died suddenly on 5th January after playing Bridge in the individual match at Brighton.

Bridge, of course, was one of Jim's favourite pastimes and he had spent a very enjoyable afternoon playing with his friends at the Brighton Club.

Sad to say I was not playing on this occasion but had the privilege of partnering him many times over the last nine years, as we both learnt the game together.

I am pleased to say my wife and I spent an evening with Jim and members of his family on 3rd January where we got around to our usual discussion of Bridge!

Partnering Jim was not just a matter of counting points and making the best contract but of enjoying the game to the full—regardless!

Not only will the Bridge players miss Jim but all his other many friends. We all enjoyed his great sense of fun. He has given so much pleasure to us all.

Goodbye Jim. We miss you and will never forget you.

St. Dunstans' Annual & Camp Sports

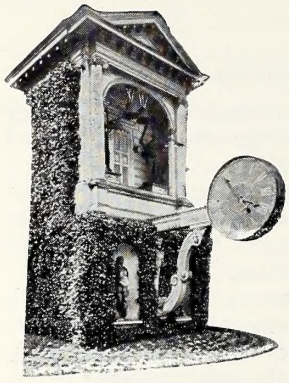
The St. Dunstans' Annual and Camp Sports are once again being held at HMS Daedalus, **August 16th to 20th,** during St. Dunstans' Camp week. For entry form and further details application to me at Pearson House please.

J. CARNOCHAN,
Sports Organiser.

SPORTS INFORMATION 1974

This year, **16th to 20th September,** Stoke Mandeville will be the venue for International Sports for the Blind, Paraplegic and Amputees. Trials for National Team selection are being held on 6th and 7th of July, at Stoke Mandeville. Conditions of entry are that competitors shall be totally blind. All St. Dunstaners wishing to enter for the Trials should make application to me at Pearson House for entry form and further details.

J. CARNOCHAN



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Woollen Sailing Yacht

One of the newer honorary members of the Holyhead Sailing Club is our St. Dunstaner **George Hewett.** The Management Committee of the Club offered him membership after he had presented them with one of his special design wool rugs—6 feet by 3 feet wide with a sailing yacht worked in colours in the centre.

"The idea came to me whilst working in the handicraft department at Pearson House", he told me, "I have many boyhood friends on the committee of the sailing club and I thought I should like to present them with a rug as a reminder of the many happy hours we spent together in sailing boats and learning to swim in the beautiful harbour."

Our photograph shows George Hewett with his sailing yacht rug in the garden of Pearson House.



Mental Pictures

Tommy McKay has a new edition of his poems published. It is entitled appropriately, *Mental Pictures*. This collection of verse includes a number already published in his first volume *Morning Dip* with the addition of some new poems including "My Shadow" which won 1st prize in the Edwin Dickinsen Literary Competition organised by the Queensland Society of Blind Citizens in Australia, last year.

But my favourite is the last poem in the book—"Phylippa"—and I quote just the last verse.

'There is a lady with a sparkling eye
And a merry laugh as she passes by,
Though I have ne'er seen that twinkling eye,
Yet will I love her till I die.

It is my favourite because I know the McKays very well—we call his wife "Phyl".

Back Room Boy

On St. Dunstan's stand at the NAIDEX exhibition last year in Brighton we displayed our electronic rifle. Many visiting representatives were greatly interested and,



as a result, **Norman French** our Research Engineer, took the rifle to Cardiff on 9th February. There, on a rifle range, he demonstrated it for the Wales Council for the Disabled.

"About 18 blind people tried the rifle," Norman told me, "I divided them into two teams, Cardiff v the Rest. Cardiff won." Many sighted rifle club members also fired the rifle, aiming by the sounds heard in the headphones. "Altogether there were about a hundred people there and they were very interested," said Norman, "They are forming a Committee in the hope of making their own electronic rifle."

Norman is usually the back-room boy but he found himself in front of the T.V. cameras this time as he was interviewed for B.B.C. Welsh Television and by a reporter from B.B.C. Radio Wales.

What's Yours?

What's your local like? **Bob Britton** wonders if any St. Dunstaner has such a good local as his—the Beehive Hotel, Cherry Tree, Blackburn. Our photograph (from the *Lancashire Evening Telegraph*) shows him with the Russell Bolton Trophy for dominoes. This is his second success and with him in the picture are (l.-r.) Mrs. Lilly Britton, Bill Griffiths—a fellow St. Dunstaner, who presented the trophy, and Mrs. Dorothy Moran, landlady of the Beehive.

Bob tells me, "The Beehive is just about 100 yards down the road from my shop so most of my domino friends are my customers and a grand genuine crowd they are, especially the landlord and landlady, Frank and Dorothy Moran. I really enjoy my games of dominoes".

KEMP TOWN NOTES

A month of gloom and depression on all fronts and for us gales and, at times, torrential rain doing it's best to get inside the building, but in the comfort of Pearson House we've suffered less than most. Surely there's no longer any fear of drought!

Entertainment has followed the normal pattern but, to conserve fuel, without the Drives, and for two weeks the Dome was used for the Toy Fair. Before the closure a fair number, including wheelchair chappies from Northgate, went to the "Harry Secombe Show", a popular entertainer and by all accounts an enjoyable evening.

Edward Chapman, on Wednesday afternoons, is at present reading Somerset Maugham's short stories, whom he obviously greatly admires, and treasures the fact that he met him.

The end of the month we had a play-reading, the ever popular "George and Margaret". I wondered why this had not been read before, but realised it was a case of a fool rushing in when the difficulty was brought to my notice—seven in the cast and only four copies, so it meant a good deal of neck stretching! With such experienced folk as Mr. and Mrs. P. Lilley from Seaford, with others from their group, and our good friend, Miss Eve King, the presentation was not marred. We welcomed a new reader and escort, Mr. Brian Butler. I imagine he thought we pushed him in at the deep end, but he surfaced remarkably well!

Everyone welcomes Tom Eales' stereo record programmes and there was no excuse for not enjoying the first one this year, as he played St. Dunstaners' requests.

REUNIONS — 1974

All Reunions to be held at 12.15 p.m. for 12.45 p.m.

Date	*Reunion*	*Hotel*
Saturday, 30th March	**Bristol** (Miss Meyer and Miss Newbold)	Dragonara
Saturday, 4th May	**Southampton** (Mrs. Lyall and Miss Blebta)	Skyway
Saturday, 11th May	**Brighton** (Miss Stewart and Miss Blebta)	Metropole
Thursday, 6th June	**Manchester** (Mrs. Ballantyne and Miss Broughton)	Midland
Saturday, 8th June	**Liverpool** (Mrs. Ballantyne and Miss Broughton)	Adelphi
Saturday, 15th June	**London** (Kent and Surrey) (Miss Stewart and Miss Blebta)	Russell
Thursday, 27th June	**Newcastle** (Mrs. Plaxton and Mrs. King)	Royal Station
Saturday, 29th June	**Sheffield** (Miss Broughton and Miss Newbold)	Hallam Tower
Thursday, 4th July	**Ipswich** (Mrs. Adkins and Miss Davis)	Copdock House
Saturday, 6th July	**Birmingham** (Miss Newbold)	Royal Angus
Saturday, 20th July	**London** (Central) (Miss Davis and Mrs. Lyall)	Russell

TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT

by Phillip Wood

Our taxi drew up at Euston Station. Once, taxi-drivers would leap out, like Court footmen, to help you. They don't any more. Ours just sat staring ahead in mute impatience while I struggled to get a hammerlock on the case by his side.

Euston was once a fairly comfortable station to use, I seem to remember. You just walked in—and there were the trains, so to speak. As part of the "improvement" plan, BR have seen fit to include a vast concourse the size of Wembley Stadium, which every traveller must negotiate. There are no short cuts.

No Mr. Porter!

There are no porters either. However, British Rail have thoughtfully provided luggage-trolleys for a do-it-yourself portering operation. We've never been able to use one yet. They are always in the *wrong place*. When you are coming *off* the train, they are all concentrated away on the other side of the limitless space of natty tiling, a yard from the street exit. When you're going *for* a train, they are all being cosily gregarious by the platform gates.

There was a depressingly long line of people at one of the gates. "Bet that's the queue for our train," said my wife pessimistically. It was. We joined the queue and inched our shuffling way to the ticket-collector.

Clippers poised, he looked with deep suspicion first at our tickets, then at us, (they always do this—I wonder why?) Then with a fine show of reluctance he punched a hole in the tickets and we went down the slope and joined what looked like a crowd scene from a documentary on rioting. "Not a seat!—not even standing-room on the whole train!" somebody said with a kind of gloomy satisfaction.

One group was just standing there making no effort to board the waiting train. These were the gamblers. They would wait till the very last second, hoping that some of the reserved seats would be unclaimed, then they'd make a frantic dash on to the train and fight for them.

We climbed on and, hopefully, made our painful way along the crowded compartment, looking for a refuge. The lucky ones eyed us with a mixture of superiority and pity from the comfort of their seats.

The centre aisles of BR carriages are far too narrow for anyone except an emaciated midget to carry anything in the ordinary manner. You are forced to carry your case, double-handed, straight in front of you and it is terribly hard on the knees. Moreover, people were starting to drift back along the carriage and we frequently met on a collision course. Once I had to retreat (in reverse!) half the length of the carriage from a portly matron with a large suitcase and a determined expression.

By the time we had reached the end of the carriage, battered and breathless, we had had enough. We opted (and we had no choice) for the space at the end of the compartment, an L-shaped area of scruffy linoleum and a lavatory (with, presumably, the only vacant seat in the place).

A Man with a Dog

There was already a small group there, including a couple with two children in a pushchair. A man got in with a dog. Immediately, dog and children discovered they were incompatible. The children began to bellow in stentorian unison. The man pushed the animal behind his legs, in a corner. The two children accepted the gesture as a kind of mute non-aggression pact and the roars subsided.

Others began to arrive, including a young couple with an incredible assortment of bags and parcels—and a cat in a wickerwork basket.

I think it was at this point that both my wife and I realised we had made this mistake before—to our sorrow. It was 2nd January—and this train was one to avoid at all costs. For this was the 12.05 Euston to Glasgow, crawling with Scots returning to their butts and bens and pibrochs and things after a riotous Hogmanay with their Sassenach mates down in the Smoke.

As the train pulled out, our little Black Hole contained ten adults, two children, one dog and one cat. There might have been more. Periodically, hopeful faces

appeared round the door, to be greeted with hostile frowns and vigorous head-shakings. There just wasn't any room—even Alice would have been forced to admit it.

Gradually this "togetherness" began to engender a fine spirit of camaraderie. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to adopt the normal cataleptic attitude of the British traveller when shoulder-charging your companion each time the train lurches over the points. So we talked naturally and easily—like strangers thrown together by shipwreck or people who had met casually in an earthquake. We said it surely would not have hurt BR to put on extra carriages —or even a duplicate train. We agreed that the man who said "It is better to travel hopefully, than to arrive" hadn't done *his* travelling on the Midday Scot!

Togetherness

We shook our heads in sad unison at the scandalous price of everything . . . was that comet really going to show up? . . . Wouldn't Uri Geller be a marvellous asset to his country if he could extend his metal-bending to include enemy bridge-girders.

Tongues were loosened as with wine in that close, matey atmosphere. We swapped Christmas stories and glossy lies about our influential relations. One man confessed without a trace of shame or embarrassment that he didn't have a car. This extra-ordinary revelation was later capped by a nice little woman who admitted (albeit a touch defiantly, I felt) that she watched "Coronation Street" . . . regularly. Occasionally we stood for a moment in reverent silence as some luckless wretch fell off the buffers.

It was all jolly good fun really—if you could forget the cold, your aching bones and the nasty painful swelling where your loose change had come into repeated contact with the woodwork.

My wife and I would be leaving the train at Crewe. There would be others getting off, too. There would probably be empty seats in the carriage. But a horde of undeserving strangers would be waiting to storm the train and grab them. Not if we could help it! If we could employ delaying tactics, just at one door, it might give our splendid new friends the chance to tear into the carriage and claim the seats.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1676

The Zoo Gang
by Paul Gallico
Read by David Broomfield

Twenty-five years after liberation the old Colonel still keeps in close contact with his cell of resistance fighters known as the Zoo Gang. When his niece is found in a coma from hepatitis the Colonel vows at her death bed that he will track down and eliminate the drug smugglers. With the help of his old colleagues he is more than successful, while the local Captain of detectives, baffled by the disappearance of seven hoodlums and delighted that the supply of illicit drugs has dried up, knows full well where the answer lies, but finds himself unable to prove it.

A very good yarn with a couple of side plots put in for good measure.

TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT

—continued

The train slid into Crewe station and we went ahead with Operation Repel Boarders. The door was terribly difficult to open, we were clumsy with our bags, which completely blocked the entrance.

We were surrounded by hostile impatient faces. I did have a short sharp encounter with one young man (selfish brute) who tried without success to force his way in. I suppose you couldn't blame him, really, and I hope his ankle gets better soon.

As we made our way to the exit, the train slipped past. My wife waved delightedly. "That young man, the lecturer from Glasgow and his nice little wife," she explained, "I'm so glad they got seats!"

Our woman taxi-driver left her seat and helped us with our bags. She gave us a welcoming smile and asked us where we'd been and Kent was a very nice place and she hoped we'd had a good time.

As the car moved off I reflected the chap who said it was better to travel hopefully than to arrive must have been a bit of an idiot.

Cat. No. 1803

Voss

by Patrick White

Read by Gabriel Woolf

Knowing this book to be concerned with one of the first explorations of the inner Australian Continent I settled down to enjoy it. My enjoyment was short lived as it soon became clear that it was to be a tragical romance which droned on and on as boringly as the desert in which Voss was searching for water, accompanied by the spirit of Miss Trevelyan back in Sydney. The best character to come over and as it turns out the only survivor is Judd the ex-convict.

I thoroughly recommend this book to anybody who wishes to indulge in a few days of the miseries but be sure to have a large box of tissues handy to mop up the tears.

Cat. No. 1808

Uncle Silas

by Sheridan Le Fanu

Read by George Hagan

A Victorian melodrama about Maud a naive heiress of large fortune and estate, who on her father's death is left as the ward of her beloved kindly and falsely accused Uncle Silas, who after a misspent youth has settled down to a life of religious repentance. That Uncle Silas is a skunk, determined to lay hands on her fortune by fair means or foul soon becomes obvious. Nevertheless the dastardly rogue comes unstuck and Maud lives on to enjoy her wealth and position in society.

Beautifully written in the first person singular. As a talking book it owes a great deal to the excellence of the reader who brings the narrative to life.

Cat. No. 1718

Cancer Ward

by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Translated by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg

Read by Garard Green

This novel describes the patients and doctors of an overcrowded Siberian cancer hospital in the mid-nineteen fifties.

Hospital, and more particularly cancer, is a great equaliser. Which is fortunate because the ward contains a K.G.B. man and in the next bed a former political prisoner who has been released from his place of exile to come for treatment. Another is a man who despises himself for saving his own neck by betraying others. Times are changing in Russia. Stalin has been dead for two years and changes are on the way. The K.G.B. man fears for his son. The exile half hopes for repatriation.

This is a most brilliant author who relieves what is after all a picture of despair into a wonderful series of character studies and to give the book still more warmth brings romance into his picture, although this ends in pathos.

BRIDGE NOTES

The second Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 9th February. The results are as follows:

S. Webster and R. Fullard	82
W. Lethbridge and A. Dodgson	73
F. Rhodes and F. Griffee	63
W. Scott and C. Walters	58
A. Smith and W. Burnett	50
J. Whitcombe and R. Bickley	49
M. Clements and W. Claydon	43

J. WHITCOMBE.

FROM NEW ZEALAND

We publish the following in a letter to Lord Fraser from Mrs. Richardson, wife of our St. Dunstaner, RICHARD LYNN RICHARDSON, of Masterton, New Zealand.

"*To-day we saw Princess Anne and Captain Phillips. I missed Prince Charles. It was so hot I went and sat down and did not hear the call he was coming.*

Isn't T.V. wonderful? We got four hours each afternoon and evening. The athletes were superb and the excitement—you thought you were there."

These words remind us that Miss Shirley Somervell (see February *Review*) ran in the finals of the 800 metres in the Commonwealth Games held at Christchurch. Although Shirley ran well she was unfortunate in not winning a medal.

FRANK REVIEWS—*continued*

The U Boat That 'Sank' Three Times

by Fred Barratt

The showing of the film "49th Parallel" on television on 27th January set St. Dunstaner Fred Barratt reminiscing, and he wrote this for the *Review*.

Acting as look-out on the bridge of H.M.S. Erith on that cold December day in 1940, I inwardly felt very elated.

I thought I had helped to destroy the U.37, the submarine that, two days earlier, had torpedoed my ship, the S.S. Jeanne M. and sent her to the bottom. I was only a ship's boy and after being picked up by our escort, had been allocated look-out duty, when in company with other Royal Navy ships, we started a depth charge attack. The U.37 was presumed sunk.

Her commander was later awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross.

Then, in 1941, a film "The 49th Parallel" (recently shown on television) had the U.37 sunk while landing some nazis on the coast of Canada. This time her commander ended up as a P.O.W. in Canada.

How did she Die?

I wondered, how did the U.37 die? Did she go down as a fighting ship or did she survive the war? Did her skipper end his service in a blaze of glory as his decoration suggests, or a P.O.W. or what? I wrote away to the German naval authorities to learn the truth.

My ship was sunk by the U.37 on 2nd December, 1940. The U boat obviously survived our depth charge attack. No details of this attack were available as all U boat logs were still in the hands of the British.

Of course the U.37 in the film was not the real one. Actually the real U.37 met an inglorious end when she was scuttled by her crew in the Baltic Sea in 1945. For what reason I have no knowledge.

Nicolai Clausen who first commanded the U.37 as Oberleutnant went on to command U.29 and U.182. With the rank of Korvettenkapitän he was lost with all his crew in the Atlantic, in U.182, sunk by the U.S.S. Mackenzie.

So the riddle of the U boat that was sunk three times was solved. So was the riddle of the Captain who went down in 1943 and his boat went down in 1945 sunk by its own crew.

Unfortunately I never learned what happened to the U.37's last captain or how she came to commit suicide.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From Eric Rowe of Minehead, Somerset.

An article appeared in the December *Review* informing us of a recording service and asking if any of us made use of the service. I am writing, therefore, to report that I have started to do so.

I have exchanged a few letters with the Secretary, Mr. Charles Cadwell and find him very willing to help and very courteous. In addition to *Exmoor Review* and other magazines publications, he is trying to get Spanish and German texts read for me as well as radio amateur and natural history publications.

Mr. Dennis E. Bingham

In last month's *Review* we published the obituary of our St. Dunstaner, DENNIS BINGHAM, who died whilst on holiday in Las Palmas on 2nd January. We have since learned that the British Consul, Mr. C. A. Jones was most helpful to Mrs. Bingham and the members of her family who flew out to attend the funeral. A local resident Mr. J. Green, a member of the Royal British Legion, was also very helpful and both Mr. Jones and Mr. Green attended the funeral.

18th Century History

MR. AND MRS. JERRY LYNCH of Wimbledon, S.W.20, are justly proud of their son Gary, who has completed his studies at Manchester University and has gained his M.A. in History. He is now employed on the staff in the Research Dept., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he is working on 18th Century History Research for a period of three years.

The U Boat—*continued*

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND

January

Our 1974 programme of meetings and outings commenced on Sunday, 13th January.

We held our first meeting of the year on this date and got away to a very good start by drawing the first round of the domino competitions and playing four matches.

We also tried our hand at darts and hope to start a darts competition in future.

Tea for this meeting was arranged for us by Mrs. Marjorie Hordyniec, with Eddie's help, and we all thanked her.

Unfortunately our old friend, Bill Green, was still unable to be with us as he is now convalescing at Brighton. All the best Bill, from everyone, get well soon and let us see you once more at the club.

February

Although it was a very wet day we had a very well attended meeting on Sunday, 10th February. Quite a number of domino matches were played off and we have now made the second round draw for the Sir Arthur Pearson competition. A number of doubles matches were played and that competition is also going strong.

A number of items were raised regarding outings etc. and it is going to be Southport for our outing this year, probably at the beginning of June. It is also to be finalised at the next meeting regarding a night out, only the date has to be fixed.

Another "Bring and Buy" sale is to be held in April, this meeting will be held on the first Sunday of the month as Easter falls on the second one.

We all showed our appreciation to Mrs. Barbara Kibbler for a lovely tea.

Usually at this time of the year things are rather quiet in the club and it is really pleasing to see everything going in full swing, I sincerely hope that it is the sign of a very good year.

Next meeting **Sunday, 10th March.**

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. FRANK GORMAN of Maghull, Liverpool who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary in March, 1973.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. EDWARD JINKS of Oldham, Lancs., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 2nd February, 1974.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

ALFRED BRADLEY of Northwood Hills, Middlesex, who is pleased to announce the birth of his 4th grandchild, born to his daughter, Joan, on 6th October, 1973. She is to be called Jessica Sarah.

CHARLES BUTLER of Southampton, Hants., who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his first grandchild, Sarah Jane, born on 3rd January, 1974 to his son John and his daughter-in-law Rosemary.

ALFRED EARWAKER of Soberton, Hants., who is pleased to announce the birth of his third grandchild, Michelle Earwaker, born to his youngest son Michael, and his daughter-in-law, on 5th September, 1973.

STANLEY FOWLER of Beeston, Notts., who is pleased to announce the birth of a grand daughter, Jady Louise, born to his daughter Yvonne and her husband, Kevin Molyneux, on 24th November, 1973.

THOMAS E. JONES of Telford, Shropshire who is pleased to announce the arrival of a grandson—Jonathan Michael who was born on 19th January, 1974, to his son Michael and daughter-in-law, Gail.

HAROLD KING of Luton who is pleased to announce the birth of his fourth grandchild—Alison Claire, born on 10th December, 1973, to his son Alan and his daughter-in-law Jane.

JOSEPH HAMILTON of Nottingham, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his second grandchild—Anna Margaret, born on 29th January, 1974, to his daughter Susan and her husband.

JOHN SIMPSON of Brighton, Sussex, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his first grand-daughter, who was born on 24th January, 1974. She is to be called Tracey Ann Earl.

HARRY WEBSTER of Liverpool, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his second grandchild—Anthony James, born to his son Jim and his daughter-in-law on 13th January, 1974.

Great Grandfather

Many congratulations to:

FREDERICK HORTON of Manchester, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of his third great grandchild.

Long Life and Happiness to:

David, son of RICHARD (DICKIE) BRETT, of Lancing, Sussex, who married Susan Rees at Lancing Methodist Church on 19th January, 1974.

Robert William, eldest son of BILL GLOVER of Bristol who married Jane Lund of Weymouth on 9th February, 1974.

Marjorie, daughter of KENNETH WARD of Exeter, Devon, who married Alan Scrivens at Winchester, on 5th January, 1974.

Youngest Competitor

THOMAS O'CONNOR of Birmingham, is pleased to announce that his grand-daughter, Janet O'Connor, aged 13 years, was picked to represent her club in Yeovil for the 300 metres swimming and the 1500 metres track run which was held at the Crystal Palace on 15th and 16th December, 1973. She was the youngest competitor and was competing against girls of 17 and 18 years old. She has also been picked for the school to represent Somerset in sporting events which take place in a few months time.

On February 3rd Janet came 1st in the "Three A's" and is now a South West Champion Runner.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

JAMES COUPLAND of Preston, who mourns the death of his daughter, Mary on 20th January, 1974, aged 52 years.

SAMUEL LORAM of Brixham, Devon, who mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Mary Loram, on 5th February, 1974, after a long illness.

WILLIAM B. RILEY of Midgley, Nr. Halifax, Yorks., who mourns the death of his wife, Violet Ellen, who passed away on 13th February, 1974. Mrs. Riley had been seriously ill for some months.

GEORGE SWANSTON of Corstorphine, Edinburgh, who mourns the death of his wife Mary, who passed away on 15th February, 1974, after a long illness.

BRIAN WORRALL-SMITH of Hythe, Kent, whose wife, Elleen, died on the 13th January, 1974, after a long illness so bravely borne.

The family of MRS. DORA BOYD of Black Rock, Brighton, who died in hospital at Reading, on 12th February, 1974. She was the widow of our doubly handicapped St. Dunstaner, J. E. 'JOCK' BOYD, who served with conspicuous courage and success as Appeals Representative for St. Dustan's in Brighton for 40 years; he died 11 years ago.

The son and other members of the family of MRS. HILDA L. GARTHWAITE of Havant, Hants., who died in hospital, on 27th December, 1973. She had been an in-patient since 1970.

During this period her husband, our St. Dunstaner, Edward Garthwaite, whose obituary appears in the *In Memory* column, resided at St. Dunstan's homes in Brighton and latterly at Northgate House.

Mrs. Garthwaite had previously been twice married to St. Dunstaners, both of whom predeceased her. Her passing is mourned by all who have known her over many years.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Hugh Richardson Hamilton. *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*

Hugh Richardson Hamilton of King's Lynn, Norfolk, died at his home on 18th January, 1974. He was 59 years of age.

He enlisted in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1934 and served with them until his discharge in 1946. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until January 1973.

Mr. Hamilton was taken prisoner of war when Singapore was invaded in February, 1942, and after two and a half years in captivity during which time he worked on the Burma Railway, his vision failed. In addition to his blindness, Mr. Hamilton's general health was poor and unfortunately he was not fit enough to undertake any occupational training but during last year he was able to spend two convalescent periods at Pearson House, which gave him an opportunity of meeting his fellow St. Dunstaners.

In September Mr. Hamilton and his family moved from London to Norfolk and settled there very happily. Although he was not a fit man his death was nevertheless most unexpected.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Doris Hamilton, and five children.

Edward Garthwaite. *1/6 Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment*

Edward Garthwaite of Havant, Hants., died whilst staying at Northgate House on 22nd January, 1974. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in the 1/6 Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment and served with them from November 1914 until June 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1919.

When Mr. Garthwaite was first admitted he was trained in netting, wool rugs and mat making and became a first-class workman in basket and chair caning. During the 2nd World War Mr. Garthwaite went into industry.

In 1949 his sight improved and he was able to leave St. Dunstan's. His first wife died in 1950 and shortly afterwards Mr. Garthwaite was found to be eligible for re-admission to St. Dunstan's.

In 1952 he re-married and as his health did not enable him to continue with industrial work he was re-trained for home industries and settled in Yorkshire.

Mr. Garthwaite's second wife died in 1960 and following her death Mr. Garthwaite managed to run his home with the help of resident or daily housekeepers, although he frequently stayed for several months at St. Dunstan's homes in Brighton.

He married for the third time in 1966 and he and his wife moved to Havant, Hampshire. Unfortunately, Mrs. Garthwaite's own health necessitated long periods in hospital where she was finally admitted as a long-term patient and Mr. Garthwaite stayed at Northgate House. Mrs. Garthwaite died on 27th December, 1973.

Thomas Millward. *11th West Yorkshire Regiment*

Thomas Millward of Brighton, Sussex, died on 19th January, 1974, at the age of 81.

He enlisted in the 11th West Yorkshire Regiment and served with them from August 1914 until his discharge in March 1916 when he came to St. Dunstan's, where he trained as a boot-maker. At that time Mr. Millward lived in Yorkshire and had a very busy boot-repairing business to which he added the craft of mat making.

He married in 1922 and moved to Sheffield. Unfortunately his first wife died a year later and Mr. Millward moved temporarily into lodgings and had to give up his business. Mr. Millward then went to live with his sister in Brighton until 1931 when he re-married and settled in Haywards Heath.

In 1935 Mr. Millward undertook a refresher course in basket work and continued with this craft until about 1958 when his health gave cause for concern and a few months later he was admitted to hospital.

On returning home he retired from work and he and his wife lived quietly together. At all times they have been helped by their two sons, Fred and Leslie, and their families.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Annie Millward, and two sons.

Gilbert Elliott Graham Rushton. *Royal Fusiliers*

Gilbert Elliott Graham Rushton of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, died in hospital on 11th January, 1974. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers in December 1915 and served with them until his discharge in December 1918. It was some years later that his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1939.

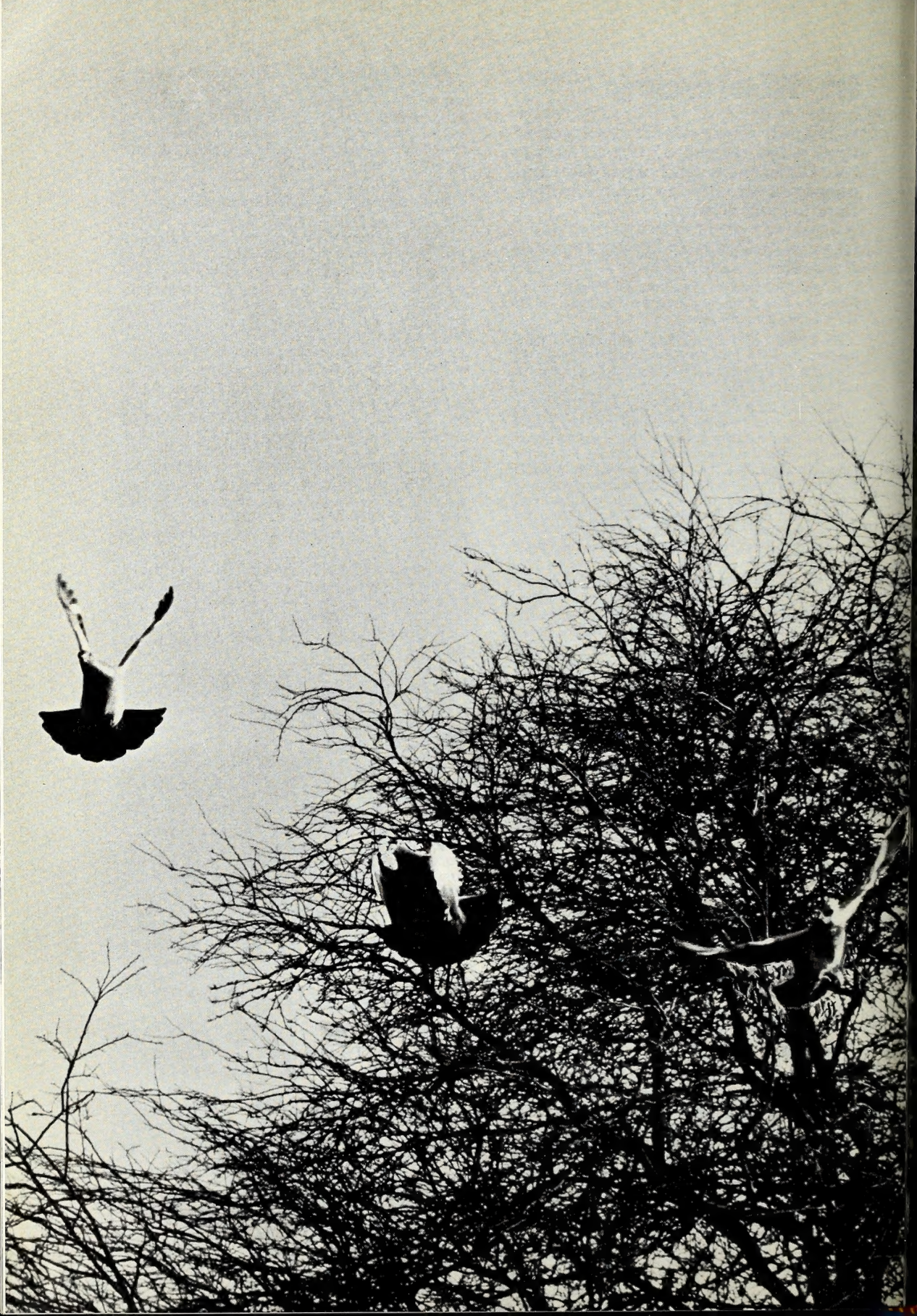
Mr. Rushton and his wife had been running a small general shop and lending library and they continued with this business until 1946. He also enjoyed gardening and he made wool rugs as an additional hobby occupation.

In later years Mr. Rushton, with other members of his family, acquired a smallholding on which they kept poultry and pigs and also grew some crops. When he retired from this he worked hard in his greenhouse and garden. He enjoyed holidays at Ovingdean and always attended the Newcastle Reunion whenever possible.

Unfortunately his health began to fail last year and after a period in hospital he enjoyed a late Summer holiday at Pearson House but sadly he became ill again and was admitted to hospital on 1st January, 1974.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Margaret Rushton, a son Colin, who is still living at home and a married daughter, Gloria.

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St Dunstans REVIEW

APRIL

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 651 **APRIL 1974** 5p MONTHLY

APRIL'S HERE!

"O, to be in England
Now that April's there"
Robert Browning, 1812-1889.

Our diaries tell us that Spring begins on March the 21st, but those of us who love England know well that the prevailing storms or sunshine can do much to change the face of the countryside we may in earlier days have known so well. And then at this time of year there is always the promise of summer to come. The prospect cannot fail to raise our hopes and expectations even though experience may have taught us that real warm, sunny weather in old England may be scarcely more than a matter of a few weeks or even days.

On the very first page of Chapter 1 of his famous book, "Victory Over Blindness", Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., Founder of St. Dunstan's, wrote, "We who are blind cannot see the glory of the sunrise, the splendour of the sunlit days nor the pageant of the sunset; we cannot see the tender beauties of the moonlit night nor the brightness of the stars; the hills, the woods and the fields, the sea and the winding courses of the rivers are hidden from us; we cannot see the buildings of our cities, nor our homes, nor the movements of life, nor the faces of our dear ones. There is much that we cannot see."

But Sir Arthur concluded this passage with the words, "There is one thing we will not see, if we can help it, and that is the gloomy side of our lives. This is the gospel of St. Dunstan's."

Some forty years later, Father Thomas J. Carroll, Founder and Director of St. Paul's Rehabilitation Centre for the Blind in Boston, Mass., wrote a book which has become a classic. In "Blindness – what it is, what it does and how to live with it", Father Carroll lists no less than twenty losses due to blindness and his analysis is probably the best that has ever been published. These twenty losses appear under the six headings, "Basic losses to psychological security, Losses in basic skills, Losses in communication, Losses in appreciation, Losses concerning occupation and financial status, and Resulting losses to the whole personality."

As in the case of Sir Arthur Pearson's book, Father Carroll does not leave it at that, because the second part of his book, called "Rehabilitation and Restoration", considers the manner in which all these losses can be either mitigated or overcome.

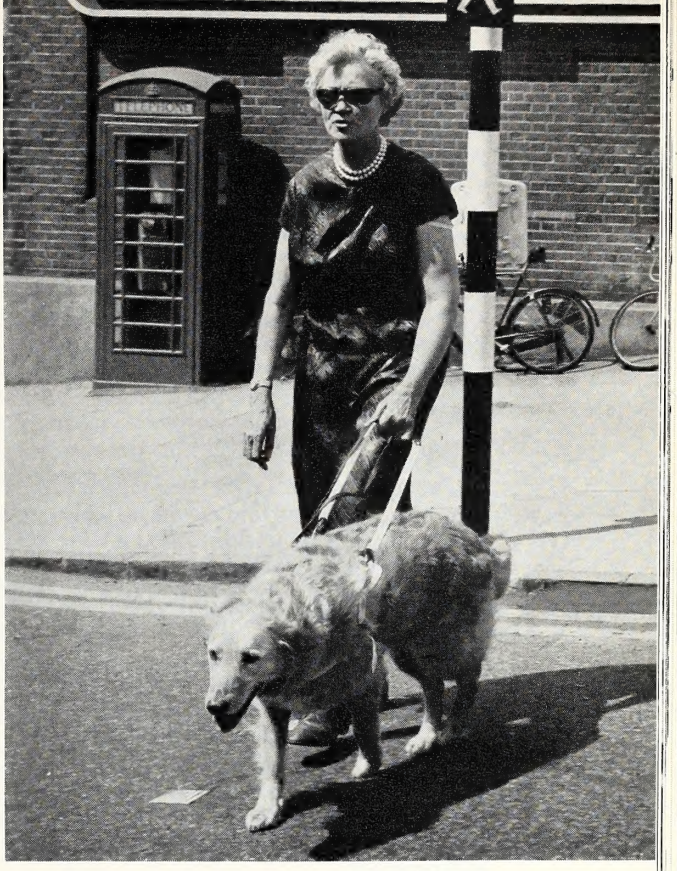
It has been said that the eyes are set in our heads to look forward and not backward and in the metaphorical, though not the literal sense, this is exactly what blind people must do if they are to achieve contentment and success in life. Indeed this is what St. Dunstaners have done. There can, however, be no harm in looking back from time to time on happy scenes or pursuits of earlier days. Nostalgic thoughts do bring us pleasure if our lives are anchored to security in work or life at home. It would thus be interesting to know what readers miss most from the days when they could see, and the *Review* would welcome letters on the subject.

FRONT & BACK COVERS: *Spring in Cockington Village, South Devon.*
Daffodils at Rydal Water in the Lake District.
Photos: *British Tourist Authority.*

EYES AT MY FEET

by Jessie Hickford

Although we have had the guide dog movement in Britain for a little over forty years, this book, with preface by Lord Fraser, is the first written by a guide dog owner to be published in our country. Miss Hickford, a former school teacher who lost her sight in her forties, trained with her golden retriever, Prudence, at the Exeter centre of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. Living alone on the outskirts of Colchester, Miss Hickford has now had some nine years experience of working with Prudence and her book makes clear the way in which her life has been transformed from a solitary to a gregarious existence. Not only can she come and go in safety and in a relaxed manner where and when she wishes, but Prudence has also helped her to make many new friends. The author explains to the uninitiated just what a guide dog will do for a blind owner and what attention it requires. Published by Michael Joseph, the book costs £2.10. It is also issued in Braille and will shortly be available on the Talking Book.



Miss Hickford working with Prudence. Photo: *Essex County Standard.*

Vin Extra-Ordinaire **by Phillip Wood**

There has been a quite phenomenal increase in wine-drinking in Britain during the past few years and the do-it-yourself boys have lost no time at all in jumping on the band-wagon. Many chemist's shops and supermarkets display all the paraphernalia for home wine-making.

In a spirit of "try anything once" I decided to have a go at making this most civilised and civilising of all beverages. The basic essentials, I discovered, are cheap and simple to use. There are of course many sophisticated gadgets and aids on the market – thermometers, hydrometers, complicated filters, corking devices and a host of other impedimenta intended, I felt, for the wine-maker who has everything.

So, one day I arrived home with the Beginner's Kit. This consisted of a narrow-necked glass gallon jar called a demijohn, a can of grapejuice, yeast, a length of polythene tubing, and (most important, the man said) a fermentation-lock.

Home-made wine, I was informed, can be very cheap indeed. Leaving aside the cost of the equipment – which can be used over and over again – *and* providing you can scrounge the bottles from a wine-bibbing friend *and* nick the sugar from the kitchen when your wife is out, you can make drinkable plonk for around 15p a bottle. This sounded most attractive – but I suspected that the operative word was "drinkable". Well, we would have to wait and see.

Easy!

To begin with, it was as easy as they said it was. Chris read the instructions on the can and we put the juice, yeast and the prescribed amount of water into the demijohn and inserted the fermentation-lock in the narrow neck of the jar. A fermentation-lock is a kind of miniature glass trombone which serves to exclude dust, bacteria, dead flies and other foreign bodies not

considered essential to the making of wine. Next we put the jar in a warm place and waited for something to happen . . .

. . . nothing did. For three whole days the jar just sat there sullen and silent, obviously having adopted a course of complete non-co-operation . . .

. . . at this point we discovered we had forgotten to put in the sugar. The omission was soon remedied and in a few hours the brew was burbling away gently to itself like a well-fed infant.

The Passage of Days

The next stage (after the passage of a number of days as laid down in Rules and Regulations) was to pour off the wine very carefully, leaving behind the sediment – or as much of it as was humanly possible. This we did with, I am bound to admit, a fair measure of success.

The residue didn't look all that inviting, I felt. It was a sort of greyish muddy silt with a strong and quite distinctive odour. However, as a boy I had lived within sniffing distance of a brewery but the all-pervading pong never seemed to have had any adverse effect on the popularity of the end product.

This ritual had to be repeated at regular intervals until at length we arrived at Bottling Day. Everything was made ready – the six bottles (sterilised), a length of polythene tubing (sterilised) and the demijohn standing on the kitchen table.

Now I know only one way to start a syphon. It is a little undignified, not particularly hygienic – but eminently successful. I exhaled, put the tube into my mouth and sucked vigorously . . .

Agonising Problem!

I was immediately faced with an agonising problem – what to do with a mouthful (or at least half-a-mouthful) of very young wine. I couldn't call (obviously) for somebody to hold the tube whilst I went to do what the tasters do. The sink was a good five feet away and I had never really gone in for Great Expectorations. I steeled myself, blinked twice – and swallowed.

After the appropriate maturing period had elapsed, it was time for the ceremonial tasting. Chris, young and strong, had been chosen to volunteer to have the first taste. He sipped delicately, rolled the wine round his tongue, swallowed, nodded sagely and delivered his verdict.

"An audacious little wine," he announced pontifically, "With just the subtlest hint of untreated sewage!" This, I felt, didn't tell us very much really.

"Yuch!"

My wife just looked at the bottle and said "Yuch!" but after a while she too was persuaded to "test and try". She took a minute cautious sip, shuddered violently and said it tasted horribly like distilled water (personally I have never, to the best of my knowledge, actually tasted distilled water). Anyway, if all else failed we could always use it to top-up the car battery. I had a quick vision of our Morris lurching gently down the road, hiccoughing the while.

Proper Wine ?

"In any case" objected my wife, "it doesn't look a bit like proper wine!" (I found myself resenting the word "proper") "you can't see through it! It looks exactly like grapefruit squash!" I had to admit it *was* a trifle opaque. "Soon put that right!" I declared airily, "It only needs filtering."

There must be something in The Guinness Book of Records about the longest time it has ever taken for home-made wine to be transferred from one bottle to another via a filter-paper. I reckon on that afternoon I must have come very close to achieving immortality.

At the end of the operation, stiff and well-nigh exhausted, I compared the treated bottle with the other five . . .

It still looked exactly like the other five.

Oenology

And that, of course, ought to have been the end of my excursion into the world of oenology. I should have followed the well-tried, well-loved precept, "If at first you don't succeed – give up!" But there is a streak of stubbornness in my make-up (to say nothing of a touching – if totally unjustified – faith in my prowess as a wine-maker.)

The label on the can said "*Liebfraumilch (TYPE)*". The demijohn is sitting snugly in the warm corner by the radiator burbling away gently to itself like a well-fed infant.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Robert Ernest Bowers of Ipswich, Suffolk, came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. Mr. Bowers, who is unmarried, served in the King's Royal Rifle Corps in the First World War between 1917 and 1919.

Joseph Hill of Portishead, Bristol, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served in the Royal Garrison Artillery in the First World War. He and his wife now live in retirement near to their married son and family.

Arnold Jameson of Belfast, who came to St. Dunstan's in February 1974. He served in both World Wars – in the Royal Irish Rifles in the 1st World War and the Royal Ulster Rifles in the 2nd World War, and he was wounded in 1941.

David Hodgson of Hartlepool, Durham, joined St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. He served in the Royal Signals between 1940 and 1947. He is married and has one daughter who is married.

Norman Kershaw of Blackburn, Lancs., came to St. Dunstan's in February 1974. He served in the Royal Air Force during the 2nd World War and was wounded in 1941 following a raid on the "Scharnhorst". He is married with a grown-up son.

Alfred James Mead of Rothwell, Northants., joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. Mr. Mead served in the Northants. Regiment from 1939 to 1946. He is married and has two children.

Cecil Moseley of Blackpool, Lancs., joined St. Dunstan's in February of this year. He served in the Royal Artillery during the 2nd World War and is married with three grown-up sons.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Last month's notes referred to a month of gloom and depression, little knowing that worse could follow! Take heart, the sun has been shining, birds are rehearsing for spring song and the bulbs are blooming in the gardens. Nature's cycle continues, thank goodness, to add colour to the otherwise sombre scene.

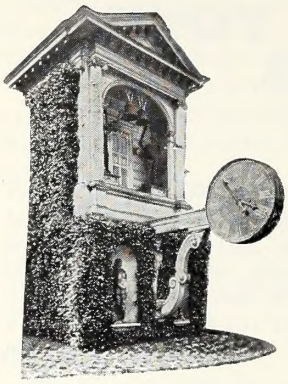
Three Blind Mice

The highlight of the month's entertainment was a most welcome first visit to Pearson House from "Joan and the Three Blind Mice", (Joan and Bob Osborne, Winston Holmes and Ron Smith). They have featured in the *Review* previously but have not performed for many months owing to Joan's difficulty accompanying with a painful finger. This time she was spared some of the playing as our St. Dunstaner, Bill Claydon, joined them with his electric organ and accompanied Joan's solos. What a swinging and talented player he is! It's a long time we've waited to hear him but, of course, he cannot tuck his organ under his arm, it's a mini-removal job! Well known for their excellent harmony, duo and solo singing, and compèred by Ron with his wealth of funny stories, it was indeed an enjoyable evening.

Matron Hallett thanked them and stressed how we shall look forward to another visit.

Tom Eales has been more than generous with his stereo evenings and following the "St. Dunstaners' Choice" we had the "V.A.D.'s Request Programme". Naturally we enjoyed hearing our special pieces and the men were surprised and passed some complimentary remarks although not a brass band was heard! A further evening of Tom's choice from what must be a mammoth collection of records, had everyone relaxed and listening intently.

Tom Hunter Simmon of Harrogate, Yorkshire, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. Mr. Simmon served in the Royal Engineers from 1940 to 1941. He is married and has two children.



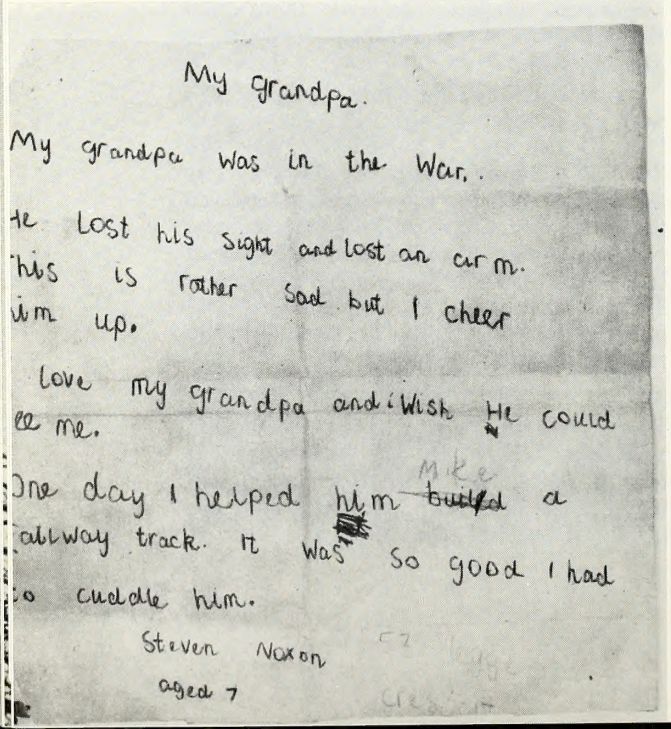
IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Grandpa

I could not resist reproducing this little tribute to our St. Dunstaner, **George Reed,** of Farnborough. Written on the wrong side of a largish piece of wall paper it comes from the pen of his seven year old grandson, Steven Noxon. Steven's teacher corrected it for him, George tells me.

Incidentally, George had some nice things to say about the *Review* in his letter: "Thank you for all the news in our *Review*. May I say the *Review* has improved over the years, I have just been reading one dated 1922." – Thank *you*, George!



My grandpa.

My grandpa was in the War.

He lost his sight and lost an arm.
This is rather sad but I cheer
him up.

I love my grandpa and I wish He could
see me.

One day I helped him ~~build~~ Mike a
railway track. It was so good I had
to cuddle him.

Steven Noxon
aged 7

Literary Prizes

The *Review* has often reproduced the works of two of our more literary St. Dunstaners, **Tommy McKay,** Brighton and **Phillip Wood,** Crewe. They both had entries in the competition organised by the Queensland Society of Blind Citizens in Australia, and they both won prizes. Honours, this year, go to Crewe for Phillip lifted first and second prizes in the short story section; second prize in the adult essay section and, as he put it, "a couple of 'commendeds' in two other sections." He sent five entries.

Tommy, the poet, won second prize in the poetry section with "Robot Fantasy" – a poem in his new book, *Mental Pictures* that I mentioned last month. Well done, both.

Deaf-Blind Advocate

A famous doubly handicapped man died in January, **Arthur Sculthorpe,** secretary of the National Deaf-Blind Helpers' League. He was 70. With great energy and resource he spend his life furthering the cause of something like 1,000 people who are deaf as well as blind. His campaigning brought about the famous Rainbow Court flats for handicapped persons in Peterborough, where the National Deaf-Blind Helpers' League has its headquarters.

He became deaf in 1927 and lost his sight as a result of a road accident in 1938.



Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary commemorative tray.

Since then he travelled to Russia, America and Italy in his appeals to the public to "talk" to deaf-blind people by writing in capital letters on their hands. He met President Eisenhower and had an audience of the Pope. He was awarded the M.B.E. in the Coronation Honours List, 1952 and in 1965 the blind world honoured him with the National Federation's Grimshaw Award.

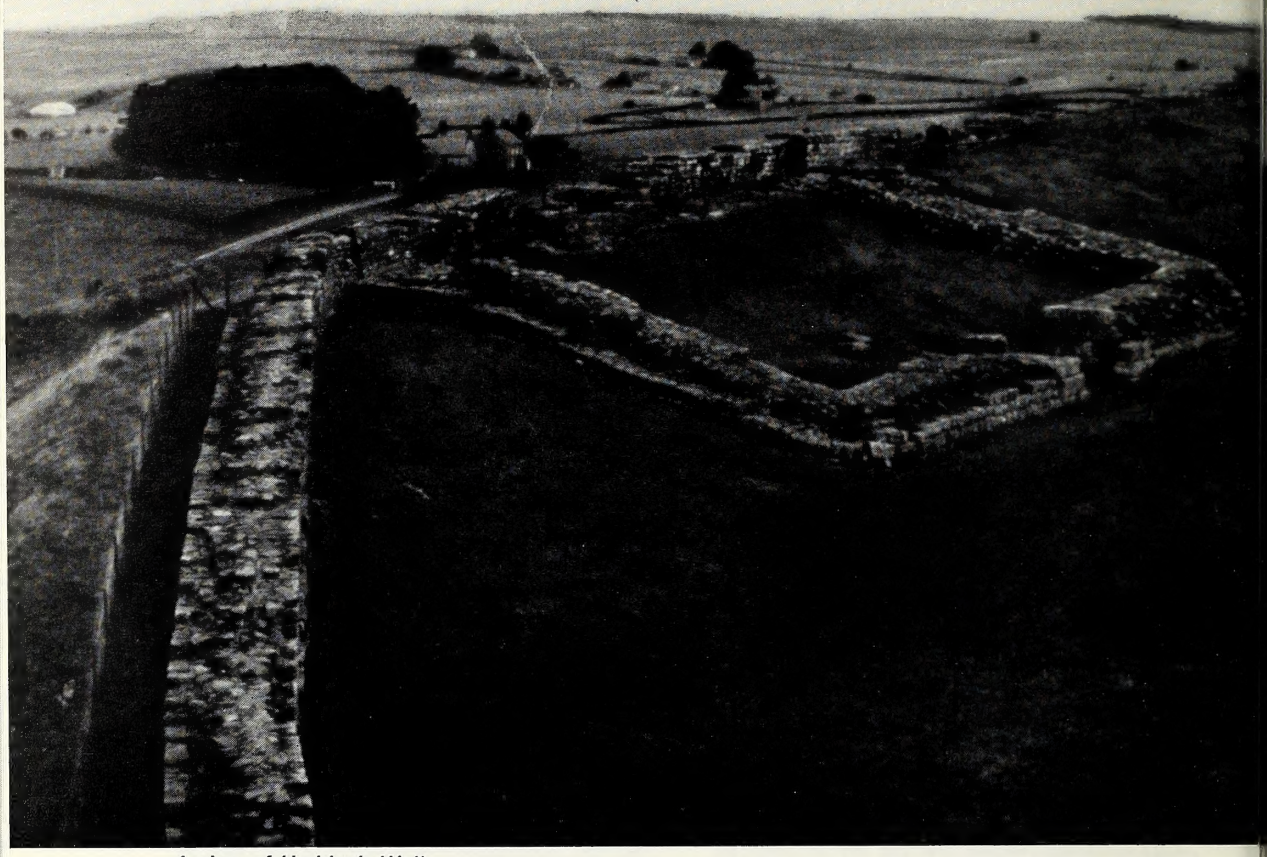
Incidentally, he contended that blindness was worse than deafness – "If you have sight you have independence. If you have neither you can live in a vacuum without any communication." Nevertheless Arthur Sculthorpe managed to communicate the needs of the deaf/blind with great success.

Commemorating the Constabulary

Ted John, who has worked for the police in Liverpool for over 21 years, has been the moving spirit in a scheme to commemorate the merging of Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary into the Merseyside Metropolitan Police Force this month.

Remembering a friend's memento of the Wallasey Borough Police, Ted suggested a Wedgewood sweet dish bearing the badges of the forces. "The price of such an article, however, proved prohibitive," Ted told me, "so the potentialities of having an item in glass were pursued. These proved successful, and the Chief Constable gave the suggestion his blessing. The venture served a double purpose, there would be a memento of the old Forces and the profit could be donated to the Police Dependants' Trust." With the help of the Police Drawing Office and Photographic Department a tray in blue glass, about 6 in. square with raised edges bearing the badges in silver of the former Liverpool City Police, the Bootle County Borough Police and the Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary was designed.

Ted served with the first named force from 1953-1957 and with the Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary until now. "I celebrated 21 years with the police last February, years which have given me great pleasure." Now, in organising the commemoration trays, Ted is celebrating his service in practical fashion. "Over 1,500 trays have been sold to date, but I cannot yet divulge the total profit until I hand the cheque to the Chief Constable," Ted concluded. Still, at 50p apiece it doesn't sound as if he has done too badly!



A view of Hadrian's Wall.

Walking the Wall—
or the Energy Crisis

by David Bell

They say there is no fool like a middle aged, visually handicapped twit who, whilst in his cups, allows his friends to talk him into going "walk about" as this would be an opportunity to "get away from it all". Three ex-Round Table friends decided to take me on a gentle walking exercise through beautiful Border Country to enjoy the fresh air, intellectual conversation and stimulating discussions. Pandora's Box was to be Hadrian's Wall.

One Saturday evening in October we left Edinburgh by car for Heddon-on-the-Wall, near Newcastle. Enveloped in thick fog practically all the way, we wondered if this was an omen, telling us that Zeus or Hadrian were displeased that great clod-hopping Scots were to tread the defences.

Most readers will know that the Emperor Hadrian ordered the construction of the Wall in A.D. 122 for the purposes of keeping the Scots, Picts and barbarians out or was it to keep the wild Northumbrians in! It stretches across the country for 80 Roman miles following the Tyne then over the hills to Solway. I will not trouble you with tiresome details of the Wall except to mention that on the north side was a Vallum (a flat bottomed ditch with earth ramparts either side) and parts of these defences can still be seen to-day.

In the 18th Century General Wade was so frustrated by the inability of the road to carry his heavy artillery that after the abortive '45, not to be thwarted again, he built the Military Way, using the stones of



David Bell, with two of his companions, negotiating a steep path.

the Wall and in parts, building on the top of the Wall, and this is the road from Newcastle to Carlisle used to-day.

After wining and dining and a rest at a well known hostelry at Heddon, we started off on Sunday morning refreshed and eager on the first leg of our expedition. Little did we realise that on this section, thanks to General Wade and progress, we were to be dicing with death. Even on a Sunday the traffic was like that of the M.1. Most drivers were courteous to walkers but others took a delight in driving at us, hoping to tip us into the ditch, or make us jump for it. Heavy lorries were unwittingly effective in upsetting our balance – be warned, at speed they create a slip stream which makes it difficult to maintain a dignified position. From time to time we took a brief respite by leaving the road to inspect interesting Roman remains. Footsore and weary at last we reached Chollerford and our hotel.

A quick shower, a pint and we were ready to take a jaunt down to the river to review the abutments of the old Chesters Bridge. My friends drew my attention to the notice – Visitors Welcome – then underneath was a long list of "Don'ts" which gave us the feeling of trespassing. Either that or the prospect of dinner got us back to the hotel in record time.

Next morning our first stop was for provisions (pies, fruit and chocolate which we squeezed into our rucksacks with the flasks of soup and coffee from the hotel) as we realised that on the 2nd leg of our journey we would be out of touch with civilization most of the way until we reached the village of Once Brewed.

Arriving at Chesters cavalry fort and museum we stopped to look over this fine example of the traditional Roman system with its H.Q. buildings, underground strong room, Commandant's house including a suite of baths and heated rooms,

barracks, stables, granary and hospital. Naturally there was a garrison bath-house, this was nearer the river and contained a series of rooms for changing, baths of varying heats, cold douches etc.

Shortly after leaving the museum we began the steady climb to Shield-on-the-Wall with impressive views of the North Tyne valley, the Cheviot Hills and the miles of lonely moors that lay ahead for us! At Shields we abandoned Wade's Way to follow the Wall and made for the fields and crags. No sooner had we crossed our first stile when we received a sign of the gods' displeasure, a slight increase in what had been a gentle breeze and a few spots of rain. Before the day was out our energy and endurance were to be tested to the limit. Still climbing we reached Sewing Shields Farm where once stood a castle associated with the legends of King Arthur. He too must have been displeased with his Ex-Knights of the Round Table and their idiotic exploits because the heavens opened up and from then on the fairly pleasant walk became a nightmare. We were now faced with mile upon mile of heaving landscape as the Wall followed the steep undulating course of the Whin Sill to Housesteads Fort with the bonus of strengthening winds and driving rain.

At the Fort we crouched behind a wall to eat a soggy lunch. A temporary break in the rain allowed us a glimpse of the settlement. The frontier gate had double doors enabling the guards to lock the travellers in while inspections were made. Ramparts and gateways are all well preserved and this is reckoned to be the best fort on the Wall but many a legionary of the 1st Cohort of Tungria, far from home like us, must have also cursed the day he set foot in this forsaken place. In the civil section was a murder house – and who could blame them!

Bed was still a long way off so we forced our wet and weary bodies on and up the crags and precipitous cliffs. As the elements burst forth in fury, we scrambled over stiles and slithered down valleys, my friends pushing, pulling and hauling this helpless cripple over bogs and streams and up to the 1,300 ft. point with a sheer drop to our right – no ditches needed here. An example of the humour of the desperate came from the friend behind, whose glasses

Over a stile, with a couple of helping hands.



were steamed up, "If anyone goes over the edge, shout out your name as I will not be able to recognise you", by this time I would have been glad to go.

Somehow we managed with grim determination to keep going down off the escarpment to Chesterholme where we left the Wall for the village of Once Brewed. At one point we looked back and were horrified to see the rugged limestone ridge we had just negotiated.

Don't Frighten the Bull

Now there were only fields and more stiles to cross until we reached the road, but danger still lay ahead in the form of a bull! In the last field he came towards us slowly, I think more out of curiosity than anger, though he had every right to be annoyed with these human wrecks on his patch. Our leader told us to walk slowly, not to frighten the bull and not to run. I thought he must be joking, as in my state I would rather have been heaved over the hedge as I didn't think I could make it by myself on my poor feet! However the animal took pity on us and we were able to hobble on to the road in safety.

We could see the roof of our Inn about 2 miles ahead, with the relief of a good surface beneath our feet, our batteries were recharged and we made good speed straight into the bar. The call was, "Four pints please", the reply from Madame was, "get your clothes off"; we chorused, "No, a pint first". When this was downed we learnt that the general rule for all walkers was – boots off to be cleaned and dried, wet clothes put in the oven to be ready next morning. This prevents the inconsiderate from carrying mud, cowpats and half of Hadrian's Wall through the place.

Scrumptious Meal

The Twice Brewed Inn set down a scrumptious meal which we were almost too tired to eat, but we did as there was still tomorrow to be faced. In the lounge we had a few minutes in front of the "Moron's Lantern" then decided before the weather forecast made us suicidal, we should go off to bed.

The next morning, Tuesday, would be our last day, we summoned up the last reserves of our energy to carry our tired feet and bodies on to further efforts of endurance. A little light-heartedly we tenderly stepped out towards the Wall. We passed a road sign pointing back to Shield-on-the-Wall, 5 miles (ironically, 10 minutes by car) no comment!

Back on the turf we reached the Winshield milecastle, thereafter, the Wall occasionally became inaccessible or disappeared where the natives had nicked the stones for building over the centuries.

While resting by a quarry we met a gentleman who had driven along the road parallel to the Wall, he asked us to sample his "thirst aid box" explaining that he always carried it for emergencies. We all agreed that this was one, if these weary walkers were to survive the rest of the trip. Thus fortified, more light-headed than light-hearted we trudged downhill arriving at Greenhead exhausted but in time for lunch.

Journey's End

Walking on the road once more we eventually saw a signpost saying Walton 3 miles. With a sigh of relief we quickened our pace as the end of our journey was about to be realised, a car would be waiting for us there. We found it and overjoyed we clambered in, now we could rest our feet for a few hours or even a few days.

When I reached home I warned my wife to take care removing my boots and socks as I felt both my feet and boots must be in shreds – but there wasn't a blister or a mark on my feet and the boots were as good as new.

Strengthening Friendships

In spite of all my suffering and complaining there were no ill effects. Was it worth it? Yes – for the experience and for strengthening friendships for which I am very grateful.

Pandora's box, for us, was certainly full of mixed blessings, at times more than we bargained for, but determination to succeed kept us going. For all it was, I think, a mental and physical catharsis – all passions spent.

Editor's note

Readers outside St. Dunstan's will be interested to learn that David Bell is doubly handicapped, having lost both hands as well as the sight of both eyes on active service in the 2nd World War.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

At the 27th Annual General Meeting of the St. Dunstan's Men's London Club held in the Club Rooms on Saturday the 23rd of February, 1974, the Chairman, Bill Miller, welcomed members to the meeting and explained that owing to the change from the original date, Mr. Wills was unable to attend and he apologised for his absence.

In the Chairman's Report, Bill proceeded to outline the activities held during the past year.

He said that the main activities of the Club in 1973 were almost the same as in the previous year with all indoor sections being well attended. A few members, however, had moved away from London, generally southward, although one particular member, having reversed this, returned to his native Scotland.

At the last year's meeting it had been proposed that one wife of a member should be co-opted on to the Committee to ensure representation for all the wives who attended various activities. Mrs. Gladys Hancock had been selected and had done an excellent job.

Bill remarked that a Music Section had been formed during the year, meeting at the Club on a Monday evening with Bob Pringle as the obvious choice of 'the man in charge' and Jerry Lynch 'beating the drum'. The Section realises that there is a lot of hidden talent in St. Dunstans and would love to unearth it, so would any St. Dunstaner who owns an instrument please contact them.

Unfortunately the summer swimming section appeared to be sinking fast. Clearly the expense in travelling does not make the one hour dip a practical proposition. Also the number of St. Dunstaners taking part in the walking section continues to dwindle, and as age and health were the over-riding factors here the Chairman could not see himself being able to hold this section together for much longer.

Bill continued that the Thursday Dominoes were still very popular and that the usual Competition for the Sir Arthur Pearson prizes was held. The 'Fives and Threes', however, had experienced a little difficulty which had caused some delay, but now all was well and the end was in sight.

Lastly was the foremost section of the Club, the Bridge Section. Nearly all members and their wives took part in games or in the instructional classes run by Roy Armstrong. With more members than can take part in the many matches at home, at Harrogate and even against the 'masters', a new phrase in Bridge parlance was being uttered. Members are now being 'rested'. With the better prizes at the Congress and the happy week-ends at Saltdean this section has been very well organised by secretary Paul Nuyens and captained by Bob Evans.

In conclusion the Chairman extended his thanks to all members, the committee and to Mr. Wills for his generous understanding in these times of rising prices.

Bob Evans proposed a vote of thanks to the Chair.

NOT GOOD NIGHT BUT GOOD MORNING

On Friday evening the 8th of March, 1974, Bill Harding died. He was the oldest member of the St. Dunstan's Mens' London Club, and had been an active member since the Club's opening at 191 Old Marylebone Road. Unfortunately in the last six months Bill had not been able to participate in the Club events. He will indeed be missed. Our hearts go out to his widow, Phyll, daughter Joan, grand-daughter Janet – a great favourite of all the 'boys' at the Club – and grandson John, in their bereavement.

'Life ! We have been long together,
Through sunny and through cloudy weather;
It's hard to part when friends are dear,
May cost many a sigh, many a tear;
Then steal away, giving little warning,
In God's chosen time;
Say not good night, but in brighter clime,
Bid me Good Morning.'

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1801

Leopard in The Fold
by Joy Packer
Read by Phyllis Boothroyd

A romantic novel set in South Africa and Australia. A close knit South African family are dismayed when David the second son marries a widow with whom he had been having an affair before her late husband's death. She is accepted into the family with reluctance, and both she and her husband forfeit their rights to any share in the family fortune. Storm, as she is aptly named, seeks her revenge and coldly and calculatedly sets about it. Meanwhile Franz, the younger son who has been sheep farming in Australia, has returned home and although he delights in managing the new family estate on the high veldt, he still yearns for the pretty Australian lass he left in Perth. The long arm of coincidence stretches between the two continents and David deserts Storm and goes to Australia seeking work as a geologist and surveyor. Storm blaming her father-in-law for David's desertion plots savage revenge. But who can say where lightning will strike?—and young Franz gets burned.

The most likeable thing about this novel is the description of the country and peoples of Australia and South Africa. The author makes you feel you are there. A rare thing these days.

Cat. No. 1818

Nemesis
by Agatha Christie
Read by Peter Gray

Not having read Agatha Christie for some time I had great pleasure in returning to her work and her most unusual detective Miss Marple.

Thrown a challenge from the grave, Miss Marple puts her tottering old best foot forward, and proceeds to investigate. Taking a coach tour organised by the late Mr. Raffle her suspicions are aroused by the conduct of other members of the party. Then one of the party dies, or is murdered, on a short walk to a nearby beauty spot, and Miss Marples' brain begins to tick.

Good though the book is in its own right, the excellence of the reader brings the book to life.

LONDON CLUB—*continued*

The Football Pontoon ending on the 9th of February, 1974, was shared by W. Allen, Mrs. Dickerson, and Mrs. King. Their teams being Sunderland, Derby and Carlisle respectively. The 'booby' was won by P. Nuyens, his team being Portsmouth.

The winners of the Domino Games in February were as follows:

7th February	**1**	**P. Sheehan**
	2	J. Padley
14th February	**1**	**W. Miller**
	2	C. Hancock
21st February	**1**	**J. Majchrowicz**
	2	R. Armstrong
28th February	1	**J. Padley**
	2	C. Hancock

W. MILLER

Thank You

From Rosemarie Blebta, Slindon, Sussex

Dear St. Dunstaners,

May I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to you all for the magnificent gifts I received on my retirement – an inlaid French design console table, a writing desk and a wine table.

I shall miss the many friends I visited and do hope that we shall have the opportunity of meeting at the Reunions. As you know I have not left St. Dunstans completely but am working part time in another area.

I would like to express my thanks also to your wives who welcomed me into their homes and gave me such warm hospitality at all times!

My very best wishes to you all.

BRIDGE NOTES

The second Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 2nd March. The results were as follows:

J. Lynch & F. Dickerson	67
W. Phillips & W. Allen	66
H. Meleson & J. Padley	66
J. Huk & R. Evans	65
Miss Vera Kemmish & H. King	64
P. Nuyens & J. Majchrowicz	50

The third Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 2nd March. The results were as follows:

F. Rhodes & Partner	79
R. Fullard & W. Burnett	68
S. Webster & F. Griffee	66
R. Bickley & R. Goding	65
W. Scott & M. Clements	62
C. Walters & A. Dodgson	62
W. Lethbridge & A. Smith	51
J. Whitcombe & E. Bedford	51

P. NUYENS, *Secretary.*

Derby Sweepstake

The Closing Date of the Derby Sweepstake is Wednesday, 22nd May.

Tickets are 15p each, and are limited solely to St. Dunstaners or St. Dunstan's trainees.

Each application must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, should be sent, with the stamped addressed envelope, to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

The Draw will take place at the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 30th May. All those drawing a horse will be notified.

FAMILY NEWS

Great Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:-

HENRY F. GOODLEY of Pulham Market, Norfolk, who is very happy to announce that he has another great grandson and great grand-daughter.

REGINALD GREENACRE of Dunstable, Beds., who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of a great grand-daughter, Shelley Louise on 1st December, 1973.

ARTHUR ROWE of Ipswich, Suffolk, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of another great grandchild, Richard Mark Walters, born on 6th July, 1973.

Death

We offer our sincere sympathy to:-

JOHN SWANN of Cosby, Leicester, who mourns the death of his eldest brother in January, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Wright Royle. *Royal Fusiliers.*

Wright Royle of Stockport, Cheshire, died in hospital on 13th February, 1974. He was 87 years old.

He served with the Royal Fusiliers from 1915 until his discharge in May 1918. He was injured in France in 1917 but after being blind for three months he was fortunate in recovering some sight in one eye until 1935 when his vision failed.

It was not until 1956 that he came to St. Dunstan's, having been brought to our notice by St.

Dunstaner Mr. Phillip Wood. By then, Mr. Royle had retired. Mrs. Royle was very frail in health and she passed away in 1960 and Mr. Royle was then looked after by his sister, who made her home with him. Miss Royle died in 1972 and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Willock then came to live with him.

Mr. Royle was fairly well in health until August 1973 when he suffered a fall, breaking his leg. Unfortunately he never recovered from this accident and had to remain in hospital and in January he became very poorly.

He leaves a son and a daughter, Mrs. Willock, and family.

Walter Henry Chesters. *Rifle Brigade.*

Walter Henry Chesters of Maidstone, Kent, died on 9th March, 1974, at the age of 80.

He enlisted in the Rifle Brigade in November, 1915, and served with them until his discharge in March, 1919. Mr. Chesters had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1962, but both he and his wife were able to spend many years enjoying their gardening and other hobbies. Mr. Chesters made one visit to Ovingdean, but in latter years due to poor health he preferred to remain at home.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Gladys Chesters, and a married son and family.

Thomas Lionel Simmons Gibbins. 10*th Royal Warwickshire Regiment.*

Thomas Lionel Simmons Gibbins of Radway, Warwickshire, died in the Ellen Badger Hospital on 19th February, 1974. He was 88 years of age.

He enlisted in the 10th Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1916 and served with them until January 1918 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He was wounded in Belgium in August 1917.

On joining St. Dunstan's he trained in poultry keeping and basket making. He took up general farming and went into partnership with his brother running a motor haulage business for a number of years.

Mrs. Gibbins passed away in 1949 but our St. Dunstaner continued to run his farm with the help of one of his sons and he was always very active on his holding, keeping livestock and growing fruit and vegetables. He was also a very successful bee keeper and won prizes at local shows for his honeycombs.

In 1966 Mr. Gibbins gave up some of the land he had worked for so many years but continued with the remainder up until 1971 and even then he kept as active as possible and always attended personally to his bees.

Unfortunately last Summer his health began to fail and he had to spend a spell in hospital. He made a good recovery but sadly this was not maintained and in November he had to be re-admitted to hospital and it was there that he passed away.

He leaves two sons and two daughters, Tom with whom he lived, Brenda who lived nearby, another daughter, Doreen, who lives in Coventry and the remaining son who is in Australia.

William Henry Harding. *Berkshire Regiment.*

William Henry Harding of Finchley, London, N.3, died on 8th March, 1974, at the age of 83.

He enlisted in the Berkshire Regiment in November, 1915, and served with them until his discharge in December, 1917, when he came to St. Dunstan's. During his training and rehabilitation he was taught telephony work, including Braille and typewriting, in addition to handicraft work. After training, Mr. Harding obtained a telephony post in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, to which he travelled daily despite the additional handicap of an injured leg. Mr. Harding continued in his same employment until his retirement in 1948 when he and Mrs. Harding moved from their home in Finsbury Park to Finchley. They both enjoyed many hobby interests and attended the London Club regularly each week where they made a number of friends.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Phyllis Harding and married daughter Joan and her family and granddaughter Janet and her family.

Cyril Morton, M.M. 2*nd South Wales Borderers.*

Cyril Morton of Skipton, Yorkshire, died at his home on 11th February 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 2nd South Wales Borderers in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1920.

Mr. Morton was wounded in France in 1918 and after coming to St. Dunstan's he trained as a mat maker, living at that time in Rotherham. He did well in this occupation, being kept very busy in fulfilling local orders.

He was also interested in music and became a drummer with a local dance band which was much in demand for local engagements, so much so that eventually Mr. Morton gave up his mat making to concentrate solely on his music. In 1940 he took up poultry keeping but two years later he entered factory employment to assist the war effort and continued in this work until 1945.

In later years and for as long as he was able his chief hobbies were his garden and rug making.

He regularly enjoyed holidays in Brighton and kept reasonably well in health until March, 1973, when he had to undergo an operation. Unfortunately in spite of this his health continued to deteriorate but he was nursed devotedly at home by Mrs. Morton and her daughter.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jean Morton, two step children and two children by a former marriage.

William Richmond. 17*th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.*

William Richmond of Fulwood, Sheffield, Yorkshire, died in hospital on 9th March, 1974. He was 83 years of age.

He enlisted in the 17th Battalion Royal Fusiliers in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Richmond was not admitted to St. Dunstan's until 1965, by which time he had already retired. Unfortunately he did not enjoy good health, his chest having been badly affected by the mustard gas poisoning he suffered in the First World War. Nevertheless, he was able to visit Ovingdean for occasional holidays. In January last Mr. Richmond became ill and was admitted to hospital where his health deteriorated and he died on 9th March.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jane Richmond, and a daughter by his first marriage, Mrs. E. Whitham.

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St Dunstans
REVIEW
MAY



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 652 **MAY 1974** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Improvements in War Pensions

Since the last *St. Dunstan's Review* went to press, considerable improvements in war pensions and allowances have been announced to come into effect on the 22nd July. Following our custom on previous occasions the Editor has arranged for a brief note to be included in this issue and for a comprehensive insert to be published with the June *Review* setting out the details.

The pensions to be paid are very complicated but, roughly speaking, the advance will be 29% across the board so far as St. Dunstaners are concerned. Broadly, widows from the two Great Wars and other military operations will receive the same basic increased amount and the accompanying allowances which are made for elderly widows will be doubled.

On Tuesday, 2nd April, I made a speech in the House of Lords and asked a number of questions. Briefly, the questions and answers were as follows:—

I noted that in future war pensions were to be related to "average national earnings" and asked what this meant. The answer given by the Minister was that they are gearing pensions to the average wages of the working population, by which I understood him to mean those commercial and industrial earnings which are published in the Department of Employment Gazette each month. I made the comment that spokesmen have in the past claimed that the cost of living had risen more quickly than average wages and, if this was really so, it would be a disadvantage to war pensioners to have their awards based upon wages instead of the cost of living as hitherto. However, it is my own opinion that wages have increased at a more rapid rate than the cost of living and, if this continues, then it is an advantage to the pensioner that his award should be based upon wages.

Time alone will show which view is right and my readers may be sure that I will watch this matter carefully and will not hesitate to chase the Ministers in Parliament as I have done for the past 50 years, if the awards do not turn out to be generous enough to take account of rises in the cost of living.

Another question I asked was when will they make their annual review in the future. The answer was that the Minister expects it to be during March and April with a view to payments occurring in July.

I then pointed out that, whether war pensions are reviewed every year as the present Government intends or every six months as the previous Government promised, the figure would have to be "loaded" because obviously it would be based upon a basic figure which was already six months or a year out of date. The Minister recognised this point and said that the Civil Service had a great deal of information which enabled them to assess "trends" so that they could take account not only of the cost of living and the average wage, but also of expected increases in these figures.

COVER PICTURE: *Jerry Lynch, drums, and Robert Pringle, sousaphone, the St. Dunstaner members of the London Club jazz band*

I thanked the present Government for having raised the amounts so considerably and for having advanced the date of payment from October to July. I also thanked all Governments since the First War, including all Ministers of Pensions and the Civil Servants concerned, for their consideration and generosity towards us.

Perhaps the most important aspect of war pensions generally is that all Governments of all Parties have maintained an exceptionally friendly attitude towards severely disabled ex-Servicemen and women and that the present Government has confirmed this intention. This undoubtedly is due partly to the sentiment of successive Parliaments and to the pressure which my friends and I have continually exercised in this field. St. Dunstaners—and war pensioners generally—can rely upon me and other friends in both Houses of Parliament to watch this matter carefully and continue to raise questions and exercise Parliamentary pressure whenever it is required.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Pensions and Allowances

Note by Legal Officer

St. Dunstaners will have heard of the statement to the House of Commons on the 27th March, 1974, by Mrs. Barbara Castle, the Secretary of State for Social Services, that there are to be a number of increases in War Pensions and Allowances.

The basic 100% Disability Pension will go up from £12.80 to £16.40 a week, and there are to be corresponding increases in most of the allowances.

The War Widow's Pension will go up from £10.10 to £13.

All changes are due to take effect from the week commencing the 22nd July, 1974.

More detailed information will be contained in the insert to accompany the June *Review*. Pending that issue, should St. Dunstaners have any enquiries will they kindly write to Mr. L. A. Slade, our Pensions Officer at Headquarters.

In the meantime two examples of the proposed revised payments are set out below.

EXAMPLES OF PENSIONS

Employable	*Totally Blind*	
	Present	*New*
	£	£
Basic Pension	12.80	16.40
Attendance Allowance	5.15	6.60
Comforts Allowance	2.20	2.80
Wife's Allowance	.50	.50
Child's Allowance	.38	.38
	£21.03	£26.68

Unemployable	*Totally Blind*	
	Present	*New*
	£	£
Basic Pension	12.80	16.40
Attendance Allowance	5.15	6.60
Comforts Allowance	2.20	2.80
Unemployability Supplement	8.40	10.75
Wife's Allowance	4.75	6.50
Allowance for First Child	3.80	5.28
Invalidity Allowance	1.00	1.30
	£38.10	£49.63



At the Bristol Reunion: Miss Muriel Meyer, Frederick Dickerson, Mrs. Dickerson, Jimmy Legge, Mrs. Legge and Mr. Nigel Pearson.

Photo: Photo Prints (Bristol)

Bristol Reunion

Off to a Good Start

The first of the 1974 regional Reunions got off to a good start on Saturday, 30th March. The racing metaphor is appropriate since that splendid new hotel, the Dragonara, which was the venue for this happy occasion, is owned by the well-known bookmakers, Ladbroke's, and it was Grand National day. A fine warm day as well with only a trace of mist on the approaches to Bristol.

Altogether 128 people sat down to lunch. There were 15 St. Dunstaners from the first, 39 from the second and 2 who had served in both world wars. These numbers included 4 girl St. Dunstaners, Muriel Bryant, Marion Elias, Eileen Maynard and Gwenny Obern. Miss Meyer was responsible for the arrangements, assisted by Miss Newbold, and among the guests were Miss Meyer's sister, Mrs. Spurway, Miss Oliphant and Mr. Ferguson, formerly Country Life Superintendent.

Mr. Nigel Pearson, the member of the Council presiding, was in very good form. In his speech after lunch Mr. Pearson sent good wishes from his father, Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., who had recently returned from America with Lady Pearson, and good wishes also from Lord and Lady Fraser, just back from South Africa, both wearing a splendid sun tan. Commenting on the excellence of the meal and the company Mr. Pearson gave a special welcome to Miss Oliphant and Mrs. Spurway, reminding St. Dunstaners that the 1974 sports would be held in conjunction with

the Naval Camp at H.M.S. Daedalus in August. He ran through the list of St. Dunstan's staff present and then gave a specially warm welcome to four new St. Dunstaners, Muriel Bryant, Radstock, John Davies, Swansea, Arthur Herbert, Weston-super-Mare and Douglas Howard, Cwmbran.

Mr. Pearson had done his homework well and he proceeded to run through the various types of employment or occupation followed by St. Dunstaners present, cracking jokes as he took his fences one by one. It was rash, he said, to hold the Reunion on Grand National day. "Anyone", said Mr. Pearson, "who loses his shirt will be excused, but if he loses his pants he will have to go home." Unfortunately Lady Frances Pearson, who breeds Welsh Ponies in Sussex, was unable to get away, but she sent her best wishes.

On a more serious theme, but unable to break loose completely from the subject of horses, Mr. Pearson then referred to Sir Michael Ansell's book, "Soldier On", published in September, 1973. "It's not what you do it's the way that you do it", said Mr. Pearson, adding that Sir Michael had had more than his share of bad luck. He referred to Sir Michael's tenacity and meticulous determination. In life the most logical case did not always win, but it was important to reach a decision and get something done. "It's not what you do but the fact that you get it done." Far better to know a couple of ways and do one of them than to spend time thinking. "Stop the cackle and get on with something." St. Dunstan's, said Mr. Pearson, was influential, able to get things done and to help others to do so. St. Dunstaners had shown that they could act objectively and demonstrate that useful things could be done. It was valuable to be able to show this to others. "It's the determination to do what you do that counts." Mr. Pearson concluded with a few words of praise and thanks to the hotel staff.

After Mr. Wills, St. Dunstan's Secretary, had spoken briefly, Joseph Harris, Yelverton, gave the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. He said it was grand to have Mr. Nigel Pearson there in such good form. If there were no funds, he said, there would not be so many happy faces present on that day. He expressed thanks to Lord Fraser, the Council and staff for help and guidance given. He concluded by thanking Miss Meyer and Miss Newbold for a wonderful "do".

Sports and Social Club for the Visually Handicapped

In January, 1973 a group of young visually handicapped people formed this Club to see what it could do to fill the gaps which appeared to exist in the provision of sporting and social activities for the visually handicapped in the Greater London area. A Constitution was drawn up and it was agreed that the further aim of trying to do whatever possible (through sporting and social contact) to improve the integration of the V.H. into the Community.

Since January, 1973 the Club's membership, fields of activity and interest have expanded significantly and amongst the sporting and social events the Club now offers are:

Sport

Cricket, Football, Athletics, Swimming, Ski-ing, Ice-skating, Sailing, Rowing, Fishing, Ten-pin Bowling, Bowls, Fencing and Indoor Games.

Social

Theatre Evenings, Visits to Places of Interest, Coach Trips, Dances, Disco's, Talks and Debates and Indoor Games.

The Annual Subscription is £1.00 for male and 50p for female members. An additional 50p is payable annually if members use the Social Centre at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square.

Would interested St. Dunstaners please write to the *Review*.

ANY ONE THE WINNER!

Derby Sweepstake closing date: **22nd May.**
Tickets: **15p** each.

Address: **The Editor, D.S.S. Dept., 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.**

Draw: London Club. **Thursday, 30th May.**
All those drawing a horse will be notified.



Reg. Page at the controls of 'Radio Heathfield'.

PAGE RECORDING

by David Castleton

The quaintly named village of Cross-in-Hand is in Sussex, south of Tunbridge Wells and well on the way to Eastbourne. Visit our St. Dunstaner, Reg. Page, who lives there and you may find him busy in his extensive garden or making garden ornaments in concrete for which he is locally well-known.

When I called in he was busy trimming, cutting up and shifting a number of trees which had to be cleared because of a down draught they caused in a chimney. The bigger trees had been felled by a local man but the smaller ones, up to around twenty feet high, Reg. tackles himself, "Although not if I am worried about the position of the tree", he told me.

If you have formed the impression of a busy, open-air type of fellow, the sort of character who can always find something to do, you will share my feeling of mild surprise that one of Reg's most absorbing interests, despite the lure of his garden, is tape recording.

In one corner of his lounge is 'Radio Heathfield', as he calls it. A highly efficient hi-fi and stereo recording system. "The professional machine is a Ferrograph, series seven. It's four-track, it's stereo and there is no end to the trickery you can get up to with it! To do this trickery you really need a second recorder. The other one is also a four-track stereo, a Philips 4407", Reg. said.

He has an amplifier, radio tuner and two large Ferrograph speakers, weighing 63½ lbs. each, which flood his lounge with sound. He also has a record playing deck and all is linked so that he can record tape to tape, disc to tape, radio to tape or voice to tape simply by switching in the appropriate component. "Your hi-fi equipment is only as good as the weakest link in it. If you've got good equipment and one poor item, say your amplifier, well, your equipment is only as good as the amplifier produces".

Reg. has brought his installation up to its present standard over a period of eight years,

"When I first started, my equipment was just ordinary but the fun and the pleasure I got from it was endless. Then, of course, it's just building up ambitions, the more one does of it the more one wants to do".

One very rewarding side of Reg.'s tape recording activities is the exchange of tapes with other enthusiasts. "Most of my tapes go around the world", he said, "We have about five contacts in Australia and others in New Zealand, Tasmania, South Africa and Canada". The youngest is just seven years old and the oldest, a man living in Tasmania, is 78. Reg. sends them his own recorded chat show backed with music, "I just say what is in my mind".

Recently he has been reporting on the situation and conditions in this country: "I suppose, in a sense, their papers have been possibly exaggerating the position over here. I have been trying to give them a true picture—politically and the way we live". His tape recorders are four-track with three speeds: $1\frac{7}{8}$, $3\frac{3}{4}$, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second. He is always looking for new tape correspondents and would welcome contacts with any *Review* readers, blind or sighted, who share his interest in tape recording. The *Review* will forward any tapes or correspondence in the first instance.



Open-air type Reg. clears some trees.

It's that man again

"I had a request three weeks ago from a man who wanted to know if I had any material of Tommy Handley, the comedian. As a matter of fact I've got reels of it. I sent him some ITMA radio programmes and a concert given during the war in a naval barracks. He was delighted". Reg. has a library of some 120 seven-inch tapes including Tony Hancock, Archie Andrews and others. He often plays them back for his own amusement using his equipment much as a sighted person might run his favourite 8mm cine films.

Tape is not all talk for Reg. He is very interested in music, particularly the wartime dance bands. "I had a piece of music I was very, very keen on. This was on an old disc and in one place it jumped track. This spoilt it so I decided to play up to just before that and then stop the recorder. I let the damage pass and then restarted it. I spun the record back to the beginning and put the beginning on the end of my tape. I was two hours doing that one job. It was only putting two bars on but I had to bring it in to the right beat of the music —it was a waltz—and I was going one, two, three; one, two, three until I'd just got it spot-on".

Trickery

Reg. also records sounds of nature, like bird-songs, he has recordings of barrel organs and fairground organs, "Anything that makes a noise and I like the noise it makes, I'll go for it". He also gets up to trickery as he puts it. A tape message may be enlivened by realistic sound effects as he tells his correspondent he is breaking a mirror on his wife's head. He has dubbed his own voice on to a pre-recorded tape to give the effect of singing a duet with a famous country and western girl singer. "This is all done on a second recorder which is dubbed on to the first one", he explained.

In a small community like Cross-in-Hand it doesn't take long for the word to get around that there is a tape recording enthusiast available. "First the Vicar asked me to go to the Harvest Supper and play

CLUB NEWS

Midland

Since my last notes we have held two club meetings, one on Sunday, 10th March and the other on Sunday, 7th April. Both meetings were well attended and we have been concentrating on getting the Sir Arthur Pearson domino competition played off and I am pleased to be able to report that we have now arrived at the final, which will be played off at our next meeting on 12th May.

The semi-final results played off in April were as follows:—

Bruno Tomperowski v Joe Kibbler.
Louis Androlia v Doug Cashmore.

Bruno and **Louis** were the winners and will play each other in the final.

We look forward to getting on with the mixed doubles competitions at our May meeting.

Ansells Breweries Ltd., have kindly given us a dart board, so now we shall be able to hold a dart competition.

On the evening of 21st March we held our very delayed evening meal at the King's Highway Hotel. Everyone enjoyed it and had a good tuck in!

All the plans for a day out to Southport on Sunday, 2nd June have been finalised and we now pray for a fine day!

The teas for our March and April meetings were arranged for us by Mrs. Elizabeth Tomperowski and Mrs. Olwyn Rea respectively. This was the first attempt for both these ladies in giving us tea and we would like to thank them for the fine spread.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Faulkner whose daughter, Peggy, gave birth to a daughter on 13th March, 1974.

The Midland club is still going strong and we would like to welcome other St. Dunstaners living in the Birmingham area. Why not come along to one of our meetings held every second Sunday of the month at the **Royal British Legion H.Q., Thorp Street,** at the side of the Birmingham Hippodrome. The meetings start at 3 p.m.

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

LONDON

The Football pontoon ending on 16th of March was won by Mrs. Padley with Sheffield Wednesday. The booby prize was shared by Mrs. King, Mrs. Lethbridge and Mrs. Pacitti, their teams being Sunderland, Preston and Bristol City, respectively.

The Domino winners during March were as follows:—

7th March	1.	J. Lynch
	2.	J. Majchrowicz
	3.	C. Hancock
14th March	1.	J. Padley
	2.	J. Majchrowicz
21st March	1.	J. Padley
	2.	J. Majchrowicz
	3.	W. Phillips
28th March	1.	W. Miller
	2.	C. Hancock

A very happy evening was spent in the Men's London Club on Thursday the 4th of April, the occasion being the Wedding Anniversary of member George Stanley and Mrs. Stanley. Additional delicacies enjoyed were by the way of sausage rolls, accompanied by sherry and a beautiful cake, baked by Mrs. Stanley.

Another highlight of the evening was a visit made to the Club by Mr. David Castleton of the H.Q. Staff. When our Domino Games were over, some members played Bridge while others retired to their usual haunts. Then we wended our way home beyond the ceaseless traffic of the Marylebone Road, happy and content after the evening's entertainment.

W. MILLER.

PAGE RECORDING—*continued*

back recorded music. Then it was the Garden Association having a dance or the Young Wives, 'could you bring your tape recorder for community singing?' I think we've done about five weddings as well as parties."

Reg. has to have a licence from the Post Office to record from the radio but it is worth the trouble. "Speaking for ourselves, we've had endless fun from tape recording —lots and lots of pleasure. For a blind person there is nothing better. You've always got company. You've always got something to do".

Praised by his Peers

In the debate on war pensions, to which Lord Fraser refers in his 'Chairman's Notes', Lord Aberdare, the Conservative Minister responsible for war pensions in the last Government, and Lord Wells-Pestell, who speaks for the present Government on these subjects in the Upper House, paid tributes to Lord Fraser's Parliamentary work for ex-servicemen.

LORD ABERDARE said: "I would beg your lordships' indulgence . . . so that I may pay my tribute to him for his harrying of successive Governments, and for the effective way in which he has always represented the views of the ex-servicemen . . . I am sorry to intervene in this debate without having my name down, but I felt that after his 50 years of service in Parliament I should like to pay my tribute to my noble friend from these Benches."

LORD WELLS-PESTELL said: "I think that everybody, both in this House and in the other place, would wish to take an opportunity like this to say how very much we admire what he has done for ex-servicemen over a great many years. If he will not think it impertinent of me, I should like to say how many of us have a tremendous affection for him and for the way he has overcome his own personal difficulties. Perhaps there is no man alive to-day who has overcome them and done more for the community, and particularly the ex-servicemen, than the noble Lord, Lord Fraser."

Political Philosophies

LORD WELLS-PESTELL also referred to an amusing incident, which he recalled when he said: "He will forgive me if I remind him of the fact that it was about 40 years ago that he and I debated in Regent's Park one Sunday morning our respective political philosophies when he was Member of Parliament for St. Pancras, North, and I was doing my best to unseat him."

Readers are familiar with "Speakers' Corner", which is a bit of ground in Hyde Park where the freest possible speech is allowed and all kinds of people gather together to blow their heads off about their pet subjects. What is probably not known to many is that between the Wars there was a similar area in Regent's Park where every Sunday morning half a dozen platforms were erected on which similar speeches on every subject—political, religious, sociological, etc.—were freely made. Living in Regent's Park, Lord and Lady Fraser used to go down the Broad Walk and often stopped at this place. On one occasion, the young Captain Fraser, M.P., joined a crowd listening to an even younger Labour speaker, who happened to be the then Mr. R. A. Pestell, and asked him a question. Mr. Pestell then said, "If the questioner wishes to have an argument with me about his political philosophy or anything else, would he like to come on my platform?" No doubt this was a rhetorical question and it was a great surprise to him when Ian Fraser accepted the invitation and spoke for ten minutes from his platform—and this was the debate to which Lord Wells-Pestell referred in the House of Lords. Lord and Lady Fraser well remember the incident although it was 40 years ago.

War Pensions Non-political

It is to be noted that, although they had a political argument at that time, Lord Fraser said in the Lords that the subject of war pensions had always been regarded by him and his friends as a non-political question and this sentiment was generally echoed in the House.

OBITUARY

Miss Muriel McDonald

St. Dunstaners who have stayed at 152 Broadhurst Gardens in recent years will be very sorry to hear that Miss Muriel McDonald died in January of this year. "Mac" was very popular and quite happy to do anything that was required of her. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that she was well over 90 years of age when she died. St. Dunstan's was represented at the funeral by Mrs. Lawrence from Broadhurst Gardens, and accompanied by Mrs. Preston.



'Mine Host' — Club Manager, Norman Smith.



THE LONDON CLUB IN PICTURES

Chairman **Bill Miller's** Annual Report, publishe
grapher along to the London Club.
There is plenty going on there these days as o
while the *Review* photographer was there, the c
There was a cake baked by Mrs. Stanley and sherry

Bill Phillips, Roy Armstrong, Bill Miller and Jim Padley at the Bridge table.





s *Review,* prompted us to send our photo-

w—Bridge, dominoes, jazz and additionally,
and Mrs. George Stanley's Silver Wedding.



General view of the Club Room during a domino session.

The jazz band in rehearsal.





IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Tynesiders on Humberside

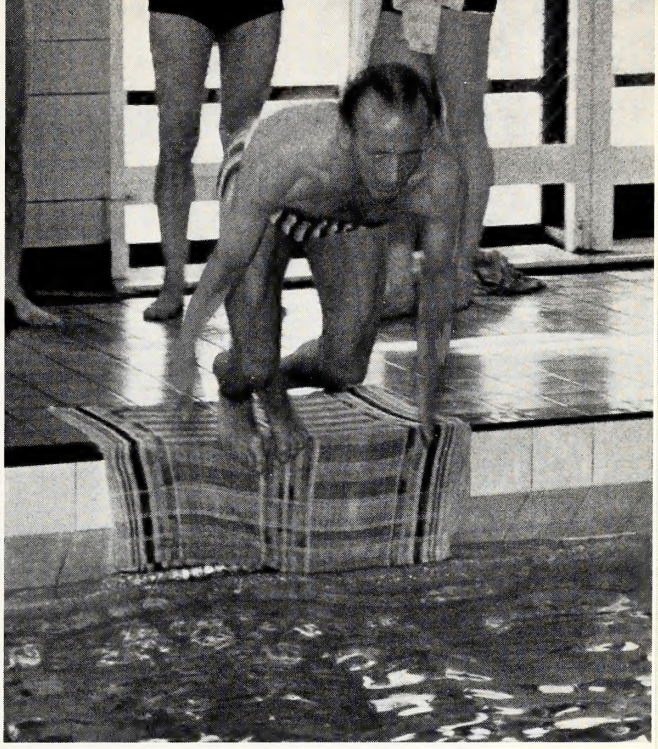
Joseph Nicol and his wife live in Hull where he works as a telephonist but they are both Tynesiders. Ten years ago they joined the Hull branch of the Northumberland and Durham Society. "The idea was to meet other Tynesiders who have moved into Yorkshire", he told me. In those ten years Joseph has served as a Committee Member, Chairman and is now President. "The Society is a non-profit making one", he said, "Although we manage to send a little money to charity each Christmas". He is also a member of an ex-servicemen's organisation known as the Fellowship of the Services.

Our photograph, from the Hull *Daily Mail*, shows Joseph (left) and Mrs. Nicol (extreme right) with the Rev. Peter Ferguson and his wife. The occasion was a farewell presentation to Rev. Ferguson, padre to the Hull Branch of the Northumberland and Durham Society.

Sponsored Swimmer

Harry Cope, better known as 'Johnnie' among our sportsmen, is a regular competitor in St. Dunstan's sports, usually shining in the swimming events. On 7th April he took part in a different kind of swim—a sponsored event organised by the Stoke-on-Trent and District Round Table. The charitable object of the swim was to provide a swimming pool for deaf and handicapped children.

The sponsored competitors had to swim twenty lengths in 20 minutes. Harry completed his target in 15 minutes, raising in that time £26 towards a total of £600 raised by the event, "So we all swam well," was Harry's comment. They certainly did.



Harry Cope at the start of St. Dunstan's swimming event.

Fleet Air Arm 'Guide Dog' Training

St. Dunstaners who attend the annual Summer camp at H.M.S. Daedalus, Lee-on-Solent, might be interested in some information our Sports Officer, **Jock Carnochan,** has sent me concerning their naval hosts, the Fleet Air Arm Field Gun Crew. From their Newsletter I learn that a long and complicated selection programme is carried out before the two crews are recruited. Before Christmas a recruiting drive toured the various stations and ships. In January came the elimination tests for volunteers at, among others, places as far apart as Yeovil and Leuchars and in Ark Royal and Hermes. 35 out of 59 were accepted for final eliminations.

Other items of interest were a farewell presentation to Captain D. G. Titford, who is leaving for Yeovil, a mounted model of a gun and limber, and the news that Jock Scott B.E.M. is now a qualified Heavy Goods Vehicle driver and is starting off in his own business.

The Newsletter makes a reference to our St. Dunstan's campers:

"Some readers may not realise that the FAA crew have a close association with organisations like, the Metropolitan Police (Findley Division) and St. Dunstan's. Situated in Brighton, St. Dunstan's is a home for the rehabilitation of blind ex-servicemen. Every year after the completion of the Royal Tournament, the Gun crew delay their summer leave, in order to act as helpers/guides to St. Dunstaners, at their summer camp in H.M.S. Daedalus. During this time the St. Dunstaners, although blind, and some disabled, take part in a sports day, swimming gala, car rally and of course many late drinking contests. As would be expected many close friendships exist between ourselves and St. Dunstans, where the progress of the crew is followed with great interest each year. It was with great delight that the staff entertained David Bell when he visited us on the 19th March, it may be noted that the second trainer is still hung over from this occasion".

St. Peter's and St. Dunstan's

Lieut.-Commander Tony Ellis who is at present residing at Northgate House has a brother Joe, a schoolmaster at St. Peter's, Adelaide, South Australia. Joe Ellis asked Tony to write a story on St. Dunstan's which might be published in an Adelaide newspaper. Miss Meldrum, formerly Matron's secretary, who now lives at Haywards Heath, heard about this when calling at Northgate House one day and she expressed pleasure and surprise because her father had been educated at St. Peter's.

BRIDGE NOTES

BRIDGE DRIVE

Fortunately the weather on Saturday, 16th March turned out to be dry and sunny for more than forty St. Dunstaners, wives and friends who came to the Club Rooms in Marylebone Road for a pleasant afternoon at our first Bridge Drive of the year. There were eleven and a half tables for Bridge.

We were happy to see so many old friends and to greet new friends, with a special welcome for those who had travelled some distance to be with us for the afternoon.

It gave us all a great deal of pleasure to receive a visit from Miss Ramshaw our former Matron at Ovingdean. To our delight she spent the afternoon mingling with the boys of the Bridge Club, their wives and their guests. At the close of play, Miss Ramshaw graciously presented the prizes to the winners of the Bridge Drive, who were as follows:—

1. Roy Armstrong and Jack Armstrong
2. Harry Meleson and Mrs. Meleson
3. Alf Dodgson and Mrs. Dodgson
4. Joseph Majchrowicz and Cyril Evans.

LONDON

The 3rd Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 6th April. The results are as follows:—

W. Phillips and Partner	79
H. Meleson and J. Lynch	74
W. Allen and A. Caldwell	72
Miss V. Kemmish and J. Huk	67
F. Dickerson and P. Nuyens	56
J. Padley and R. Evans	56
J. Majchrowicz and W. Miller	49

BRIGHTON

The 3rd Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 6th April. The results are as follows:—

M. Clements and Partner	83
R. Goding and A. Dodgson	67
F. Rhodes and Partner	66
A. Smith and S. Webster	64
W. Scott and F. Griffee	63
C. Walters and W. Lethbridge	54
J. Whitcombe and W. Burnett	44

ON A SLOW COACH TO STEVENAGE

Both the London and Brighton sections of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club have continued to show initiative and enterprise in maintaining a full programme in spite of difficulties that have arisen during the temporary closing of the Ovingdean Home. Examples of this keen spirit can be seen in the success that has attended Bridge Congresses and Beginners and Instruction weekends which have taken place at the Ocean Hotel, Saltdean during the last two years.

On Sunday, March 17th, there was a new and welcome addition to our standard fixtures. A combined party of players, together with their wives, made the journey from St. Dunstan's Headquarters to Stevenage by special coach. The venue for this match was the British Aircraft Corporation Sports and Social Club, Bragbury End, Stevenage. We were on our way to fulfill an invitation from Mr. John Hancock of the Stevenage Bridge Club. John is the son of St. Dunstaner Charles Hancock and his wife Gladys, who are popular and regular members of the London Club.

The St. Dunstan's players, carefully supervised by Mr. Norman Smith, set off soon after lunch. Our destination was Stevenage, but as time went on it appeared that the driver had other ideas, and had it not been for the vigilance of the wives, our journey could well have ended in the Midlands. The intransigence of the driver delayed our arrival, but with our arrival came relief to John and his club members from earlier anxiety on our behalf.

Our game with Stevenage commenced immediately, and as a result of skilful organisation a very enjoyable match took place in spite of the loss of time. The match was played in teams of four and in the keenness of competitive play our initial mishap was soon forgotten. With the end of the match, in which Stevenage were easy winners, the opposing teams of four united into tables of eight, to enjoy a buffet tea, the excellence of which was matched only by the artistry of its presentation. This novel arrangement for refreshments gave us the relaxation and opportunity to

establish friendly relations with the Stevenage Club. With the club bar opening soon after tea, ties were further strengthened over a friendly drink or two during the hours that remained until our departure. It was good to see, as we said goodbye, that animation and high spirits had completely effaced our early anxiety and frustration. We trust that John and his Stevenage friends, like us, were able to say "Better late than never" . . . R. W. EVANS.

COMING EVENTS

CLIMBING CADER IDRIS

Mr. R. O. L. Thomas, a Member of St. Dunstan's and a supporter for many years, has very kindly offered to organise a climb of the mountain Cader Idris (2927 ft.) by a party of four or five St. Dunstaners during a weekend in June, 1974. Overnight accommodation from Friday to Sunday nights would be arranged at either Dolgellau or Dinas Mawddwy, both in the District of Merioneth. We understand that the climb to the summit, though not particularly arduous, would take up to two and a half hours, that strong boots or shoes fitted with studs or cleats are advisable. Escorts could be provided locally for the climb.

Would interested St. Dunstaners please write to the *Review* as soon as possible mentioning the dates in June when they would be available for the expedition? Expenses would be covered.

H.M.S. DAEDALUS CAMP

The Commander of H.M.S. Daedalus has written inviting you to the camp from Friday, 16th August to Saturday, 24th August.

As last year, fares will be refunded in full. There will be a camp fee of £5. Please send me your names as soon as possible. Closing date for entries—4th May. Please write to **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset. Tel. 0823-43-359.**

DIARY NOTE

Deaf/Blind Reunion 1974

The Deaf/Blind Reunion will be held from 12th to 16th August inclusive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Echoes from April's Here

From Frank A. Rhodes of Ovingdean, Brighton.

A few observations concerning the article "April's Here!" in last month's *Review*.

Losses of Basic skills.

These would, of course, be governed to some degree by the trade or profession prior to blindness. Nowadays, both at St. Dunstan's and other organisations for the training of the blind there are so many skills available that this could be minimal.

Losses in communication.

When it comes to "communication" blind people are under a tremendous handicap. Very many St. Dunstaners have not seen their wives or children. They must, therefore, have been drawn to each other by other attractions than looks. In my own case there were two main motives: she was always most considerate to her parents, and I fell in love with her voice. Many St. Dunstaners and members of the staff knew my wife very well and I am sure all will agree that I picked a winner.

Losses in appreciation.

As to "appreciation" of any thing, we are entirely dependent on our escorts. Having been totally blind for fifty-six years it astonishes me to realise how few people have the gift of "seeing" for the blind.

Losses concerning occupation and financial status.

If some-one has had the good fortune to have been trained in a remunerative trade or profession and he loses his sight in his thirties or forties, some new technique may be adopted for him to continue. The financial status of a blind person does, of course, depend on his skill or training and also, most important, plus the "know how" of his partner.

From Ray Sheriff of Gloucester.

In my blindness, nostalgic thoughts seem to stem, seemingly as a continuity of childhood environment. I was born and bred "Beside the Seaside." Up until the war years, all my leisure and pleasant memories revolved around the sea and its

afforded amenities. I loved the sight of the sea, through all seasons of the year. I marvelled its varying moods—cruel and raging, calm and smooth, grey, green or blue and the ebb and flow of the tides; the sea with its white horses . . . the sea reflecting a sunrise or sunset . . . the sea at night covered by a full moon and perhaps, most marvellous of all, the sea so peaceful and blue on a mid-summer's day.

From Alf. Bradley of Northwood Hills, Middlesex.
I thought that I might reply to "April's Here", like this . . .

'What do you miss?' you ask of me
Since when my eyes could scarcely see.
Of Beauty, or Ability,
What yardstick could the measure be?

I might have had a begging bowl,
Or even had to draw the dole.
But after training at St. D's,
I was missed out of both of these.

But things of Personality,
Frustrations or serenity.
I need an inner eye to see,
And penetrate this scene for me.

But everyman, both blind and sighted,
By ways of old has been benighted,
Through darkened glass all men do see,
(And that was not thought up by me).

Let's humbly lift the situation,
To inner vision's revelation.
The truth of this has meant for me.
'Whereas I was blind', NOW I see.

From Margaret Stanway, Macclesfield, Cheshire

Until I went into the Forces in my late teens my life had been spent in a country area of Staffordshire where I was able to indulge in my favourite hobby of collecting and pressing wild flowers which grew in great profusion in the woods and fields around my home. This I carried out in a very amateurish kind of way—sticking the flowers in sketching books and then pressing with weights. The fact that they would soon lose their colour and become mouldy didn't matter all that much as there were plenty more to be picked as the seasons progressed.

The Spring flowers made the biggest impact on me—coltsfoot, wood sorrell, celandine, wood anemone, for were they not the harbingers of the better weather to come and the long balmy days of early Summer? I know I can never see these flowers again but my mind's eye is filled with nostalgia at the pleasure and peace I derived from this simple but absorbing hobby and the memory of a wood, carpeted with heavenly scented bluebells, will remain with me all my life.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Henry Bachell of London, E.14, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served in the Royal Artillery in the 1st World War and has been living in retirement. He is a bachelor. Mr. Bachell is now staying at Northgate House for a period of convalescence.

Mark Britton of Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts., joined us in March 1974. He served in the 3rd Battalion Lincolns between 1914 and 1915. He is married and has two married daughters.

Frank Chelin of Southend-on-Sea, Essex, joined St. Dunstan's in February 1974. Mr. Chelin was a rifleman in the Post Office Rifles and served in the 1st World War. Following his war service, he spent more than 40 years working in the G.P.O. and his sight failed only recently. He is a widower.

Lawrence Rupert Firman of Lowestoft, Suffolk, came to St. Dunstan's in April, 1974. He served with the 9th Suffolks Regiment during the 1st World War. He is a widower.

Walter Grant, M.M. of Brentwood, Essex, joined St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. He served in the Northumberland Fusiliers during the 1st World War and was wounded in the Battle of the Dardanelles in 1915 but was able to return to his work as a miner. In recent years both his sight and health have deteriorated, and unfortunately he is at the moment in hospital and we wish him a speedy recovery. Mr. Grant is a widower and lives with his son.

Thomas Gray, Ph.D., of Burmarsh, Romney Marsh, Kent, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He was commissioned in the Rifle Brigade and later seconded to the Royal Flying Corps in the First War and also served with the R.A.F. at the beginning of the Second War. He is a retired widower with a grown up family living abroad.

Arthur Ernest Green of Dane End, Nr. Ware, Herts., came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served in the Suffolk Regiment in the 1st World War but continued his military service until 1922. He now lives in retirement but his previous occupation was that of a Nurseryman. He is unmarried.

Arthur Herbert of Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, joined St. Dunstan's in February 1974. He served in the Royal Fusiliers during the 1st World War. After his discharge from the Army he was able to return to his office job with the same firm where he continued to work until 1943. He has now retired.

Islwyn Hughes of Bryngwran, Anglesey, joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1974, and will be taking up occupational training shortly. He is married with three children. He served in the Royal Welch Fusiliers between 1961 and 1962.

John Caradog Hughes of Anglesey, joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. Mr. Hughes served as a Corporal in the Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment during the 2nd World War. He is unmarried.

Charles Jackman of Brentford, Middlesex, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served in the Royal Fusiliers during the 1st World War. After his discharge from the Army he worked for some time in the Docks but now lives in retirement. He is married.

Alexander McLeod of Luton, Bedfordshire, joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1974 and will be taking up occupational training shortly. He is married and served in the Royal Air Force between 1950 and 1953.

Stanley C. Moseley of Blackpool, came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. Mr. Moseley served in the Royal Artillery during the 2nd World War. He is married with three grown-up sons.

Richard Stinson of Wolverhampton, Staffs., joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served in the Northamptonshire Regiment from 1940 to 1946. He will be taking up occupational training shortly.

Eric Todd of Liverpool, Lancs, joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served as a driver in the R.A.S.C. between 1951 and 1953, in Egypt. Mr. Todd is unmarried.

Joseph Wake of Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, became a full St. Dunstaner in March, 1974. He served in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in the 2nd World War, and was taken Prisoner-of-War by the Japanese at the fall of Singapore.

Alfred Walker of Billingham New Town, Co. Durham, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served in the Pioneer Corps, the 12th Yorkshire Regiment, the 19th Lancashire Regiment and the 14th Yorkshire Regiment. He is married with eight children.

Ralph Walsh of Whitefield, Manchester, joined St. Dunstan's in April 1974. He served in the Royal Army Service Corps during the 1st World War and suffered a gas attack in 1917. He is married and has a grown up family.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH THE FIRM

On 14th March ERNEST MARR of Blackburn completed twenty-five years with his employers, Mullards Ltd., of Blackburn. In a presentation ceremony he was given a gold Braille watch by the Plant Director Mr. E. J. Koning.

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1816
A Pot of Basil
by Jane Gillespie
Read by Lionel Gamlin

Rather nice series of character studies concerning the emotions of three sisters. Helen aged seventeen suspects that her eldest sister's fiancé Aubrey is a sadist. Worrying about this she is unaware that she is getting herself too emotionally involved with her school friend's crippled brother. Meanwhile the youngest girl has an adolescent crush on her chemistry mistress at school. Though Helen comes through as the brains of the family she is indeed a very likeable person.

A nice story with no mush.

Cat. No. 1840
A Grave Affair
by Shelley Smith
Read by Stanley Pritchard

A thriller in which we know early on who did it and which retains our interest in how it is going to work out. Burke is best described as Britain's Dr. Kissinger, the one man who can bring peace to the Middle East. A Marxist group of the P.L.A. set out to compromise him or kill him.

A good yarn with many side issues, very well written and very enjoyable.

Cat. No. 1814 (2 cassettes)
This Right Soft Lot
by Edward Blishen
Read by John Richmond

A teacher writes of his seven years at an East End secondary modern school before it is knocked down and replaced by a modern comprehensive teaching establishment. Although he doesn't say so, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" should have been the school motto. His description of the boys and his fellow teachers are to say the least graphic. The boys are the product of their environment and the teachers have to react accordingly. Spiced with much of the boys' cockney humour and not a little of his own this is a compelling book to read once you have started.

Greatly helped by the reader who sounds very much like some of the school teachers of my boyhood.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

DUNLOP-NORTHALL. On 20th March, 1974, WILLIAM DUNLOP of Heath, Cardiff, South Wales, married Miss I. NORTHALL at St. James Church, Cardiff. We wish them every happiness in their married life together. They will be living in Balcombe, Sussex.

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. D. GRIMES of Eastbourne, Sussex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 26th March, 1974.

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. STANLEY WEEKS of Letchworth, Herts., who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 16th April, 1974.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. EDGAR ROWLAND ETTRIDGE, of Croydon, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 7th March, 1974.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to the Rev. and Mrs. DENNIS S. J. PETTIT of New Duston, Northampton, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 19th April, 1974.

Grandparents

Congratulations to:—

PERCY BLACKMORE of Cardiff, Glam., who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his first grandson, Christopher John, born on 10th January 1974, to his daughter Nesta.

TALKING BOOK REPAIRS

Talking book readers in the Brighton area might find it helpful to know that there is a local representative of the Talking Book Library who should be contacted in the event of a repair becoming necessary for any machine in the area. His name is **Mr. Brown of 44 Hillcrest, Westdene, Brighton** and his telephone numbers are: (Daytime) Brighton 509566 and (Home) 552707.

Grandparents

Continued

WILLIAM CARR of High Wycombe, Bucks., who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of another grandchild, born to his daughter Marlene on 15th March, 1974. The baby is to be called Danielle Lisa.

WILLIAM CHARITY of London, N.W.10, on the safe arrival of a second grandson, Christian, born to his youngest daughter, Shirley and her husband, on 4th March, 1974. Christian was born three days after William's 80th birthday.

Mrs. V. M. Chell of Eastbourne, Sussex, widow of the late JAMES CHELL, who has become a grandmother on the safe arrival of Lee, born to her daughter Judith and her son-in-law, on 4th March, 1974.

DOUGLAS FAULKNER of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, whose daughter, Peggy, gave birth to a daughter on 13th March.

HENRY JAMES of Harrow, Middlesex, who has pleasure in announcing the arrival of a grand-daughter, Sara Joanne Haskey, born on 20th February, 1974.

RICHARD C. A. JONES of Port Talbot, Glamorgan, is happy to announce the birth of another grandchild—Sarah Victoria, born on 8th March, to his daughter Carol and her husband David.

JOHN MARTIN of Boreham Wood, Herts., on the safe arrival of a grandchild, Desmond, born on 28th February, 1974, to his daughter, Sheila and her husband.

JOSEPH ALEXANDER PECKETT of Manchester, who announces the safe arrival of his second grandson, born to his son David and daughter-in-law on 3rd April, 1974.

GILBERT ARNOLD STANLEY of Gloucester, is pleased to announce the birth of another grandchild, Nancy Emma, on 14th November, 1973, who is the second child of his daughter Julie and her husband.

Great Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:—

JOSEPH ELLIS BATTY of Sheffield who is proud to announce the safe arrival of another great grandson—he now has two great grandsons and one great granddaughter.

WILLIAM BRAMSON of Woodingdean, Nr. Brighton, Sussex, has pleasure in announcing the birth of his 11th great grandchild who was born on 28th February, 1974. She is to be called Maria Joyce.

BOB FINCH of Solihull, Warwickshire, is delighted to announce the arrival of a great grand-daughter, born to his granddaughter, Anne, on 5th March, 1974.

ARTHUR ROWE of Newcastle, Staffs., who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of another great grandchild, Richard Mark Walters, born on 6th July, 1973.

Long Life and happiness to:

Philip, son of LESLIE THOMPSON, of Gateshead, Co. Durham, who married Katrina Halliday of Port Patrick, in her home town, on 9th March, 1974.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to :—

JIM DELANEY of Bridgewater, Somerset, on the death of his mother on 7th March, 1974, at the age of 98.

JERRY LYNCH of London, S.W.20, on the death of his father, Patrick Lynch, on 9th February, 1974, at the age of 75 years.

STEWART NIXON, of Milford-on-Sea, Hants., who mourns the death of his wife, Hilda Mary, on 29th March, 1974. Mrs. Nixon had been unwell for some time.

RAYMOND SANDIFORD of Bolton, Lancs., who mourns the death of his wife May, who passed away on 5th April, 1974.

STANLEY SOUTHALL of Smethwick, Worcs., mourns the death of his brother who passed away on 17th February, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

David Matheson. *Merchant Navy*

David Matheson late of East London, died at Northgate House on 9th February, 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He served in the Army during the 1st World War and joined the Merchant Navy in 1924. He served in the Merchant Navy right up until 1940 when he was taken prisoner of war.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1964 when he was living in East London and a few years later he went to reside at Northgate House where he was well liked by his St. Dunstaner friends and enjoyed his years of retirement. He was a bachelor and had no known relatives.

Arthur Harry Middleton. *Lancashire Fusiliers*

Arthur Harry Middleton of Blackburn, Lancs., died on 19th March, 1974, at the age of 78.

He enlisted in the Lancashire Fusiliers in December, 1915, was wounded in 1916 and gassed in 1918. Mr. Middleton was admitted to St. Dunstan's on 8th March, 1974 and passed away on 19th March, 1974, so unfortunately was unable to enjoy any help which could have been provided by St. Dunstan's. He was a widower and lived with his daughter Margaret.

Albert Prettejohns. *8th City of London Post Office Brigade*

Albert Prettejohns died on 2nd April, 1974 at the age of 78.

He enlisted in the 8th City of London Post Office Brigade in 1914 and was discharged in 1917, but due to his injuries he was, in fact, admitted to St. Dunstan's in March, 1916.

Mr. Prettejohns was trained as a mat maker and specialised in making fancy baskets. He and his wife and son lived in London for some time, then moved to Hampshire, but in 1930 they returned to London. Mr. Prettejohns' health broke down a few years later and he was admitted to hospital on frequent occasions, and he finally died in Mayday Hospital, Croydon.

He leaves a son, Mr. Graham Prettejohns.

William Richard Slade. *Royal West Kent Regiment*

William Richard Slade of Ramsgate, Kent, died on 27th March, 1974, at the age of 75.

He enlisted in the Royal West Kent Regiment in March, 1917, and served with them until his discharge in May, 1918.

Mr. Slade had already reached retirement age when his sight finally failed and he was admitted to St. Dunstan's in November, 1971. Both he and Mrs. Slade were able to fulfill their hobby interest of working in the garden and greenhouse with the benefit of advice and help from our Country Life Department.

Mr. Slade was taken ill at the beginning of the year but made a steady recovery and his death in March was a shock to his wife and son, who lives at home with his parents.

He leaves a wife, Mrs. Beatrice Anne Slade, and son.

Frank Whitehouse. *57th Labour Corps.*

Frank Whitehouse of Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs., died on 7th March, 1974. He was 85 years old.

He enlisted in the 57th Labour Corps and served with them from 1916 until his discharge in 1918, but it was not until later in life that his sight failed and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1967. Mr. Whitehouse was already happily settled in residential accommodation in Stoke-on-Trent and he remained there until his death. He was able to enjoy some holidays in Brighton when his health permitted.

He leaves a niece, Mrs. J. Wilkinson.

Christopher Charles Wilkinson. *14th Bomb Disposal Unit*

Christopher Charles Wilkinson of Hull, Yorkshire, died on 14th March, 1974. He was 59 years of age.

He enlisted in the 14th Bomb Disposal Unit in September 1939 and served with them until his discharge in December 1941. He was injured in June 1941 when a bomb exploded during disposal but it was not until 1946 that he came to St. Dunstan's. After completing industrial training he commenced employment with Messrs. Armstrong Patents Ltd., in Beverley, Yorks. He completed twenty-five years service with the firm in 1971 and remained in their employment right up to the time of his death.

Although he had developed heart trouble some ten years ago, Mr. Wilkinson kept pretty well in health apart from a period on the sick list about a year ago. The news of his death came to us very suddenly as we had not heard that he had suffered any further illness recently.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Hilda Wilkinson and one son, Charles, who is married.

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St Dunstans REVIEW JUNE



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 653 **JUNE 1974** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Grocers

Already this year, Lady Fraser and I have had the pleasure of attending Reunions at Southampton and Brighton and we were delighted to meet many of you and your wives or escorts and find you in such good spirits. On each occasion I was able to greet a number of guests and staff on St. Dunstaners' behalf.

At Brighton I was especially pleased to welcome the Mayor and Mayoress and local friends from the Sussex Grocers' Association and Southdown Motor Services. I reminded my listeners that St. Dunstan's was founded in 1915; in 1918 we opened our first seaside home, then called West House, now called Pearson House, and the money to buy and equip this place was provided by the National Federation of Grocers' Associations throughout the United Kingdom under the active leadership of the Brighton and Hove branches. Since then the local Grocers, supported by other Grocers throughout the country, have arranged a summer outing, a grand Christmas dinner and a gift of sherry for resident St. Dunstaners at Brighton every year. They are doing the same this year.

However, it is well known that all good things come to an end and it seems to all of us that after 55 years we can no longer expect these parties to continue. I wanted to place on record the deep indebtedness of hundreds of blinded ex-servicemen and women to the St. Dunstan's Entertainment Committee of the Sussex Grocers' Association and to our many friends amongst Grocers generally for their generosity and kindness over more than half a century. Finally, I paid a special tribute to Mr. K. S. C. Phillips, Chairman, and Mrs. M. G. Lillie, Secretary, who were present at the Reunion, and Mr. L. Lutwyche, previous Chairman, who had all been particularly responsible for the work in recent years.

I am sure all St. Dunstaners who have ever enjoyed and benefited from one aspect or another of the Grocers' kindness will echo my message of thanks.

War Pensions

In the last *Review* I summarised a discussion in the House of Lords in which I took part and it will be remembered that one of the questions was whether in future annual reviews of war pensions and allowances should be related to the average earnings of the working population or to the cost of living. At that time it was proposed to relate pensions to earnings and I said that this would be a good thing if earnings were improving, but I wanted to be sure that the cost of living would be taken into account as well.

Since then, the Secretary of State for Social Services, Mrs. Castle, has introduced a Bill in the House of Commons which clearly leaves it open to the Minister to use either earnings or the cost of living as the measure, whichever would be the better for the pensioner. I am glad to report this enlightened amendment.

COVER PICTURE: *Esmond Knight holds a model D.H. Mosquito bomber of the Second World War presented to him by the late Geoffrey de Haviland. Behind him on the wall a star-studded playbill includes his own name.—See* Ways of Life *on centre pages.*

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

SUPPLEMENT JUNE 1974

IMPROVEMENTS IN WAR DISABLEMENT PENSIONS AND NATIONAL INSURANCE BENEFITS

Mrs. Barbara Castle, Secretary of State for Social Services, has presented to Parliament proposals to give effect to the increases in Retirement Pensions and other National Insurance Benefits recently announced in Parliament. Details of the proposed increases and of the improvements to be made in War Pensions and in some of the Supplementary Allowances, are given in this leaflet. The White Paper has not yet been published and whilst there is little doubt but that the following particulars will be confirmed, they must be treated as provisional at the time of going to print.

WAR PENSIONS

Basic Pension

The Pension for 100% disablement is to be increased by £3·60 a week, and proportionately for lower assessments, so that a private soldier with a 100% disablement pension will receive £16·40 a week instead of £12·80 a week as at present.

Constant Attendance Allowance

A St. Dunstaner with guiding vision at present receiving £2·60 will receive £3·30 a week. The rate for total blindness which is at present £5·15 will be increased to £6·60. A St. Dunstaner with disabilities additional to blindness who now has £7·75 a week will be entitled to £9·90 a week, and a St. Dunstaner with exceptionally severe disabilities, such as the loss of both hands, additional to blindness who at present receives £10·30, will receive £13·20 a week.

Comforts Allowance

There is to be an increase in this Allowance from £2·20 to £2·80 a week for the totally blind and for the Unemployability Supplement pensioner and from £1·10 to £1·40 a week for the pensioner with guiding vision.

Unemployability Supplement

This Supplement which is payable to those War Pensioners who by reason of their pensionable disability are unemployable, is to be increased from £8·40 to £10·75 a week, and any family allowances which might be payable with this Supplement will also be increased as follows for the 100% Pensioner:—

Wife or other adult dependant:
from £5·25 to £6·50
First Child
£4·18 to £5·28
Second Child
£3·27 to £4·37
Other Children
£3·18 to £4·28

The level of earnings permitted before title to Unemployability Supplement is affected remains at £4·50 per week. But in the case of the wife the level of earnings has been raised to £21 per week before the Additional Wife's Allowance will be completely eroded.

Invalidity Allowance

This allowance, payable to those War Pensioners who are awarded the Unemployability Supplement prior to attaining the age of 60 (55 for women), has also been increased. Where the incapacity for work begins before the age of 35 the allowance is increased from £1·60 per week to £2·05, where the onset of the incapacity falls between the ages of 35 to 45 the allowance is increased to £1·30 per week instead of £1·00 per week and where the onset occurs between 45 and 60 (55 for women) the new rate is 65p per week instead of 50p.

Exceptionally Severe Disablement Allowance and Severely Disabled Occupational Allowance

Both these Allowances are to be increased this year to £6·60 and £3·30 a week respectively.

Allowances for Rank

Lady St. Dunstaners will be pleased to hear that the differential between male and female has been abolished.

Clothing Allowance

There is to be a small increase in this Allowance (payable where there is exceptional wear and tear on clothing because of an amputation or for some other special reason) to a maximum of £26·00 a year.

Allowance for Lowered Standard of Occupation

This allowance which is paid in exceptional cases only to a very small number of St. Dunstaners who receive less than 100% pensions is to be increased from up to £5·12 a week to up to £6·56 per week.

Examples which may help St. Dunstaners to appreciate how the increases affect them personally may be found on page 4, but if there are any difficulties, will they please get in touch with Mr. L. Slade, our Pensions Officer, at Headquarters.

War Widows

The standard rate of pension for a War Widow aged 40 or over, or under that age with children, is increased from £10·10 per week to £13·00 per week. The Rent Allowance for War Widows with children is increased from up to £3·90 per week to £5·00 per week. The age allowances for elderly Widows is to be doubled to £1·30 for those ladies between 65 and 70 years of age and to £2·60 for those ladies over 70 years of age.

The increased rates of pension and allowances will operate as from the first pay day in the week commencing 22nd July 1974 which means that the effective date of payment in the majority of cases should be Wednesday the 24th July 1974. It is just possible that pensioners will not actually receive their increases on that date due to the mammoth task the officers of the Department of Health and Social Security have been set by the early date this year of the increases, but should there be some delay pensioners will, of course, receive arrears backdated to the 22nd July.

Industrial Injuries Act

The 100% Disablement Pension payable under this Act to employees disabled in the course of their employment is to be increased from £12·80 a week to £16·40 a week with proportionate increases for lower assessments and some of the allowances payable with the Disablement Pension, which are very much in line with those payable to War Pensioners are also to be increased.

The Industrial Pension for widows which is at present £8·30 a week is to be raised to £10·55.

NATIONAL INSURANCE

The standard flat rate of Unemployment and Sickness Benefits will go up from £7·35 to £8·60 a week for single people and from £11·90 to £13·90 for married couples.

Retirement Pensions are to be increased for the single person to £10.00 a week and for the married couples to £16·00.

The Widow's Pension will also be increased from £7·75 to £10·00 a week. The Widow's Allowance for the first 26 weeks of widowhood will go up from £10·85 to £14·00.

All pensioners over 80 receive an additional 25p per week—no change.

Other proposed National Insurance Benefits improvements include Invalidity Benefit, Dependancy Allowances for Children, Widowed Mother's Allowance, Guardian's Allowance, Attendance Allowance, and Maternity Allowance.

The total amount needed to pay for all the proposed increased benefits—no separate figures available at present as to cost of increased War Pensions and Allowances — is of the order of £1,250,000,000.

The Government has decided that the way to meet the cost of the improvements

in the National Insurance Benefits payable out of the National Insurance Fund is to increase the graduated contributions paid on earnings of more than £20 a week and the flat rate contributions paid by employers.

Flat rate contributions paid by employees will be reduced by 9p.

An increase will be required in the flat rate contributions of self-employed persons who do not pay graduated contributions in order to ensure that they pay their fair share of the cost of improved benefits.

The full rate of graduated contributions paid by employees and employers has been increased and the earnings limit has been raised from £54 to £62.

Examples of the new weekly rate of combined flat rates and graduated contributions of the employed man are:

Not Contracted Out of the Graduated Scheme	*Present* £	*New* £
Earnings £15	1·15	**1·09**
£20	1·41	**1·38**
£30	1·91	**1·93**
£40	2·41	**2·48**
£50	2·91	**3·03**
£60	—	**3·58**
£62	—	**3·66**
Contracted Out of the Graduated Scheme		
Earnings £15	1·02	**0·95**
£20	1·15	**1·12**
£30	1·65	**1·67**
£40	2·15	**2·22**
£50	2·65	**2·77**
£60	—	**3·32**
£62	—	**3·40**

The contribution of the self-employed man is to be £2·41 instead of £1·99 a week and for the non-employed man the contribution is to be £1·90 as against the £1·56 he is now called upon to pay.

At present St. Dunstan's is paying the whole of the contributions for those non-employed St. Dunstaners who are liable and is helping with the contribution of the employed and self-employed St. Dunstaner. Further information on this point will be given at a later date.

Subject to Parliamentary approval the increases in National Insurance Benefits and in contributions are due to come into effect during the week commencing 5th August, 1974.

EXAMPLES OF PENSIONS

Employable

	Present	*New*
Totally Blind	£	£
Basic Pension	12·80	**16·40**
Attendance Allowance	5·15	**6·60**
Comforts Allowance	2·20	**2·80**
Wife's Allowance	0·50	**0·50**
Child's Allowance	0·38	**0·38**
	£21·03	**£26·68**
Guiding Vision	£	£
Basic Pension	12·80	**16·40**
Attendance Allowance	2·60	**3·30**
Comforts Allowance	1·10	**1·40**
Wife's Allowance	0·50	**0·50**
Child's Allowance	0·38	**0·38**
	£17·38	**£21·98**
Totally Blind with exceptional maximum rate of Attendance Allowance	£	£
Basic Pension	12·80	**16·40**
Attendance Allowance	10·30	**13·20**
Comforts Allowance	2·20	**2·80**
Special Occupational Allowance	2·60	**3·30**
Exceptionally severely disabled Allowance	5·15	**6·60**
Wife's Allowance	0·50	**0·50**
Child's Allowance	0·38	**0·38**
	£33·93	**£43·18**

Unemployable

Totally Blind	£	£
Basic Pension	12·80	**16·40**
Attendance Allowance	5·15	**6·60**
Unemployability Supplement	8·40	**10·75**
Comforts Allowance	2·20	**2·80**
Wife's Allowance	5·25	**6·50**
Allowance for First Child	4·18	**5·28**
*Invalidity Allowance	1·00	**1·30**
	£38·98	**£49·63**
Guiding Vision	£	£
Basic Pension	12·80	**16·40**
Attendance Allowance	2·60	**3·30**
Unemployability Supplement	8·40	**10·75**
Comforts Allowance	2·20	**2·80**
Wife's Allowance	5·25	**6·50**
Allowance for First Child	4·18	**5·28**
*Invalidity Allowance	1·00	**1·30**
	£36·43	**£46·33**

*Based on the assumption that the St. Dunstaner is between the ages of 35 and 45 when first drawing Unemployability Supplement.

If a St. Dunstaner is 65 years of age or over, he will be receiving in addition to the above an Age Allowance of £3·60 a week.

Worldwide

One of the things about St. Dunstan's which interests me is its worldwide reputation. We have in South Africa a powerful organisation which is independent of us but affiliated to us and we have also in Australia, New Zealand and Canada, complementary or sister organisations which look after St. Dunstaners in the St. Dunstan's way; and an interesting aspect of it is that very much of the pattern in these countries is parallel to what is over here. For example, I went to two reunions in South Africa just after Christmas, one in Cape Town, one in Johannesburg, and there I met men, from the 1st World War, some retired, some still working, not very many, and a number of the Second World War men who were occupied in precisely the same way as St. Dunstaners here.

While I was there, I read and heard on the wireless about the floods in Brisbane, in Queensland, Australia. There was one man there who had built up a substantial business over the last 25 years; he was blinded in the Second War and lost his hand as well. The whole of his business was swamped, water three or four feet deep, his stock ruined and the work of 25 years more or less destroyed. We were able to give him help to set him up again. I only mention this because I like you to realise the influence of St. Dunstan's is not only in the United Kingdom but spreads over the whole of the British world.

In my speeches to St. Dunstaners at the Southampton and Brighton Reunions I told them, "I know precisely who all of you are, what you are doing. You are the chaps who have made the reputation of St. Dunstan's by your example. I would like to say a word of praise on behalf of St. Dunstaners, of praise to the wives, many of whom have come with us to-day and have done so much to help us all, and you I am sure will wish to pay your tribute to them. I would like then finally to tell you that my wife and I greatly admire all of you and that we bring our love and affection to you and wish you all the very best of good luck."

Fraser of Lonsdale

SUMMER OUTING

Sussex Grocers' Association announce their final Summer Outing which will take place on **Wednesday, 17th July** to Eastbourne with tea at 4.30 p.m. followed by "Startime 74" at the Congress Theatre at 6 p.m. starring Ronnie Corbett, Rod Hull and Emu, Kenneth McKellar etc.

Any St. Dunstaner not on **Mrs. Lillie's** mailing list and wishing to attend should write to her at **11, Lancaster Road, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5DG.**

Mr. Harry Bennett

All those who knew him will be very sorry to hear of Mr. HARRY BENNETT's death at Falmouth on 10th April and will join us in extending deep sympathy to his widow and to other members of his family.

Mr. Bennett joined St. Dunstan's staff in 1923 and quickly rose to Sales Manager. During the 2nd World War he took on the additional duties of Industrial Director. After the war Mr. Bennett rebuilt our home industries activities and he retired in January 1956.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome a St. Dunstaner recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes he will settle down happily as a member of our family.*

James Henderson of Heywood, Lancs., joined St. Dunstan's in April, 1974. He served in the Royal Engineers in the 2nd World War and was wounded in Italy in 1944. He is a bachelor.

Derby Coach

Our Derby Coach is now almost fully booked up. Will all participating St. Dunstaners, escorts and friends be at our meeting point, **H.Q. in Marylebone Road, at 9.00 a.m. prompt on Wednesday, 5th June.**

W. MILLER.

Mrs. Kathleen Lloyd, wife of our St. Dunstaner, Robert Lloyd, presents a bouquet to Lady Fraser at the Southampton Reunion.

Guide Dogs, Evan and Johnny get acquainted at Southampton. Also in the picture are their masters, Bill White and John Gilbert with Mrs. White.



SOUTHAMPTON REUNION

This year's Reunion in Southampton took place on 4th May, Cup Final Day, in a new venue, The Post House Hotel. From the familiar Polygon we found ourselves in an oblong. An oblong set on end to tower over the famous Southampton Docks. The Post House is an ultra modern hotel with ample parking and as at all Reunions, the staff was obliging and helpful—even to providing a running score board of events at Wembley—whispered between courses to our reporter.

Nearly 90 guests assembled for lunch under the chairmanship of Lord Fraser, accompanied by Lady Fraser. This comparatively small party enabled them both to meet and chat informally with many St. Dunstaners and their wives. 6 St. Dunstaners who served in the First War were present and 28 who served in the second.

Speaking after luncheon Lord Fraser welcomed a visitor, "Hardly a stranger because she's been with St. Dunstan's a very long time, that is Mrs. Avis Spurway."

He named members of the staff of various departments attending the Reunion, mentioning particularly Mrs. Yvonne Lyall, the Welfare Visitor responsible for arranging the Reunion.

"There are three new boys with us," he continued, "That is to say they are not so new but they are men who have come to their first Southampton Reunion today. They are Charles Butler, William White and John Gilbert. I am sorry for the reason that brings them to join us, but very happy to welcome them to St. Dunstan's."

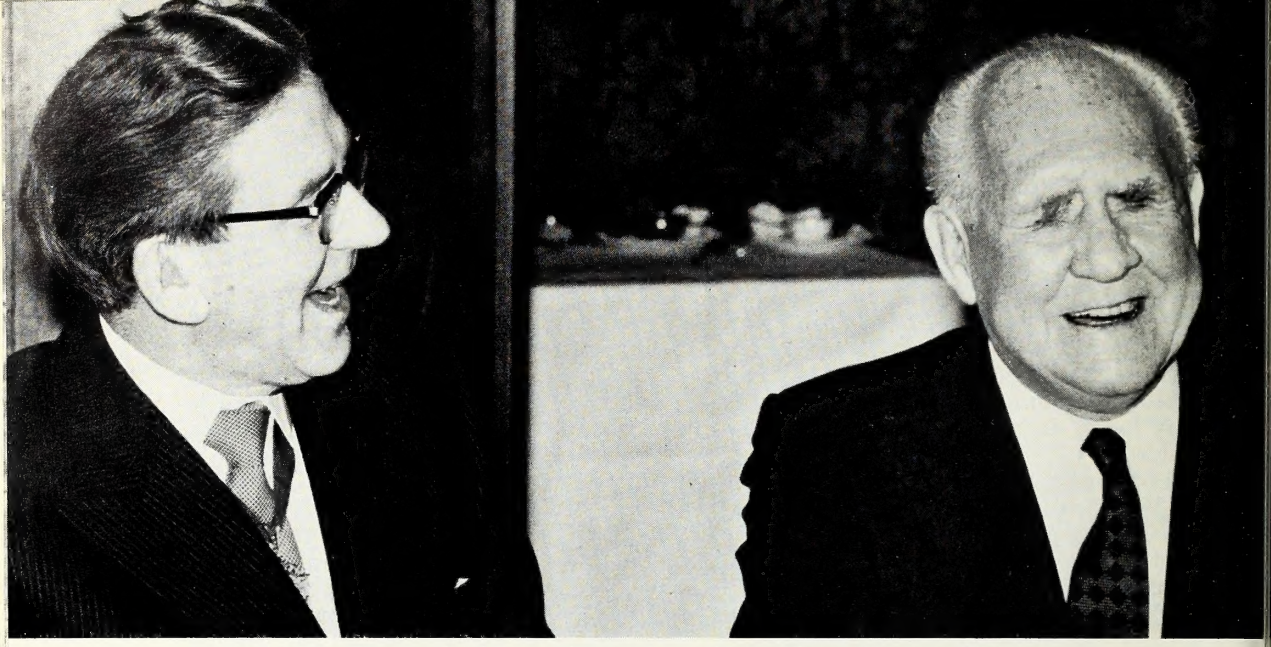
Lord Fraser then referred to the increases in War Pensions expressing appreciation of Governments of both sides but he continued, "I am sure you know very well that I have talked about this in the Houses of Parliament for a very long time and put a bomb under them sometimes when that has been necessary."

He then talked of the worldwide connection of St. Dunstan's, a theme he has developed more fully in Chairman's Notes in this issue and concluded with a tribute to St. Dunstaners and their wives, whose example has built up St. Dunstan's reputation.

Edward Slaughter of Salisbury, rose to propose the vote of thanks, "I came here with a lot of things in my mind which Lord Fraser has already mentioned. He has been very modest himself as to his part in St. Dunstan's. In my mind there come some words of Longfellow, 'The lives of great men all remind us, we can live our lives divine and departing leave behind us footprints in the sands of time.' And into those footsteps stepped Captain Ian Fraser in those days, and he has carried on a harrying and energetic work for the men of St. Dunstan's, ex-servicemen and women and other handicapped people. My father-in-law was a member of Hansard staff in the House of Commons and he once came to me and said, 'I heard Captain Ian Fraser this morning and that young officer will go far,' and there is no doubt that he has done. His work has been praised by his peers as you will have read in this month's *Review*. It is worth reading and it will, no doubt, leave me with less to say. He also has taken the words out of my mouth in thanking our Secretary, Mr. Wills, and Miss Rogers, whose kindly letters of encouragement and of happiness I love to receive and we thank also our visitor Mrs. Lyall for the arrangements we have had to-day and for the staff of this hotel in which we have enjoyed an exceedingly good lunch. Thank you very much and thank you Lord Fraser for the way you have proposed this toast to St. Dunstan's."

St. Dunstan's Secretary, Mr. C. D. Wills, chats to Arthur Hill Brown and his wife Irene.





At the Brighton Reunion Lord Fraser shares a joke with the Mayor, Alderman Sheldon.

Brighton Reunion

From the quiet of Hampshire to swinging Brighton, went Lord and Lady Fraser to their second Reunion within seven days. At the Metropole on Saturday, 11th May, the gathering numbered about 300 including 47 First War St. Dunstaners and 86 Second War and after.

This was an occasion with many guests headed by the Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton, Alderman and Mrs. B. Sheldon, others were Mr. K. S. C. Phillips, Chairman, Sussex Grocers' Association, Entertainments Fund; Mrs. M. G. Lillie, Secretary; Mr. G. C. Smith, General Manager, Southdown Motor Services Ltd., and Mr. A. K. Sharp, Hon. Secretary of the St. Dunstan's Outing Fund. The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, Chaplain to St. Dunstan's, Lady Ellerman and Mrs. E. F. Dacre.

Another welcome group of guests was one of retired staff headed by Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E. Representative members of the staff of all departments completed the gathering which sat down to an excellent meal in the Hotel Metropole's main banqueting room.

As other civic engagements claimed them that day, the Mayor and Mayoress had to leave before Lord Fraser spoke and Alderman Sheldon contented himself with a few words of warm welcome to "one of our greatest institutions in Brighton, St. Dunstan's and those who attend it." He pledged his help for St. Dunstan's in any way possible during his mayoral year.

Lord Fraser, opening his speech, said he wanted to make reference to some among the guests. They were the representatives of the Sussex Grocers' Association and Lord Fraser expressed St. Dunstan's thanks for the Grocers' many years of generosity towards our organisation and St. Dunstaners. His sentiments are more fully expressed in his Chairman's Notes.

Continuing Lord Fraser referred to Lady Ellerman's presence and to members of the staff, together with those who had retired. He expressed appreciation of Miss H. Stewart, Welfare Visitor responsible for the Reunion and Miss B. Blebta who assisted.

He greeted six St. Dunstaners attending their first reunion at Brighton, Cyril Aldridge, Henry Bachell, James Caldwell, Leslie May, Leslie Robinson and Stanley Wilkins.

Lord Fraser referred to the increases in war pensions before concluding with a tribute to St. Dunstaners and to their wives for the example they have set over the 59 years of life of St. Dunstan's.

Victor Buck of Brighton, a St. Dunstaner of the 1st World War but who was not admitted until 1961, proposed the vote of thanks in splendid style. He quoted a

proverb, "Blessed is the man who can give and forget and the man who can receive and remember." "Taking the first part", he said, "Lord Fraser referred to the birth of St. Dunstan's in 1915 and from that day up to the present day there have been ladies and gentlemen who have contributed by their money and services to St. Dunstan's and they have thus helped to build up the funds and organisation. We have been blessed by the fact of having the connection of the Pearson family with us from its inception as President and for the last 53 years we have had the finest Chairman that any organisation could have and I refer to Lord Fraser.

"Now coming to the second phrase of my proverb I would like you to bear with me and think of those at St. Dunstan's organisation who have always been willing to help and assist us; I refer to Lord and Lady Fraser and to the General Council. And then I want to refer to the Administration side, the staff. Reference has been made to the present staff, but I would like to include in my words of thanks appreciation for the past as well. We are all grateful when we go to Headquarters for assistance or advice, the willingness that is given in trying to help us to solve our difficulties and problems.

Thanks to Brighton Staff

"Coming nearer home, to Brighton. I refer to the Commandant, Mr. Fawcett, the Matrons, Mrs. Blackford and Miss Hallett and our old friendly Scottish friend, Dr. O'Hara, and there are several of the retired V.A.D's present, but I would like to say to all of the staff who are at Northgate and at Pearson House, we may not wear our hearts on our sleeves but we do have you in our thoughts and appreciate all that is done for us."

"Lord Fraser refers to our wives and I want to say this both to the wives and to those ladies who look after us and I have been very fortunate that since I came to Brighton I have been well cared for and looked after. It says in the Good Book that our wives are as good as jewels. When you lose them, you know what the price is. So to you ladies I want to say a word and endorse all that Lord Fraser has said. And there is another group of people that I ought to make reference to on behalf of St. Dunstaners and that is the outside escorts. We are inclined to take a lot of things I have mentioned for granted in this day and age. We begin to get a little bit selfish. We are taking too much for granted. We want other people to do things for us. Now we at St. Dunstan's have been trained differently. If you look back to your days of your training you were taught to adapt yourself to what was there to accept and to do the best you could so that when you went out into the world you did not go out as a disabled person but one who was an asset to the nation."

Grocers and St. Dunstan's

Mr. K. S. C. Phillips, spoke for the Grocers' Federation in reply to Lord Fraser. "I thank him for the very nice things that he has said about the Grocers' Association and me. I have always been, all my life, a wholesale grocer, the Grocers that have served and have helped St. Dunstan's in the past on these outings are retail Grocers and I have been very delighted that I have known them to help them with the job and I would like to emphasise again what a tremendous job the retail Grocers have done in the past.

"As you know we are holding two outings this year and unfortunately these are the last two we shall be able to do. I am afraid my morale will have gone because St. Dunstaners always help me to get over all my difficulties and to feel, after the end of the "do's", well revived".

The afternoon continued with dancing to the Ken Lyon trio.

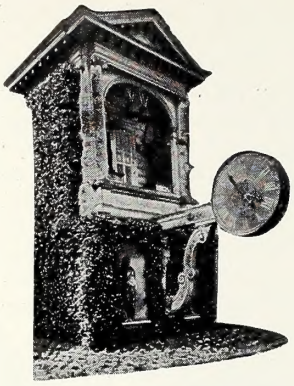
Correction

In last month's report on the Bristol Reunion held on 30th March we said in connection with the vote of thanks by Joseph Harris:—

"It was grand to have Mr. Nigel Pearson there in such good form. If there were no funds, he said, there would not be so many happy faces present on that day."

We are now assured that the words actually spoken were:—

"It is grand to have Mr. Nigel Pearson here in such good form, and, as you know, he is the grandson of the Founder of St. Dunstan's, and if it had not been for him there would not be so many happy faces present."



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Good News in Braille

One of the most popular modern versions of the New Testament is one entitled "Good News for Modern Man." It has already been published in paperback editions and now it has been chosen by the British and Foreign Bible Society to be published in Braille.

The Scottish Braille Press, who print the *Review*, are producing this modern version in nine volumes. The four Gospels are already available from the Society at 20p per copy. Their address: British and Foreign Bible Society, 146 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4V 4BX.



Bill Griffiths talking to H.R.H. Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh. *Photo-Blackpool Gazette and Herald.*

Enjoy yourself

We mentioned **Reg Page's** efforts at tree felling in an article last month. At the Brighton Reunion he told me about one of the results of his work: "It was my birthday. I got up about eightish and my wife Audrey said, 'Many Happy Returns of the Day. If I were you,' she said, 'I would take things easy, after all is said and done, you only get a birthday once a year. Do what you want to do, that's the best way on your birthday."

Like any other experienced married man Reg's reaction to this was a cautious, "Well, dear, I suppose it is." Audrey went on, "The sun is shining beautifully and it's a lovely day so you get yourself out there and cut that wood up!"

Bill meets the Duke

Among some 3,500 Ex Far East P.O.W.'s wives and guests in Blackpool over the week-end of May 3rd-5th, were **Bill and Alice Griffiths.** It was the Annual Conference and Reunion of the F.E.P.O.W. organisation and the guest of honour was H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

Bill was one of those fortunate enough to be introduced to the Duke, who was interested in the fact that Bill was wounded in Java, now part of Indonesia, recently visited by the Queen and Prince Philip. "He asked me my unit," Bill said, "I told him the R.A.F. He said, 'Were you shot down?' and I said, 'No, I was blown up.' He laughed."

Sport cropped up and the Duke said he was delighted to hear that Bill still enjoys swimming and athletics, "In a limited way!"

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1825

Royal Flush
by Margaret Irwin
Read by Anthony Parker

An historical biography of Minnette, sister of Charles the Second. Although I make no bones about disliking this type of work I found this book less heavy going than usual. The author draws Minnette as a very likeable young woman and her husband Phillip as an obnoxious effeminate mincing bore. Of course the intrigues of Catholic and Protestant religions are given their full play, and indirectly Minnette takes part in a political plot which long after her death will lose the Stuarts the Crown of England.

Cat. No. 1817

An Edge to the Laughter
by Jay Gilbert
Read by Arthur Bush

A young architect and his student engineer wife are struggling to adapt and convert a Victorian derelict house into an up-to-date, all mod. con. boarding house. What has begun as a labour of love has become a millstone round their necks. The author takes us into a series of personality studies under various pressures. Stephen, the most tolerant of husbands, knows that Mike, their first lodger and friend, has fallen in love with Pauline, his wife. Mr. Gillespie a most eccentric little man reads much more into the affair than is justified and is delighted when Julie comes on to the scene to seduce Mike. The overworked Pauline finds the behaviour of Mr. Gillespie too much to handle, particularly when the police come knocking at her door, but Stephen can't find it in his heart to chuck the old man out. The situation is saved when Stephen accepts another post in the country, but for Mr. Gillespie it is the end of the road.

Most entertainingly written but for the life of me I cannot connect the work to the title.

Cat. No. 1854

Flashman
by George Macdonald Fraser
Read by Peter Reynolds

Allegedly part of the autobiography of Colonel Harry Flashman revealing the cowardice and lechery which won him fame and fortune in Queen Victoria's reign, after he was expelled from Rugby. This is a fascinating novel in which the author takes for his hero—I beg your pardon—anti-hero, the infamous character from Tom Brown's school days.

Cat. No. 1820

Mr. Olim
by Ernest Raymond
Read by Jon Curle

A retired Civil Servant lies in the grass and happily remembers his old form master who shaped his thoughts towards life and learning in his school days before the First World War.

Interesting reading and a good character study of a teacher who was as rough with a cane as he was with his tongue.

Cat. No. 1827

The Campbells are Coming
by Felicity Hayle
Read by Carol Marsh

Definitely one for the ladies! A full blooded hospital romance. Dedicated young houseman meets dedicated young nurse. Dedicated doctor turns out to be of noble birth. Dedicated young nurse knows she is a foundling and not worthy of him. Heartbreak and separation as dedicated nurse decides to become dedicated beauty queen. Dedicated doctor mistakes her motive. The dedicated business tycoon who was once their joint patient waves wand and all worries and troubles vanish and they all live dedicatedly happily ever after. Perhaps I'm not being fair to the author. I'm sure many people will enjoy this book, but oh dear! oh dear!

We had two play readings in March, the first included a serious One Act Play called "The Dark Hour", also 3 separate acts about "The Luscombes"—a West Country family who once featured in a radio programme. We welcomed Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Dennis as guest readers; the remainder were staff.

The second, at the end of March, was "Spring and Port Wine", a Lancashire comedy. We persuaded Mr. Edward Chapman to read the father, Rafe Crompton, the type of part we've heard or seen him do in films or television with great success. He was ably supported by Mr. and Mrs. Lilley, Mrs. Wood, Miss King, Mr. Boorman, Mr. Holland and our own Mrs. Dennis.

The following week Mr. Chapman concluded his weekly Wednesday afternoon short story readings.

Fortnightly drives have been enjoyed as we have had many sunny days, particularly a visit to Guy Harwood's Racing Stables. Geoff Lawson, the jump jockey, showed us round and many of the horses' names were recognised by our racing fraternity. To round off the afternoon we were given a most generous tea in the stable lads' canteen.

The town came to life with the event of the Eurovision Song Contest, although it was not possible for the public to obtain tickets.

Easter

The tone of Easter was set by the Church Service on Good Friday and in the evening Tom Eales once more gave a delightful stereo programme of Easter and Spring time music—some very well known, such as "Rustle of Spring", and perhaps not quite so familiar Schumann's "Spring Symphony" were included in a restful programme. We had small numbers for the Whist and Domino Tournament, but no less enjoyable.

This is the first year for very many that Jay Thomas with her Concert Party from Worthing did not come for Easter Sunday. I know many of you will remember her and be sorry to hear that she is unwell. Instead we were very fortunate to have the "Arena" who had compiled a programme especially for us called "Pardon my French!" A talented trio, led by Mrs. Anne Goodman, their Director. It's a complete change, as they write a great deal of their own material.

A Dance and Easter Bonnets—yes, we had them! It would be impossible to describe them all, but I feel that Cyril Eighteen deserves a mention as he brought his masterpiece with him, called an "Easter Wedding". It was a top hat complete with church porch with a bell tower and bridal couple on the front.

What a delightful judge we had, Mrs. Andrew Bowden. Her husband, who is, of course, our Member of Parliament, came but took a back seat this time. As she presented the 8 ladies' and 8 gents' prizes, she described every hat—a marathon in itself!

April ended with a lively concert from the "Optimists" on their first visit, compéred by Wally Muspratt, known to us all, as he has a florist's shop near by.

Frank Reviews—*continued*

Cat. No. 1838

The Light that Failed
by Rudyard Kipling
Read by Garard Green

Here is one of Kipling's classics resurrected for our benefit. A young artist who has found fame as a war correspondent meets again his childhood sweetheart and endeavours to woo her but she is only interested in his art. When blindness strikes him she just doesn't want to know, so its back to the field and an honourable bullet through the head, which I suppose is one way out with no St. Dunstan's or R.N.I.B.

I don't think he should have left all his money to that girl though.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Our readers will note with regret that the obituary of FRANK HICKS is published in the In Memory column. We hope in future to carry a review of Talking Books by PHILLIP WOOD of Crewe.

Private Hopper's Friend Meg

This extract from Sir Arthur Pearson's "Notes by the Chief" is reproduced from St. Dunstan's Review, January 1919. It is interesting to note that the Guide Dog training movement began in this country in 1931, and that the first large scale scientific training of dogs for the guidance of blind people began in 1916 in Germany. As an individual and at very nearly the same time, Private W. J. Hopper was working on remarkably similar lines to the technique which has developed since then—apart from the whippings, of course! William Hopper, who lived in Bridlington died in 1952.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

Some months ago I wrote a note telling of the failure of experiments which had been made in France in the matter of training dogs to act as guides to blinded soldiers. The attempt to accomplish this started in a way which led to highest hopes, but the carefully trained dog guides when put to actual use, proved quite incapable and unsatisfactory. I have lately had a correspondence with Pte. W. J. Hopper, who left St. Dunstan's in September, 1917, and who was deprived of his right hand as well as of his sight, and who in his last letter writes as follows: "I am pleased that you are interested in my dog 'Meg'. To start from the beginning, as regards her training I must confess I lost my patience with her, as she would persist in pulling me along. However, I persevered, and by degrees got her to go steadily. Now she goes fine. I have to give her a few whippings, of course. I adopted no special course of training—my idea in the beginning was to get her used to the town. This I did by going out with my wife, who walked at my side touching elbows, as it were, and checking the dog if she tried to draw me from my wife's side. By degrees she began to realize that she must keep straight ahead. I checked her from the first from the habits dogs usually adopt, viz., taking notice of other dogs, and smelling about, etc. In short, if she strayed from the straight course she got severely reprimanded. She soon got to know what was required of her, and what houses and shops are frequently visited, and when I am nearing them I just say: 'Find it, Meg,' and she very rarely fails to do so. The worst thing I have to contend with is gossiping women and perambulators.
'Meg' is thoroughbred Newfoundland, and her height when full-grown will be about three feet. The leash I use is about one foot long." Now, Hopper worked out the dog guide problem in quite a different way from that followed by the French people. They used little dogs, who had to be taught to trot on ahead of the blind man. Hopper trained a big dog who walks by his side. When I first lost my sight I was spending most of my time in the country, and I several times thought of trying to train a big, quick-walking dog, who would come with me for country rambles, but I had not much time to spare, and one or two awkward experiences led me to abandon the idea. It does seem, however, to me, that a dog like Hopper's friend "Meg," might well be a very useful outdoor companion. Newfoundlands are usually credited with being extraordinarily intelligent dogs, and I have no doubt that this has something to do with the success of Hopper's experiment.

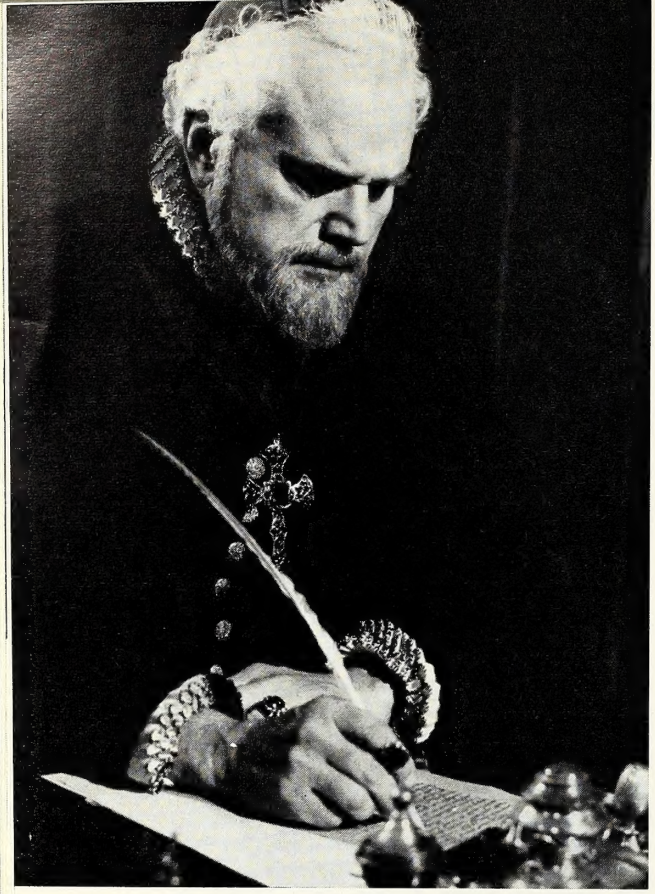
KEMP TOWN NOTES—*Continued*

Plenty of songs to join in, an excellent harmonica player, and a hard working accompanist—a most enjoyable evening and we shall hope they'll come again.

I feel the garden deserves a mention as it is such an improvement on this time last year—the two raised beds are full of colourful wallflowers and tulips, and after the recent rain, combined with watering, the lawns seem established. We must seek out and dust down the garden chairs in preparation for the warmer days.

STUDENT OF THE YEAR

Peter, son of DONALD BAKER of Rhyl, N. Wales, who is a student at the Rycotwood Agricultural Engineering College, Thame, Oxfordshire, has won the Student of the Year Award and the Hollindrake Award and has been invited to take a graduate course.



Acting being sighted: Esmond Knight, as Bishop de Quadra in the famous Elizabeth R series on BBC TV "writes" a letter, although in life he can only see large block letters held close to his eye. Photo: BBC

WAYS OF LIFE 22

AN EYE FOR THE FUTU

Talking to David Castleton

Off King's Road, London's trendy highway of boutiques and 'gear' shops with their amplified music and their population of dolly birds, run the small side streets where the real Chelsea tradition continues to flourish. In one of these lives a St. Dunstaner who fits perfectly into that tradition, an actor of standing in his profession and an amateur artist of talent and originality despite his severe visual handicap. He is Esmond Knight.

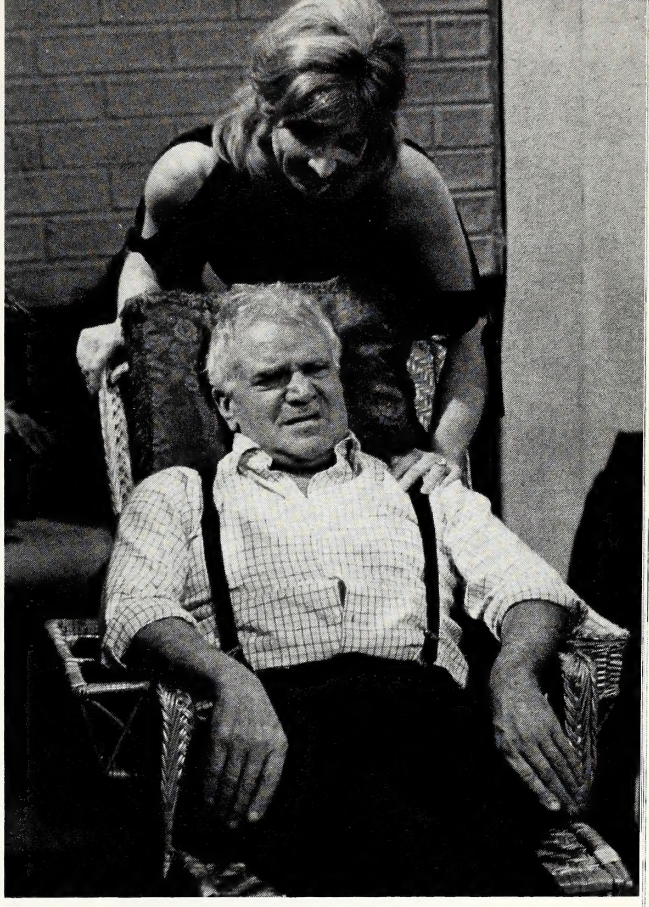
Many of the articles in this series have told the stories of St. Dunstaners for whom their loss of sight has meant a change in their way of life. Some of them believe that change to have given them more success than they might have achieved with their sight. Esmond Knight, despite his blindness, at first total and now partial, has been able to continue and succeed in his profession as an actor. A profession in which most of us would conclude that perfect vision is essential.

Surprisingly, he disagrees: "Acting is about the only job you can think of in which one has the opportunity of practising or rehearsing what you are going to do. If you are a surgeon doing a big operation, you don't have the opportunity of rehearsing what you are going to do, but in the theatre that is what rehearsal is for".

His acting career began in 1925 at the Old Vic when he was 19, like others before him he found it a long haul to success. "I had been acting on and off, doing various things, struggling on until the old fairy tale chance suddenly turned up at the right moment: somebody picking me out and saying, 'that's the chap I want', and getting me into musicals. I played the lead in this thing called *Waltzes from Vienna*. From earning £5.00 per week I was suddenly earning £60.00. It was like a great dream playing the lead in the West End".

Through musicals and straight plays the dream continued until, during a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in Regents Park, it began to crumble. "We heard the sirens going off in anger for the first time. It was a Saturday afternoon when they bombed the docks". Not long

mond Knight



From immaculate Elizabethen Bishop to untidy contemporary husband—Esmond Knight as Foss with Dora Reisser as Mrs. Foss in an episode in the BBC TV Troubleshooters series.
Photo: BBC

after that Esmond Knight joined the RNVR to begin his service which lead to his involvement in the famous Bismarck action in which, as an officer in H.M.S. Prince of Wales, he was wounded and lost his sight.

At St. Dunstan's he learned typing and Braille and formed a determination, "to get back to the only thing I knew". He recalls those days at Church Stretton and their humour. "Somebody sent us a song they made up saying: Dear St. Dunstaners, I am sure you dear boys would all like to learn this jolly song I have composed for you. I am sure it will give you great heart when you are walking to work in the morning. It goes, 'Tap, tap, tap, tap, jolly St. Dunstan's boys'. She sent it to us and suggested we all sing this—it soon got a fairly rude version set to it!"

"My first venture back into the old business was doing a radio series. I had to learn it because I was never good enough at Braille to be able to read it at speed like those wonderful Braille readers do. So each week I raked up a famous story about the Navy, or maybe an infamous one, and I simply learnt it and spouted it for about four and a half minutes."

Friends advised Esmond against going back to the theatre, "They said everybody will know you are blind and they will only be thinking about your condition. It will ruin any kind of decent performance you might conceivably be giving because they will be thinking, 'Oh, isn't it a shame, you know, he can't see'. They would inevitably be waiting for me to fall over the footlights into the orchestra pit or do something unrehearsed which could only cause acute embarrassment both to the audience and to myself. Actually, I did, I did fall into the orchestra pit during a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* at Stratford in which I made an entrance staggering on to the stage backwards; misjudged my angle and fell backwards about 10 feet off the edge of the stage—to loud laughter and applause from the audience! Everybody back-stage thought I must have killed myself but I came-to having seen several remarkable constellations in my head,



With some treasured possessions—swords once used by Henry Irving on stage.

climbed on to the back of the carpenter and pulled myself on to the stage to continue the play".

So, when another fairytale chance came his way, an offer to play in a film, *The Silver Fleet* with Ralph Richardson and Googie Withers, the war-blinded Esmond Knight asked if there was a really nasty part in it. "There happened to be a very unpleasant part of a German Gauleiter. You see the only hope was to play a stinking, horrible character, so that it would look as if I were not playing for sympathy. A really nasty man so that it kind of took the curse off the thing".

He was totally blind at this time, the part called for him to negotiate narrow gangplanks, to climb into the conning tower of a submarine, to come downstairs, to pick up the telephone. It was, perhaps, an act of faith on the part of an old friend, Michael Powell, to cast Esmond Knight in that part. "He said, 'I am sure we can work things out'—and of course you can: one, two, three paces into a room, half left turn, one pace, put your hand down there's the telephone. You take your cigarette case out. You don't go on looking ahead like blind people are inclined to do, you look at your cigarette case. I was acting being sighted".

In that first film part Esmond was evolving techniques which have served him well on stage, on film set and, in recent years, in television studio. For although a cataract operation and subsequent treatment by the late Dr. Vincent Nesfield restored some sight to his remaining eye, throughout his post war career each production has represented a race with hurdles of varying heights. Sometimes he may be able to see who he is acting with, or where he is going, another time he may not.

"As I have got a lot of opacities and a badly damaged retina, if you have a big film light shining into your eye it is like a torch shining at you in a dark room. You can't see anything past it. If I can't see somebody I am acting with, say you, there, I am liable to look here and say, 'Oh, David, with regard to that . . .' The director comes and says, 'I am terribly sorry, dear, but David is about 15 degrees to your right', and then I ask you to speak and then I get it right. Otherwise I am liable to look in the wrong direction".

Nevertheless, "every bit of sight you've got is useful", and when, in Spring 1943, Esmond found some perception of light returned under the treatment, he was able to accept an offer from Laurence Olivier of a part in his film *Henry V*. It was to be a small part, "Then I met him and told him I was getting some sight back. He said, 'How's your Welsh?', I said, 'Well, not bad', so he gave me the part of Llewellyn. By the time we began to make it at the end of June, 1943, just about two years after I had got knocked out, I found myself in the absolutely wonderful position of playing in this marvellous film with Olivier".

Learning Lines

There is a problem Esmond meets before he enters stage or set and that is learning lines. This is a problem that his wife, the famous actress Nora Swinburne, helps him to overcome, "I either get Nora to teach them to me or, if I write them out in huge block letters, by holding it about two or three inches from my face I can read". This seems a laborious method but he points out, "lines learnt by reading are very much more inclined to stay in the mind than lines learnt verbally. In fact it is an awful trick but this is what actors do, you visualise the page, that speech is at the bottom of the page; you remember the speech at the top of the next page, It creates a sort of photographic impression".

"Mark you, that's not the good way of learning. The best way is to so well understand the character that you can think that this man is actually saying the dialogue and you are speaking naturally as this man. The words flow naturally out of the character. It depends how good the part is or how well written. It certainly applies to Shakespeare or to Bernard Shaw or to somebody like that".

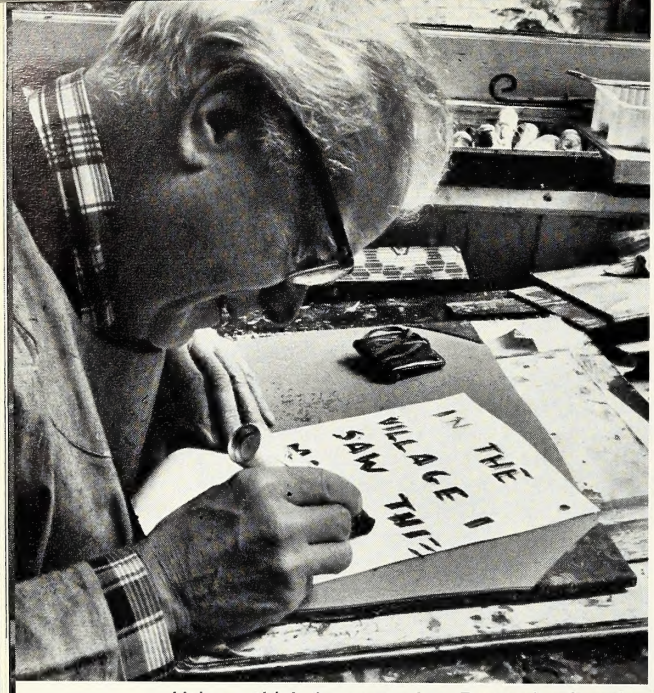
Because of his difficulties, Esmond concentrates on learning his part early. To the eternal surprise of fellow actors he comes to first rehearsal word perfect. "We all sit round a table. The director says, 'Do you know everybody? That's Miss so and so, that's Mr. Snodgrass. Right, shall we have a reading now? That's fine. Will you begin, er, John' He starts reading and they are all reading away, smoking away—and I am just sitting. When it comes to my cue I speak and they all say, 'Oh, how marvellous, you know your lines already'. I say, 'It isn't marvellous, you could learn them if you took the darn trouble to. It's just that I have to, I can't read'".

Knowing lines early is an advantage, particularly as each set in each production is different and, not having to read, he can concentrate on learning the lay-out of the set in rehearsal. "The actual jobs I get are nearly all through people who know me or know that through the medium of rehearsal I can very quickly be urged or encouraged to get into the right place".

Beacons

"I always hope that on the set there are going to be one or two light-houses or beacons as I call them. The property man is very important to me. They often say, 'Is there anything I can do, Esmond, to make this a bit easier for you?' I had to do a bit in a thing that was shown on T.V. last Saturday. I was an old General in a wheelchair. I had to turn my chair and wheel across the set missing a table or two on the way to get to where my crutches were leaning. When I turned my chair round I couldn't see anything at all. It was an absolute blank. So I said to the director, 'Would you mind if I asked Jimmy, the props, could he just put a beacon somehow on that table?' So we got a newspaper the end of which hung over the edge of the table and there happened to be a light which just caught it and that was a lovely beacon. I could go straight towards it."

"In *Fall of Eagles* I am playing a part of a Russian General. We have to stop the old Czar's train and I have to get on board to tell him that the delegates of the Duma have requested him to resign. We shot this in a period railway carriage on the flats of Norfolk but there again I had a very strong light pointing in my eyes. They had to give me an eye line every time. I remember



Using a thick, heavy marker, Esmond writes the large capital letters that he can read.

the Czar was sitting down and I was inclined to be looking there and they'd say, 'No, it's here, Esmond'. Then, when he gets up he's not here but he's there and the camera was there, you see, and then you've got to be tricky. You must never look smack into the lens of the camera—it immediately spoils the illusion. But all the time people are nice enough to employ me and take that little bit of extra trouble."

There have been many people willing to take that trouble. "I've really played almost everything, Yorkshiremen, Welshmen, funny Frenchmen. I've played a terrific lot of characters in Shakespeare. I have been in Old Vic. I have been at Stratford. I think, nowadays, acting is really better with the kind of realism that has come in. If you look at the average television play, the actual substance of the play may be nonsense—which it often is—but the general standard of acting is frightfully good, I think, nowadays."

"So good that it is much better to act as little as possible and by that I mean that you stand a better chance of giving a convincing performance on this very exacting medium if you are typecast to play what you are. Speaking boastfully, because I have had a lot of experience, there are character parts that I can play fairly well but I notice that as time goes on my friends seem to get cast for parts which are, in fact, right for them. I might play a doctor or an old soldier or a farmer, but a man of my age and, for the most part, speaking more or less as I do, without any special accent."

Esmond goes to the theatre a lot. "I think it's one's duty to go. I have been to see a lot in the theatre recently. Mark you, there's not a hell of a lot which attracts me because I do not like the modern trend in playwriting. Dirty lines, your old four letter words, have become almost clichés in the theatre now. I say clichés because now there is no censorship everybody uses them and it is just simply sort of boring. I feel that wouldn't matter too much provided that one felt a dramatic and valid purpose but very often there doesn't seem to be a story, a beginning or an end. It's just dirt for dirt's sake. Another thing I find a bit disturbing is that, with a few notable exceptions, most of your modern authors seem out to destroy everything that was ever held to be worthwhile. Marriage, sex, any feeling for country, or for principle, they are all dragged in the mud".

Disillusioned

"In fact our old theatre-going public who at one time went regularly to a favourite theatre or a play by a favourite author have now become so disillusioned by what they have to sit through and, incidentally, by what they have to pay, that they are inclined to stay away. Thank God, for the sake of those actors employed, for the foreigners who flock to London imagining that our theatre is almost the best thing we have to offer."

When he says he has been to see a lot in the theatre, how much *can* Esmond see? "It is an extremely hard thing to describe. If you screw your eyelids down to their absolute meanest aperture. Close them down, then open them very gently until the first glimmer of light comes through—that's roughly how much I can see. You don't get much detail because the light doesn't come into the eye".

So Esmond Knight acts blindfolded with just the merest chink of light in one eye. He also paints and there are two very good canvases on his lounge wall. He paints in oils, "Oil painting is wonderful, particularly if you are painting on a board. You



At work on a painting in his small studio extension.

make several boss shots and you simply get a rag soaked in turpentine and wash it out and start again, or paint over what you have done and by mistake get a marvellous effect!".

He relies entirely on his visual memory in painting his subjects: landscapes, seascapes or theatrical pictures of actors in the wings, dark against the bright lights of the stage. "I am remembering, if you are looking out at a harbour or over fields, how the light changes as the distance goes away. If it is a landscape I always start with the sky, whether it is a storm or a clear pale blue with dark clouds and white. You decide how high up on the canvas your actual eye line is going to be. It might be a picture in which the horizon is very, very low. This gives a wonderful feeling of space. Then, if you want to show more, you simply put the horizon up. Then, of course, the stuff in the foreground comes right up to you in perspective".

Mixing colours can be difficult, "I very often have to ask Nora, 'What is that colour? Is that an olive green or is it a paler green?' Once I have established that, I squish them out on a palette. I have red on the left because it is red for port and green on the right—green for the starboard side —black in the middle and so on".

He did not study art but it is in his family. "My great grandfather, a chap called John Buxton Knight, has still got pictures in the Tate Gallery and all my ancestors on my father's and, indeed, on my mother's side, could paint". He paints in an impressionistic style and finds a creative feeling of satisfaction in his hobby. "It's sort of fun to stand back and say to yourself, only about five hours ago there was nothing on that board at all, now there is a picture".

He has put his art to the test of public exhibition. "It was very surprising, all kinds of people turned up and one after another of these things were sold. This kind of snob thing goes on. When people look round and see the little red dots on pictures they begin to think, 'Oh, this chap must be quite good. Perhaps we ought to have one of these'."

An essentially visual man, he misses his cars, "I had my last lovely old Talbot '105'



Acting with Ralph Richardson in She Stoops to Conquer. Photo: BBC

motorcar in 1940 and that's the last time I have ever driven. A motorcar meant liberty as far as I am concerned. I often say to people, 'If I could see, that would be the last thing I would get rid of. All the time you've money to buy some petrol you can get into your car and clear out."

But the man who visualises his lines on a page, or the perspective of a landscape; who uses the chink in his blindfold to move around the stage or studio set and to paint pictures, has to face the fact that his blindfold is slipping, "I have developed this wretched condition of glaucoma and I have to take pills and eye drops to keep the pressure down. All the time I can keep the pressure down in my eye, I ought to be able to hang on to the vision I have.

"But as far as the future is concerned, it depends, on one thing and one thing only, how well my eye is going to stand up. If it is, in fact, slowly deteriorating all the time and it ultimately goes altogether a few people might still employ me to act in the way we have described but it would mean that I wouldn't be able to paint at all. As far as I am concerned it would be awful. It would really be the end".

"I think I could write a bit. It's a terribly easy thing to say, but I think I might be able to. I wrote a terrible book called *Seeking the bubble* at the time I was in the *Silver Fleet*. I dictated this book which took me a long time. It was a very bad book, I wish I had waited until now to do it". In fact, this is something of an understatement. He already writes for magazines.

So Esmond Knight is quite literally a man with an eye for the future. Meeting him and talking with him one finds a man of wide talent, high courage and, perhaps most important, of infinite adaptabilities. It is hard to imagine him ever really finding himself at an end.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Readers might like to know that on BBC Radio 4 at 10.15 p.m. on Sunday, June 23rd, Esmond Knight is broadcasting a solo programme entitled, Our King went forth to Normandy. *In it he tells the story of Agincourt in the character of a soldier who enlists in a contingent raised in a remote village in Wiltshire and who took part in the Battle.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Peter Spencer, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset

WAR PENSIONS

Lord Fraser, the Royal British Legion and others, have for years voiced the need to Governments of all political shades for improvement in War Disabled and War Widows pensions and I shudder to think, without their efforts, what the situation would be like to-day.

Many of us are baffled, and at times nauseated, by consecutive Government statements relating these pensions, to the cost of living, the standard of living, inflation, deflation and so forth, when really it is an attitude of Scrooge-like meanness which prevents fair compensation being awarded.

In European countries the War Pension is at least double, and even in Yugoslavia it is 80% more. I wonder if their cost of living is higher than ours? War Pensions in the Commonwealth countries are also, I believe, considerably higher than in the U.K.

Damages for blindness given recently by a civilian Court in this country could, after investment, bring in an income of £120 per week after paying tax and jolly good luck to them too.

The British war disabled, however, are proud and patriotic and will, of course, receive this latest increase with dignity and thanks, but please, please, please never let any Government say or even think they are being generous when it comes to paying fair compensation to the war disabled and war widows.

From Mrs. J. H. Griffiths, South Woodingdean, Brighton.

I have just read David Bell's account of his journey along the Roman Wall and as I spent a great deal of my younger life up there I have written to tell him how much pleasure his article gave me. My first husband was Billy Watson, who also was a St. Dunstaner, and he was born not far from the Roman Wall, and his people still farm there, so David Bell's account brought back very many happy memories.

CLUB NEWS

London

After a run of six weeks the Football Pontoon ended on 27th April and was jointly shared by J. Carney, J. Lynch, H. Meleson and J. Padley, their teams being Carlisle, Sunderland, Arsenal and Tottenham respectively. The "booby" prize was won by Mrs. Carney with Oxford.

The domino winners during the month of April were as follows:—

4th April. **1. J. Padley**
2. C. Hancock

18th April. **1. J. Padley**
2. J. Majchrowicz

25th April. **1. R. Armstrong**
2. J. Padley

We are happy to report that at long last the Sir Arthur Pearson Domino Fives and Threes Knockout Competition has been concluded. Paul Nuyens defeated Pat Sheehan by two clear games to nil.

W. MILLER

LETTERS—*continued*

From Alfred Pointon of Bexhill-on-Sea

I think that it is the third verse of John Masefield's poem "Cargoes" which starts "Dirty British coaster with a salt caked smoke stack, butting through the Channel in the mad March Days."

On many March days that would be so right, but the last week-end of March this year when St. Dunstan's again arranged fishing trips was an incredible exception. Two days of flat calm sea, and enough sun to give those hopefuls amongst us who dangled bait into the Channel but somehow caught a million dollar tan. Maybe we did not solve all the world's problems, but despite light hauls of fish the week-end was, if only for the incredible weather a very memorable one.

Maybe one day we will check up on the other two verses—"Quinquareme of Nineveh from distant Ophir" and "Stately Spanish Galleon coming from the Isthmus." Maybe not—riding at anchor off Newhaven, and dangling is so much more relaxing.

A Charity Football Match

or how not to kick-off at a Soccer Match

by Trevor Tatchell

The staff and patrons of the Beverley Hotel in Cathedral Road, Cardiff, decided to organise a charity football match in aid of the Cardiff Fund for the Blind and they proposed that the Ladies would challenge the Men.

The Match took place at the Sophia Gardens on the morning of Sunday, March 31st, 1974, and, as Secretary of the Fund, I was invited to kick-off.

I Kick-Off

The Referee blew up and I duly kicked-off, then, hey presto, all hell was let loose, players were running in all directions, the ladies were shrieking, the men were bellowing and the spectators yelling, for the first time in my life I experienced the sounds that carry to the middle of a football pitch. More than ever I admire the players who are subjected to this overwhelming noise at the Cardiff Arms Park with Bread of Heaven, the Hampden Roar in Scotland and the Kop in Liverpool, with You'll Never Walk Alone. My escort, forgot all about me and ran off the field and as I did not know what was happening I remained rooted to the spot in confusion. My daughter realising my problem started to run on to the field and met Mr. Payne halfway he, then, promptly turned around and ran back to me; he was about the sixth person to manhandle me by this time but we eventually all got off the pitch safely. Believe me I was very happy to get out of that melée. After that hilarious start the ladies, dressed in borrowed Rugby-forwards' shorts and shirts from a local Soccer Club rushed up and down the pitch and successfully defeated the men by 4 goals to 3; imagine the ladies dressed in 17-stone Rugby-forwards' shorts enthusiastically chasing every ball that came their way.

At the end of the Match we all marched back to the Beverley Hotel accompanied by a Jazz Band from the Rhondda called the Magpies. All stirring stuff and enough to bring a lump to the throat of any Welshman.

WALKING CLUB Results

The Walking Section held their usual races at Ewell throughout the winter months, and completed their season with the seven miles Championship on Saturday, 23rd March, with eight St. Dunstaners taking part.

The result of the race was easy to forecast, but not so, the final placings in the aggregate of handicap points for the Archie Brown Trophy. Charles Stafford, Stan Tutton and Bill Miller were each hoping to win the much coveted cup for the first time, and Bob Young for his second time, since the competition started eleven years ago. When the final result was known, the happiest man was **Bill Miller.**

Result of 7 mile Championship

Order of Finish	*Actual Time*	*Allowance*	*Handicap Time*
W. Miller	70.56	scr.	70.56
D. Purches	71.42	1.30	70.12
J. Simpson	72.28	1.00	71.28
M. Tetley	73.59	6.30	67.29
S. Tutton	77.35	10.30	67.05
R. Young	80.47	14.00	66.47
C. Stafford	80.55	12.00	68.55
J. Wright	85.19	12.00	73.19

The 1974 Result of the Archie Brown Trophy

W. Miller	28 points
S. Tutton	26 ,,
R. Young	26 ,,
C. Stafford	25 ,,
M. Tetley	22 ,,
J. Wright	15 ,,
D. Purches	15 ,,
J. Simpson	3 ,,
C. Redford	2 ,,

W. H. MILLER

3RD PRIZE—50p

Congratulations to Raymond Standiford of Bolton, who exhibited a wool rug in the local Handicapped Persons' Handicraft Exhibition and won 3rd prize—50p and a medal. Raymond joined St. Dunstan's in 1972 and has taken a great interest in handicraft work.

BRIDGE NOTES

BRIGHTON

On Saturday, 27th April, 18 St. Dunstaners with their wives, friends and helpers, assembled at the Saltdean Community Centre for a bridge drive which took place in the ballroom. Altogether there were 9 tables. We were particularly pleased to welcome Miss Blodwyn Simon and Miss Vera Kemmish amongst us. Winding up the afternoon's activities, Reginald Goding, on our behalf thanked Mrs. Nicholson and Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson for providing us with a lovely tea and refreshments and also John Whitcombe for all his efforts in organising such a successful afternoon. The prize winners were as follows:—

1. **S. Webster and C. Ling**
2. W. Scott and Mrs. A. Negus
3. J. Whitcombe and Miss C. Sturdie
4. F. Rhodes and Mrs. I. Gover

R.A.F.

London

The fourth Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 4th May. The results were as follows:—

W. Allen and R. Evans	78
W. Phillips and J. Lynch	68
J. Huk and W. Miller	63
H. Meleson and P. Nuyens	57
J. Padley and F. Dickerson	57
R. Stanners and J. Majchrowicz	55

P. NUYENS,
Secretary.

Correction

We are sorry that two names were omitted from the Brighton 3rd Individual Competition in the May *Review*. We should have recorded that W. BICKLEY and R. FULLARD scored 63 points.

St. Dunstaner's Daughter Weds

Joy, elder daughter of MR. AND MRS. HARRY COPE of Newcastle-under-Lyme, married Robert Walker on Easter Saturday, 13th April, 1974. We wish them every happiness. *Below*, Joy with her father.



FAMILY NEWS

Birth

Many congratulations to MR. and MRS. TONY WARREN of Meppershall, Beds., on the safe arrival of their second daughter, Emma Louise, on 24th April, 1974.

Silver Wedding

Congratulations to MR. and MRS. ARTHUR MORGAN of Burton Stone Lane, York, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 23rd April, 1974, whilst they were on holiday at Cliftonville.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:-

ROBERT CHRITCHLOW of Leicester, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of a grand-daughter, born to his daughter, Karen, on 20th December, 1973. The baby is to be called Shelia Ann.

THOMAS D. DONNELLY of Aldridge, Staffs., is pleased to announce the arrival of a grandson, born to his daughter, Joyce, on 25th March. He is to be called Lee Nathan Straughan.

THOMAS EVANS of Flint, who became a grandfather for the 10th time when another grandson, Stephen David, was born on 28th February, 1974, to his son Mervyn and daughter-in-law, Jackie.

DOUGLAS FAULKNER of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, is delighted to announce the birth of a grand-daughter, Emma Jane, born to his daughter, Peggy, on 13th March, 1974.

HENRY JAMES HASKEY of Harrow, Middlesex, has pleasure in announcing the arrival of a grand-daughter, Sara Joanne Haskey, born on 20th February, 1974.

RONALD GEORGE HOMEWOOD of Norwich is pleased to announce that his daughter Wendy gave birth to a daughter, Alison, on 20th March, 1974. This is Ronald's fifth grandchild.

FRANK PALFREY of Westmoors, Dorset, who is proud to announce the safe arrival of his first grandchild, born to his daughter Joy Dalby, on 25th January, 1974. The baby is to be called Carole Louise Dalby.

GEORGE ROAKE of Catford, London, S.E.6, has much pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of a grandson, born on 8th March, 1974 to our St. Dunstaner's son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Roake. The baby is to be called Dominic Leigh.

PERCY L. SAYWELL, of Leamington, who is pleased to announce that his daughter Pamela, gave birth to a daughter, Clare Louise, on 13th January, 1974. Clare Louise is his first grandchild.

Great Grandparent

Very many congratulations to:—

MRS. PHYLLIS HARDING, widow of the late William Harding, of Finchley, London, N.3, on the arrival of another great grandson born to her grand-daughter Janet and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Greenaway. The great grandson has been christened Scott and is a brother for Ross.

GEORGE EUSTACE of Chessington, Surrey, has pleasure in announcing that his eldest grand-daughter, Alison, aged 15, has won her Queen's Guide badge. She is a member of the Hook, Surrey, Girl Guide Company and completed a study of meteorology to qualify.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Anne, daughter of MR. AND MRS. COLIN FRASER of Sunderland, Co. Durham, who married Romano Minchella on 18th April, 1974.

Graham, son of BOB AND JOAN OSBORNE of Saltdean, and grandson of Joe Walch, married Averil Cutler on 29th April 1974, at the Parish Church, Leatherhead, Surrey.

Kathleen, daughter of MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR "MICKY" ROBINSON, of Patcham, Sussex, who married David Grey in Beaconsfield, Bucks., on 16th April, 1974. Kathleen is continuing with her profession as a Teacher of Domestic Science and other subjects.

Brenda, daughter of MR. AND MRS. ALBERT SERDET of Staines, Middlesex, who married David Hoff of Bournemouth, at Staines Kingdom Hall, Chestnut Grove, on 13th April, 1974.

Susan, daughter of MR. AND MRS. EMRYS TUCKER of Dulwich, S.E.21, who married Nicholas Satchell on 16th March, 1974.

Mary, younger daughter of HARRY COPE of Stoke-on-Trent, is due to run in the trials of the 800 metre race to be held shortly.

CORRECTION

Apologies to GEORGE AND BETTY STANLEY for taking two years off their married life. They have been married 27 years, not 25 as was implied by our caption in the London Club in Pictures feature last month, which said they were celebrating their silver wedding.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:—

LEVI KIBBLER of Warley, Worcs., whose father died on 28th April, 1974, at the age of 78. Although he was frail, his death was quite unexpected.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Herbert Cummings. *Royal Corps of Signals*

Herbert Cummings of Cardiff, died in hospital on 9th April, 1974. He was 75 years of age.

He served in the 1st World War and was gassed; between the wars he was in the Territorials and he was commissioned and served again at home and abroad in the 2nd World War. Later his sight gradually failed and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1972. By that time he had retired and his general health was very poor but he managed to attend one Reunion in Bristol. Last autumn he was taken seriously ill and had been in hospital ever since, but he was always wonderfully cheerful and enjoyed a short visit to his home at Christmas.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Winifred Cummings and a married daughter and grandchildren.

Francis (Frank) Hicks. *Royal Engineers*

Francis (Frank) Hicks of Twickenham, Middlesex, died on 12th April, 1974 at the age of 46 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in October 1945 and served with them until his discharge in November 1947. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1962.

He trained at Ovingdean in typewriting, Braille and handicrafts but unfortunately his training was interrupted by ill-health and he returned home in January 1964 to carry on with hobby interests.

Later his health improved and Mr. Hicks studied script-writing and journalism and settled in Teddington where he had an office built in his garden and he continued with his journalistic work. For several years past he contributed his report on Talking Books to our *Review* under the heading "Frank Reviews".

His young son was a student at a special school for deaf children, and then later undertook an apprenticeship as a draughtsman where he is still working and studying.

Mr. Hicks was re-married in 1971 and moved to his present home in Twickenham where he has been able to keep in touch with many friends in the neighbourhood, including the British Legion.

Mr. Hicks was admitted to a London hospital on 31st March and became suddenly seriously ill and died on Good Friday, 12th April.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Lorna Hicks and his son, David.

Benjamin Hind. *Labour Corps*

Benjamin Hind, late of Nuneaton, Warwickshire, and who has been living at Northgate House, Rottingdean, since last Autumn, died there on 17th April, 1974. He was 75 years of age.

He enlisted in the Labour Corps in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1919, but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1957. Mr. Hind lost the sight of one eye when he was wounded in action in 1918. When he joined St. Dunstan's he was working as a telephonist in a local Nuneaton hospital. Despite his poor health, he continued working until his retirement in 1963. After this his health improved for a time but sadly this deteriorated again and as Mrs. Hind is not very fit, Mr. Hind went to Northgate House for nursing care last Autumn.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Olive May Hind, and a son and a daughter.

Walter Leonard. *2nd Suffolk Regiment*

Walter Leonard of Hove, Sussex, died on 16th April, 1974, at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 2nd Suffolk Regiment and served with them from 1913 until his discharge in 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in the same year. He trained in Typewriting, Braille, netting and making mats. He worked for many years as a mat maker, and in addition had a small poultry holding. In 1927 he undertook further training and learnt to make wool rugs.

At the beginning of the 1940s Mr. Leonard's general health was less robust and they moved from Surrey to Kent. A few years later they moved to Sussex. Unfortunately in more recent years Mr. Leonard suffered badly with severe head pains as a result of his war injuries and he and his wife continued to live in retirement.

He leaves a widow Mrs. Clare Leonard and two married sons, Richard and Jack, and their respective families.

George Owens. *7th Regiment, Durham Light Infantry*

George Owens of Burnley, Lancs., died at his home on 16th April, 1974. He was 84 years of age.

He enlisted in the 7th Regiment of the Durham Light Infantry in August 1915 and served with them until June 1916. Although Mr. Owens served in the First World War, it was not until 1968 that he came to St. Dunstan's, by which time he had already retired. Although he had to bear a good deal of ill-health, Mr. Owens was a very cheerful man and much enjoyed the company of other St. Dunstaners at the local Reunions and at Ovingdean where he was able to enjoy some holidays.

Unfortunately he became ill at the end of last year and was nursed devotedly by his wife until he passed away.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith Owens and his children.

Augustus Henry Rodgers. *King's Own Royal Regiment*

Augustus Henry Rodgers of Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs., died at his home on 15th April, 1974. He was 76 years of age.

He enlisted in the King's Own Royal Regiment in March 1917 and was wounded at Ypres in July and came to St. Dunstan's in September of that year. He trained in basket and mat making, but it was on the former occupation that he later concentrated all his efforts, giving a high standard of workmanship. Unfortunately he was obliged to give up his basketry work in 1936 but he undertook some rug-making as a hobby occupation and later kept a small number of poultry.

Despite rather poor health he suffered in recent years, Mr. Rodgers always attended the local Reunion whenever possible. Sadly he became seriously ill early in April, and it was at his home that he died just one week later.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Mary Rodgers and his three sons.

George Swaddle. *3rd Leicestershire Regiment*

George Swaddle late of Dunston-on-Tyne, Gateshead, and recently residing at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex, died there on 16th April, 1974. He was 74 years of age.

He enlisted in the 3rd Leicestershire Regiment in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1956. Although Mr. Swaddle was wounded in 1918 it was not until very much later that he lost his sight and came to St. Dunstan's. He suffered from poor health and after a number of visits to Brighton and hospitals in the North he finally made his home at Northgate House. It was always a great sorrow to him that his health did not permit him to return to the North to visit his family there.

He leaves a sister, Mrs. B. Pattinson who lives in Gateshead.

Alfred William Walker. *Pioneer Corps*

Alfred William Walker of Billingham-on-Tees, Cleveland, Yorkshire, died at his home on 13th April, 1974. He was 86 years of age.

He enlisted in the Pioneer Corps in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Although Mr. Walker suffered mustard gas poisoning during his service in the 1st World War he did not come to St. Dunstan's until March of this year, by which time he was an invalid and confined to bed.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dora Walker and his son Arthur, the one son living at home, from a large family.

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St Dunstans REVIEW JULY



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Small Matters Often Count

We often speak of the 'St. Dunstan's spirit" in far-reaching matters of influence and importance, but I have just heard of an incident which shows it at work in another way.

A member of St. Dunstan's staff, whose official appointment is as one of our technical visitors away from Headquarters, met a fairly new First War St. Dunstaner at a Reunion. First of all, he took charge of his Braille watch and arranged for it to be brought back to London for repair. Then in the course of conversation he heard that the St. Dunstaner was anxious to visit his brother's war grave in France and also to trace a photograph of himself which had appeared in the local press many years ago. Now the member of staff is taking up these queries personally to see what information is available which may be of interest or help to the St. Dunstaner.

I am sure the two gentlemen concerned will not mind my quoting this little story, without giving their names, as it is a happy example of what occurs so often. Many St. Dunstaners will call to mind their own experiences of kindness and action from the staff in little things which are really quite apart from their official duties. I speak for all my fellow St. Dunstaners when I say how much we appreciate this wide interest and the friendship which is extended to us.

The Family

While everybody knows that all families do not get on well together, perhaps because of the "generation gap", I think the family is still a very strong link and especially is this the case amongst St. Dunstaners.

An overwhelming majority of St. Dunstaners praise their wives and rightly so. I once described my wife as "my eyes" and I once used the expression "an help meet for him". It is undoubtedly true that most of us rely for our happiness and what little success may have come our way upon the ready, skilful and patient help of our wives. Then there is the very real pride in the exploits or careers or activities of our children and grandchildren. I receive many letters and read news in the *Review* which make this clear.

The Greater Family

It is well recognised that a great many people enjoy loyalty to a group of persons with whom they have a common interest or a common experience. The Regiment, the Royal British Legion Branch or Club and, more especially, St. Dunstan's itself are examples of a wider family feeling, which helps to sustain us.

COVER PICTURE: *On his "Green Acres" Charles Cummings with his cattle.—See "Ways of Life" on centre pages.*

How many old soldiers, I wonder, have enjoyed listening to "Dad's Army", an amusing—almost ridiculous—BBC programme, recalling the improbably experiences of a platoon of the Home Guard? I find myself listening to this programme and I sometimes wonder why I like it: perhaps because it is essentially funny, but much more because it is nostalgic, awakening long-forgotten incidents or recreating characters whom I recognise as having been my comrades in the War.

I think this magazine, the St. Dunstan's *Review*, reflects the feeling of our worldwide brotherhood and I congratulate the Editor and his assistants.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to Membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Percy William Acton of Ovenden, Halifax, became a full St. Dunstaner in May 1974. He served from 1934–1946 in the Royal Artillery Field Regiment, and is married with four grown-up daughters.

Montague William Peace of Basingstoke, Hants., joined St. Dunstan's in April, 1974. He served in the Queen's West Surrey Regiment in the 1st World War. He is a widower and has two daughters, one of whom lives with him. Since his discharge from the Army he has worked as a gardener and on a farm until his retirement in 1966. It is only recently his sight has deteriorated and as a result, he has come to St. Dunstan's.

Mr. Harry Pye, of Bamber Bridge, Preston, became a full St. Dunstaner in June, 1974. Mr. Pyne served from 1938 to 1954 in the 2nd Loyal Regiment and is married.

Albert Harold Saunders of Brockham, Nr. Dorking, Surrey, joined St. Dunstan's in April, 1974. He served with the Royal Garrison Artillery in the 1st World War. He enlisted in 1908 and was discharged in 1917. He is married.

Walter Snowden of Doncaster joined St. Dunstan's in May, 1974. He served with the Labour Corps during the 1st World War and is married.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

On the Queen's official birthday Lord Fraser sent her the following telegram:—

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ON BEHALF OF BLINDED EX-SERVICEMEN THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH I WISH YOUR MAJESTY MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

FRASER OF LONSDALE.
CHAIRMAN OF ST. DUNSTAN'S.

Lord Fraser received the following telegram from the Queen:—

I SEND YOU AND ALL BLINDED EX-SERVICEMEN THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH MY SINCERE THANKS FOR YOUR KIND MESSAGE ON THE CELEBRATION OF MY BIRTHDAY.

ELIZABETH R.

Derby Sweepstake

The Derby Sweepstake seemed to be as popular as ever this year and we sold 137 more tickets than last year. Eighteen horses came under starter's orders and the pay-out was as follows:—

1st Prize—W. Muir, Newcastle. SNOW KNIGHT. Ticket No. 2775, £209.86

2nd Prize—N. M. Street, Chichester. IMPERIAL PRINCE. Ticket No. 561, £83.94

3rd Prize—L. J. Shorter, Hove, GIAGOMETTI. Ticket No. 2317, £41.97.

All those holding a ticket for a horse that ran in the race received £5.59.

REUNIONS

MANCHESTER

Weather not too good for either this Reunion or the one at Liverpool two days later but what did that matter once one was inside the hotel in good company? At the Midland hotel on Thursday, 6th June, a total of 100 people sat down to lunch, including 15 St. Dunstaners from the first and 25 from the second World War or later. The arrangements were in the capable hands of Mrs. Ballantyne, assisted by Miss Broughton, and friends and helpers with members of the retired staff were:— Mrs. Spurway, Miss Coop, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Harris, Mr. Brady and Mr. Owen. Another guest was Mr. Howard Langley, of Radio Manchester, who prepared a 30 minute broadcast to be transmitted on Sunday, 30th June, so if you did not hear it then a miss will have to be as good as a mile!

Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., who was accompanied by Lady Morris, was the member of St. Dunstan's Council presiding. In his speech after lunch Sir Douglas brought greetings from the Council of St. Dunstan's and the Frasers, an "indefatigable pair" and he hoped that all present would enjoy a happy day. He particularly thanked Mrs. Ballantyne and Miss Broughton for organising the Reunion, and the hotel staff.

All Occupied

Among the 100 people present, Sir Douglas said this being a working day most of the St. Dunstaners were retired but many were occupied with hobbies or gardening and some were still gainfully employed. He particularly welcomed Thomas Bradley, Wilmslow, Thomas Duxbury, Barrow-in-Furness, James Henderson, Heywood, Norman Kershaw, Blackburn, and Stanley Moseley, Blackpool, all comparatively new St. Dunstaners, and William Hargreves, Whitchurch, and Alfred Olerenshaw, Altrincham, St. Dunstan's officers attending their first Manchester Reunion.

Sir Douglas told the newcomers that he would like to say two things. The Reunions were for St. Dunstaners to get together, and make new friends as well as chatting with those they already knew, and they had the opportunity to meet members of the staff present in perhaps less formal circumstances than at Headquarters. To put problems to them and make life a little happier if these could be resolved.

Referring to St. Dunstan's Secretary, Mr. C. D. Wills, Sir Douglas said he felt impelled to attend all Reunions. Mr. Wills had a vast background of experience in Welfare and everyone was delighted to see him there and hoped he would continue to come.

The day was the 30th anniversary of the landings in Normandy which, as Sir Douglas pointed out, held great poignancy for some and to all of us it was a great day in history. Some present could look back on the start of the 1st World War, the anniversary of which would fall in two months time. To those of the first World War it might not seem so very long ago.

Founder

St. Dunstan's, Sir Douglas said, was founded by an able man, himself blind, who was succeeded by Lord Fraser (then Captain Ian Fraser) known for many years in the popular press and generally as "the blind M.P.". Whatever the staff could and did do the end result finally depended on the individual St. Dunstaner. "What ever action you take," said Sir Douglas, "not only glamorises but sets standards for other people." In associated countries overseas the local St. Dunstan's was run on similar lines, and had the same tradition and standards. It was a great thing to have a common background.

Fred Bullough, of Bolton, gave the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. Although he had served in the Lancashire Fusiliers during the first World War, it was only in 1970 that he had come into St. Dunstan's. He found it a wonderful organisation and he was most grateful for help given. He expressed his thanks to Welfare and all departments especially to Mrs. Ballantyne, his Welfare Visitor," So on your behalf," he said "I extend thanks for all good deeds to me and my comrades."

Mr. Wills said that it was a pleasure to attend the Reunions and this also gave him an opportunity to check up on all St.

Dunstaners! Every year some faces were missing but then every year there were some new faces and we were very glad to welcome them.

Margaret Stanway, Macclesfield, then presented a bouquet to Lady Morris.

LIVERPOOL

The total number of 79 persons at the Adelphi Hotel on Saturday, 8th June, was 21 fewer than at Manchester, but the relative number of St. Dunstaners still in employment was higher since it was not a working day. There were 9 from the 1st and 22 from the Second World War or later. Mrs. Ballantyne was again in charge of the arrangements, assisted by Miss Broughton, and among our guests we were happy to see Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Charters as well as Mrs. Spurway with her younger daughter, Mrs. Paton, and Mrs. Harris.

Greetings

The Rev. F. Darrell Bunt, C.B., O.B.E., M.A., accompanied by Mrs. Darrell Bunt, presided at this Reunion. He explained that Lord and Lady Fraser's many engagements did not permit them to attend all Reunions, so other members of the Council presided at some. He brought greetings from the Council and expressed the hope that everyone would enjoy the occasion. He then ran through the list of guests and members of staff present, adding that unfortunately Miss Midgley could not attend owing to illness, but a "get well" message would be sent to her.

The Council of St. Dunstan's, said Mr. Darrell Bunt, were concerned that Mr. Wills should not overwork himself through his attendance at all Reunions; they were anxious that his zeal should not impair his administrative efficiency. He welcomed John Hughes, Aberffraw, and Joseph Wake, Barrow-in-Furness, attending their first Reunion and announced that Mr. and Mrs. Lot Clarke, St. Helen's, would celebrate their 55th Wedding Anniversary on 14th June, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roberts, Buckley, their Golden Wedding on 24th June. He added that Herbert Frost, Manchester, had retired after 27 years with the Hawker Siddeley Corporation Ltd.

Mr. Darrell Bunt wondered whether his listeners remembered the article "April's Here", published in St. Dunstan's *Review* three months ago. The last paragraph in this article began "It has been said that the eyes are set in our heads to look forward and not backward and in the metaphorical, though not the literal sense, this is exactly what blind people must do if they are to achieve contentment and success in life." Mr. Darrell Bunt said that it was generally undesirable to look back in regret, anger, sorrow, or grief, but he agreed with the *Review* that "there can, however, be no harm in looking back from time to time on happy scenes or pursuits of earlier days". He recalled that when serving as Chaplain in a Royal Navy cruiser on the China Station in 1931, a Captain of the Northumberland Fusiliers, who had started life as a Drummer boy, was a guest on board the ship at Wei-hai-wei for a week or so. This Army officer would spend his day in a small boat or otherwise and when asked, "Well, soldier, what sort of a day have you had?" he would reply, "Another good day to put in the Bank".

Another Good Day

"I am sorry", said Mr. Darrell Bunt, "for those born blind who have never seen a sunset or a rose". Such people could, of course, learn by touch and hearing but could never appreciate the wonders of sunset or dawn. Those of us, when with sight, had happy memories which we would never forget. There was so much to store up. "Another good day to put in the Bank".

Vote of Thanks

The vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners was spoken by Tom Taylor, Leyland. He said it was a great pleasure to be at the Reunion with his wife, and he included several amusing stories in a witty speech. Then he turned to a more serious aspect of the message he wanted to deliver. He referred to a small girl in Church, when the congregation bowed their heads in prayer, asking her mother, "What are we looking for, Mummy?" People who lost their sight lost their self-respect, self-confidence and a sense of security. This is what they were looking for and what St. Dunstan's rehabilitation gave them back. He thanked all who contributed to the self-confidence and well being of St. Dunstaners. He also thanked the hotel staff for their services on this occasion.

OBITUARY

Miss Lilian B. Woolrych

We are very sorry to report the death on 1st June of Miss L. B. Woolrych at the age of 82. Miss Woolrych first joined the staff of St. Dunstan's in September, 1917, and she served in several capacities, as Braille teacher, sports sister and after care visitor. She always maintained her interest in St. Dunstan's and even after her final retirement she still from time to time conducted Braille tests. Her funeral took place at Riverhead, Kent, on 7th June, and St. Dunstan's was represented by Tommy Milligan, one of her earliest and constant friends, now residing at Pearson House, who has sent us the following tribute:—

"In the early days at St. Dunstan's when our numbers were very small, lessons in Braille were given by a group of ladies who had been voluntary transcribers before the war. One of these ladies was Miss Lilian B. Woolrych. Those of her original pupils who, like me, have survived the long interval of years, will remember her lessons with pleasure. She made the strain of "dot-chasing" an exciting pastime.

About three years after World War I ended, Miss Woolrych joined our Welfare Service. She was always a welcome visitor in the homes of St. Dunstaners in her area.

In the late 1920s the Secretary asked Miss Woolrych to undertake the teaching of Braille, typing and Braille shorthand at St. John's Lodge. Assisted by Corporal-Major Bill Tovell she organised our various sporting activities; field events in Regent's Park and rowing on the lake in training for the annual regattas on the Thames at Putney.

When World War II ended Lilian Woolrych resumed her teaching at our Avenue Road, London, annexe.

All those who were privileged to know her will remember her happy combination of tireless energy and charm."

Mr. I. M. Bankes-Williams, M.A.

St. Dunstaners, particularly those who underwent training at Church Stretton during the 2nd World War, will learn with regret of the death on 2nd May of Mr. I. M. Bankes-Williams at the age of 77. Mr. Bankes-Williams served in the Royal Field Artillery during the 1st World War and retired in 1919 with the rank of Captain Adjutant. He then joined Harrow School as an Assistant Master and remained there until June, 1941, when he took up the post of Director of Training at St. Dunstan's. Mr. Bankes-Williams left our organisation at the end of 1944 to become Headmaster of Wellington School, Somerset. A St. Dunstaner, trained at Church Stretton, who is now one of our successful physiotherapists and has always maintained a close friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Bankes-Williams, is Ron Ettridge, of Croydon, who sends us the following tribute:—

"Mr. I. Bankes-Williams will be remembered with affection and respect both by the staff and trainees who were with him at Church Stretton during the war where he was first Commandant and later Director of Training. Many of us will never forget his help and understanding when we were taking our first steps in blindness. I am sure all will wish to join me in offering Mrs. Bankes-Williams our deepest sympathy."

LIVERPOOL—*continued*

Elsie Aldred, Warrington, then presented a bouquet to Mrs. Darrell Bunt and the whole company spent a very pleasant afternoon talking to friends old and new and dancing.

National Insurance Contributions

With effect from 7th August, St. Dunstan's will continue to pay 60p of the weekly contribution of the self-employed St. Dunstaner and the employed St. Dunstaner whether he is contracted in or out of the graduated scheme, and will pay the whole of the contribution for those non-employed St. Dunstaners who are liable.

L. SLADE
Pensions Officer.

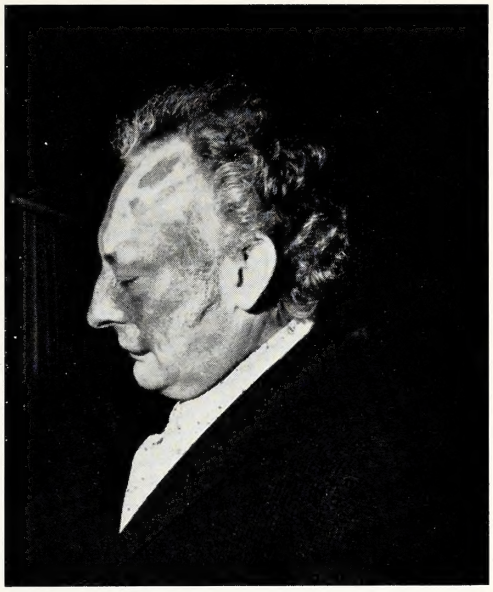
To All Campers

Last year the draw in Camp made over £60 which was a great help. Prizes for this year gratefully received in Camp. Looking forward to August 16th.

AVIS SPURWAY.

To Transcend

by Sidney Jones



To transcend is to go beyond . . . beyond the pain, mistrust, greed, violence, frustration, anxiety, stress, depression and hatred of our time lies the peace, happiness, achievement and fulfilment which is the birthright of man. . . .

One morning, about the middle of May, 1973, I heard an interview on the local radio station. It was about a technique for the relief of stress and the development of mental potential. I could sure use some of that just about that time, so I made a note of the 'phone number and a couple of days later I went to a lecture. I was cynical and sceptical, and anyone who did not know me round about that time last year will have no idea of the meaning of those two words, so I will tell you. I just did not believe in anything any more.

I was, however, impressed by the demeanour of the lecturer and decided to follow the programme of instruction outlined. What the hell—I had just made plans for the next fifteen years and now it looked as though I would be a total cripple within a couple of years, so it was worth a gamble. The lecturer was a teacher of the Science of Creative Intelligence and Transcendental Meditation.

Within a couple of weeks I knew what peace of mind meant for the first time in my life. I began to know the meaning of tranquility, utter serenity, at least for part of each day. I began to make decisions easily and things began to move my way. Of course, the problems were still there, but somehow it was different. I could cope more easily, I could get things into perspective.

In August I went on a one month teacher training course for teachers of the Science of Creative Intelligence. This is a preliminary course, and is a prerequisite for anyone wanting to take a full course of training to become a teacher of the practice of Transcendental Meditation. In January I went to Belgium as a student of Maharishi International University, and on April 1st qualified as the first totally blind teacher of Transcendental Meditation and the Science of Creative Intelligence.

As you will have gathered from all this, I am convinced of the validity of the claims made for this technique of Transcendental Meditation at the introductory lecture which I attended in Manchester, and now intend to publicise and teach the technique myself. What, then, is this Science of Creative Intelligence and its practical aspect, Transcendental Meditation?

A science is taken to be a systematic investigation by means of repeatable experiment to gain useful and testable knowledge. Creativity is the cause of

change and is always present everywhere. Intelligence is a basic quality of existence exemplified in the purpose and order of change. The single and branching flow of energy (creativity) and directedness (intelligence) is called creative intelligence. Therefore, the Science of Creative Intelligence is the knowledge of the nature, origin, range, growth and application of creative intelligence. This Science arose from the major discovery that there exists in every human being the constant source of intelligence, energy and happiness. This source can be easily and systematically drawn upon by everyone for spontaneous use in everyday life, bringing personal integration and a harmoniously productive relationship with others and the world. The technique for contacting this source of intelligence, energy and happiness is the practical aspect of the Science of Creative Intelligence—Transcendental Meditation.

The Truth

About a hundred and fifty years ago, one single idea, the idea of experiment, was adopted in the west; experiment to establish the truth. This was the basis of modern scientific progress and has altered the face of the earth. Conditions of life have changed in an explosive way. Things that were previously quite unimaginable are now commonplace. There has been a momentous material advance. Humanity has made more progress in this century than in the whole of its previous history. All this has been the result of one simple practice, experiment to establish the truth. Truth is not just something you believe in, have opinions about, or accept from authority. It is something to be tested and proved by experience. It was this idea, and the practice which resulted from it, which brought about the technological revolution which has produced modern civilisation. But something is still missing in our civilisation. Despite all the improvements, human dissatisfaction still abounds.

Aspects of Life

Now, all the changes in civilisation in the last hundred years have been in the external aspects of life. The subjective situation has hardly changed at all. Man himself is still what he was before this technological age began. If humanity is to advance, this trememdous material progress in the modern world must now be balanced by an exactly parallel advance in man's subjective capacity, his consciousness. Transcendental Meditation is the one simple idea necessary to provide the opportunity for the development of our subjective nature in order to maintain this equal and parallel progress. It is a simple, natural technique which progressively refines the nervous system through the regular alternation of rest and activity. We all know that sound sleep makes us fresher next day whilst lack of sleep leaves us tired and unable to think clearly. The rest gained during Transcendental Meditation is more profound than the rest gained during deep sleep. In this way it makes the mind clearer and thoughts and action become more effective. Transcendental Meditation leads to the fulfilment of all one's potentialities as a human being through this alternation of deep rest and activity.

Eliminating Stresses

Transcendental Meditation improves both the mind and the body by developing the full potential of the mind and eliminating stresses from the nervous system. It improves body-mind co-ordination. No physical exercises are necessary, though teachers of TM are able to teach some simple exercises which the founder of this technique, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, recommends to improve the physical condition, but these are by no means essential. Transcendental Meditation is complete in itself.

A Simple Technique

Many people, as I was myself, are sceptical of a technique which claims to be so simple and yet purports to offer so much, and scepticism in itself is not a bad thing, since it avoids too eager a watching for results. Nor should anyone feel that they have not the time for a practice which requires only fifteen to twenty minutes twice a day and which gives in return two hundred per cent value of life—one hundred per cent enjoyment of active life at work and play, and one hundred per cent enjoyment of inner serenity, tranquillity and rest to revitalise and rejuvenate the nervous system, removing tension, stress and anxiety and eliminating the causes of so many of the psychosomatic diseases which are the blight of our present society.

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 783

The First Circle
by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Read by Anthony Parker

This is a work of truly monumental proportions. It runs to three cassettes, eighty-nine chapters and a Reading Time of $32\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Set in the period of the Stalin Terror it deals with the lives and hopes and fears of a group of political prisoners, each one a highly-qualified specialist in his own field, working at Mavrino, a top-secret electronics establishment.

Written in a matter-of-fact, sometimes gently-ironic style (far more devastating than any high-flown prose) it is a telling indictment of a monstrous bureaucracy where everyone is an informer by conviction or compulsion. It depicts a system which destroys without compunction countless thousands for daring to do that which we cheerfully accept as our inalienable right—the right to question and criticise that system. Nor are the prisoners' innocent wives left unpunished (. . . "they are persecuted, harrassed, never left alone. . .")

This is not "entertainment", an easy book to read. I found the tongue-twisting Russian names and patronymics so alien as to make character-identification—especially in the early stages of the book—virtually impossible. Some of the long philosophical discussions between prisoners were tedious, often incomprehensible. Some may consider the book far too long, it contains a plethora of minute detail, (this is true, of course, of many Russian classical authors).

But I would unhesitatingly recommend the book to the serious reader prepared to give the necessary concentration, time and trouble. For "The First Circle" is a great novel and makes an important contribution to the literature of our time.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

The important dates for the month of May in the town were the two weeks of the Brighton Festival. The theme was the sea so the opening concert was very appropriate with the Band of the Royal Marines presenting a nautical programme, much enjoyed by a party from Pearson House. Small numbers attended the numerous concerts including Chamber Music, Opera, Symphony Orchestras, Variety with Bruce Forsyth and a new play by John Hopkins.

Our annual date at the Metropole for the Brighton Reunion came during this time and will have been fully reported. Several of our residents were lucky in the raffle and showed us handsome prizes.

Concerts

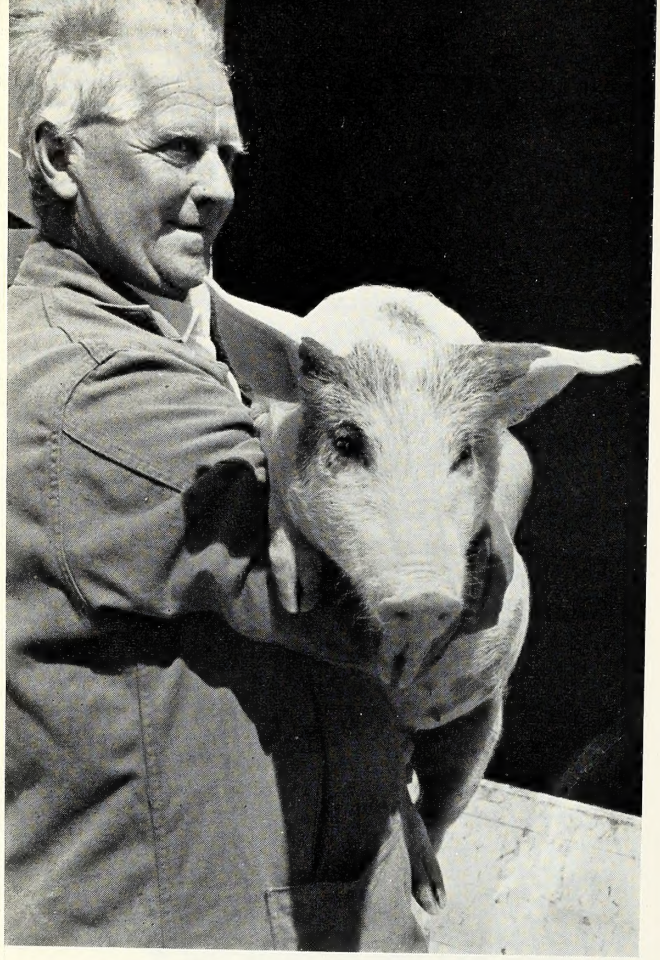
Tom Eales presented another enjoyable stereo evening with a Mantovani Concert. We had a most welcome return visit of the Weybridge Male Voice Choir. Mr. Browning brought his two grand-daughters, making their first public appearances; one played the oboe and Julie, the younger, the French horn. As you can imagine the St. Dunstaners gave them a warm reception but it was all too much for Julie and she left us tearful!

Very small numbers attended Brighton Races on two days and we had drives to The Forge, Partridge Green, and St. Peter's Cottage, Cowfold.

Musical Evening

John Berlin an ex-orderly, played classical piano music one evening as he did at Christmas, he has a light touch and obviously enjoys entertaining the appreciative audience.

It was a fine warm night for the Spring Bank Holiday Dance, and as the tempo and temperature increased we were able to have the doors open and of course refreshment from the bar.



WAYS OF LIFE 23

DON'T SHUT ME

Talking to David Castleton



arles Cummings

Not many St. Dunstaners nowadays work on the land. The idyllic way of living on your own small plot in the countryside which would appeal to many of us tied to the cities by our work has been pushed out of reach by harsh realities of economics. One St. Dunstaner who is still managing to live out the idyll is Charles Cummings. But Charles, a countryman born and bred, is too much a realist to think in such romantic terms. He has been working in agriculture since he was twelve, since 1923 in fact—more than fifty years.

Nevertheless he can remember the first time he milked a cow at his grandfather's smallholding near Kingsclere in Hampshire not far from Basingstoke. "It was in the summertime and he was haymaking. He said to me, 'Boy, you go and milk Dolly —that was the name of the cow. Well, I didn't know no better, I went and sat down by the cow on the wrong side. You must sit on the right hand side of a cow to milk 'em. He came round and he carried on, he said, 'tis a wonder that cow hasn't kicked your head in'. But she never did, she never moved.

"That was my first experience of milking and knowing the right and wrong side of a cow to milk them. When you're sitting on the right side, if anything happens you've got more control over that cow. I don't know if you've noticed, even in a field they nearly always stand with their left back leg forward and the right leg back, so you've got more control over the udder and the bag".

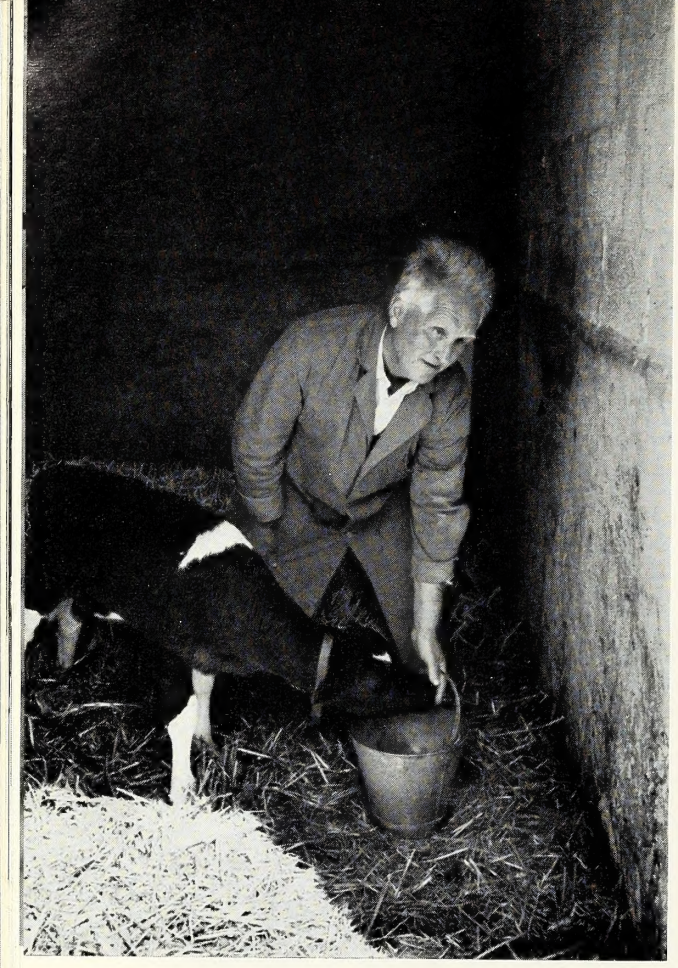
Born at Ashford Hill, near Burghclere, in Hampshire, Charles spent his childhood among farm animals. "I used to work weekends, holiday times when I was home from school, then when I left school I still went farming—milking and odd jobs. One farm, we had a TT jersey herd and when the head cowman was on holiday I used to do the milking then. You had to do twenty cows night and morning and get the milk to Newbury Station by nine o'clock in the morning. All hand milking. In them days, I could milk eight or nine cows, take them as they come, in an hour. Mind you I could milk better than I can now. The old bones don't go so well now".

Timber Cutting

Then came the realities of economics again and Charles turned to timber cutting like his father where there was better money to be earned, "But for years even when we had our own cottage I would always have one or two pigs a-roaming in the sty". When the war came and he was called up he was working on construction of army camps. His service in the second war with the 10th Gloucesters in Burma cost him his sight although he has some residual vision which helps him get about his land.

There is a tradition of farming in his family, "On my mother's side my grandfather and my uncle and all. They had farms. Yes, and my father done it years ago. He turned from farming to woodwork, you know, in the timber cutting and all that, but he done farming".

With this tradition behind him he had no difficulty in making up his mind what to do when he came to St. Dunstan's. "It was the thing I knew and it was something I loved doing. I could go straight into it more or less. Which I couldn't go to the factory to work—it's good money, I know, but I



couldn't—that would kill me. I want the open air. I couldn't be shut in".

There was a smallholding on the market at Wheat Hold Green near his birthplace, "I thought I'd like to get there, so I called St. Dunstan's and bought it that way. It was 2½ to 3 acres, it was small but I had pigs—at one time I had over 30 pigs there and cows. At that time we had our own horse and cart. . . used to take all our stuff to market they did—our own horse and cart—to Newbury Market".

Charles' true interest is in livestock, "I'm not a very good gardener really. I like seeing the stuff and all—I grow a few potatoes or anything like that but I'm not what you call a good gardener. I rather want something bigger, like a plough".

He has always raised animals, "Pigs mainly. To me a pig's a very fascinating animal, When I was back at The Grove, we used to breed our own there, We had our own sow and boar and all there, but we lost them and then we turned over to fattening, buying in and fattening, You make more money that way because you've got to keep a sow six months, four months before they're farrowed down and two months before the pigs are ready to sell—so there's six months you're feeding that sow. When they farrow—you get a bad litter or she kills the lot—you've done that six months work for nothing, Well, if so be you buy them in you've already got the animal. You've got to risk what you've got to pay for them 'tis true.

"I've made money on pigs and I've lost money on pigs but I like 'em. Actually I prefer pigs to cows. I like 'em both but, as I say, to me there's something very fascinating about pigs. Just the way they grow I suppose—you come here in about another six weeks, them pigs will be more than twice the size they are now".

Chilthorne Dormer

The land Charles is working now is still new to him—he has been at Chilthorne Domer, near Yeovil, just over a year. It is the largest he has had, 12½ acres. He doesn't find much difficulty moving about, "Once I get used to a place I don't care really how dark it is. I can go. I can't see nothing in the dark but as long as nothing has been moved from where I put it I've always got that feeling when I'm close to it and I could tell you near enough where it is. The only thing that do do me is when someone moves something. Then I am beat".

One of the advantages he now enjoys is to be able to grow his own hay, "When you've got to start paying out for everything, well then 'tis a dear go. That's how it was at Verwood I used to have to buy everything. Here last year we cut our own hay ourselves. I've got my own cutter. I haven't got turners, nor balers. I have to get another farmer to do that. But the son, he came down and cut it and we borrowed a turner—that tosses the hay about and helps to dry it. Then I got another farmer in to finish it. He came and turned it twice, baled it and carted it and stacked it. I couldn't do it on me own. I haven't got the machinery not for that".

Nevertheless Charles finds it well worth while to grow his own hay. "Hay this winter was up £20 a ton. Look, the last year I was down at Verwood I bought 6 ton of hay that was £18 a ton now it's

about £38 a ton and it will be dearer still next year".

One of the problems of farming in a new locality is getting to know the land you are working. "Back in Verwood it was all on sandy soil. Here it's clay. Back in Verwood if it rained all night I could still go out and dig next morning. Here you've got a week before you can touch it".

Another problem is getting to know the farming community. It is important to keep your ear to the ground says Charles, "I used to go to Ringwood market, well, after the market we always used to go down to the local pub. That's where the dealers and the farmers go. You could learn more in there than actually stood in the cattle market—in buying and selling and what price things are. Here I don't. I go down to the market here and then I go straight back home because we don't know the people nor nothing about here. But I expect I shall get to know somebody".

Farm Sales

When it comes to buying cattle he prefers to go to a farm sale. "You go to a farm sale you know that cattle's been looked after and you know how many cows have got to be sold. Which you take cows through the market you don't know whether there is anything wrong with that animal. There's always farm sales all the year round. Some people retire, some people give up. I have a good browse round. If so be you're after cattle, if you can get in with somebody who've been looking after the animals, that's the sort of people to get to talk to".

At farm or at market Charles examines and judges the animals he is interested in. "In the market, now with pigs, I get in the pen with them pigs before I buy them and feel them myself. If you are looking for a pig you are looking for a good sleek coat and a clean pig and if you are looking for calves you look for a good glossy coat, dry navel string. But with cows, well, 'tis a job to know with cows. You've got to be able to feel the bag, but, you see, a cow with a big bag doesn't mean to say that cow have got milk there, it could have a fleshy bag. You want comething with a silky bag."

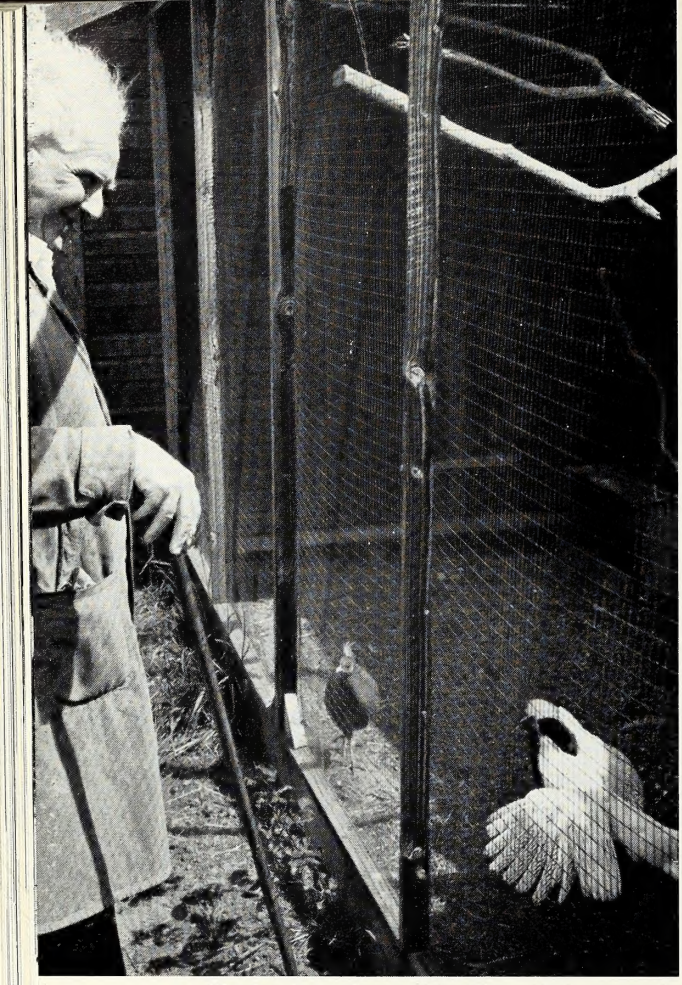
Charles breeds his own calves from his cows. "It's always by artificial insemination—I've never had any bulls. But to me a calf born from insemination he don't



seem to have the sense that they do straight from the bull. I've found that in several ways—in feeding and in sensibility. They don't seem the same as they do with a bull —and yet as soon as they are born, in two or three minutes they are up on their feet".

Charles and his wife, Olive, cope with their animals at such times,"I always got out to my cows myself. My wife can see from the scullery window across the field. You can always tell within an hour or two when they're going to calve. If they're out in the field you'll see when they're getting towards calving that cow will always go away on her own".

Sometimes Charles finds his lack of vision can be a real handicap, "There is times when you get in a bit of a fix now. Then if it weren't for the wife I couldn't do it. You get sick animals and anything like that. You get a bit of trouble with them outside or anything. As long as they go well and they do as you want, things are all right but as soon as anything happen to



Charles Cummings at his aviary. He keeps and breeds budgerigars and finches but shown in this picture is a pair of silver pheasants.

turn then, as you might say, then I've got to have some help. Because any animal, it don't matter how quiet they are like that Jersey cow. There is times when they are just awkward in every way.

"Just say I go out into the field to get them in. If that was a bit dusk and them animals wouldn't come, well that's when I want someone else 'cos I don't know where to find them. Just the same like in foggy weather or anything like that. There's times when I can't move fast enough myself".

Mrs. Cummings does not come from a farming background and says she could do without the animals but for Charles, "Goodness gracious, no, he wouldn't know what to do. He'd drive me mad! We've had some hard times with them. We've sat up all night with the sows. If a cow's calving at night, she might be right down at the end of the field and we get up and go down to her. You see this is the sort of thing I never did like—I've got to like it a bit more now".

Up until now Charles has always bred calves for veal. "Like that jersey cow—she calved here last month. If that were a good calf I should run that calf on the cow for eight weeks. Then that would have went out as a veal calf. I should have bought another calf and put to that cow. That's the way I keep on all the year without them drying off, you see. Well, usually I do perhaps ten or twelve calves through the season—veal calves. But the trouble is now the price has gone. You can't do nothing with it". Now with more land at his disposal his plan is to run steers, "With that land up at the top you could run about eight. Those three black and white ones in the field they're steers and the same with them two bull calves down there in the yard, they're going for steers. You keep them about two years".

Raising animals in these precarious times is a gamble as Charles recognises. "If so be that the pig trade look up then I'd have more pigs no doubt. But everybody seems to have the idea that cows you buy this year will benefit next. Farming's always a gamble and always will be. It's a thing I like and I've always done it and I still like it".

He doesn't forsee a time when he will ever not want to bother with his animals, "Well people keep on to me now, why don't I retire. There's only one place for me when I retire and that's up the gravel path and that's where I should soon be. I've always been used to animals and the country life".

Wheat Hold Green, Hampshire; Verwood, Dorset; Chilthorne Domer, Somerset. At each of these places Charles Cummings has worked hard, won and lost in the gamble that is farming. At Chilthorne Domer his property, Green Acres, is, under his hands, beginning to live up to its name. His yard is immaculate—no mud, no straw or hay lying around. His tools—all in their orderly places in his sheds and workshop. The garden blossoming. As he stumps across his fields, gum booted, with a patriarchal staff in his hand, he is part of the land. With his countryman's tan he looks well on the farming life but he says, "Well, I can't help my looks".

DERBY DAY 1974

As the 'Bee Line' forty-one seater bumbled on its way to Epsom Downs on 5th June this year, I thought sadly of absent friends. In missing Bill and Phyll Harding, I remembered that to-day, too, Lord Rosebery was travelling on his final journey. But we were on our way to enjoy ourselves, so:

> Derby Day
> 'The rising morn with joy we greet,
> Our hearts within us burn;
> Hail, happy day, when blackguards meet,
> And Parliaments adjourn!'

At one time, I am told, no business was transacted by Parliament on Derby Day. When the House met on that day in 1892 it was the first time for 36 years. But in 1974 the sky was blue above as we happily anticipated a glorious, and we hoped, a lucrative day.

We had each been given a packed luncheon for which we were most grateful to Miss Walshe and the staff of the Headquarters Canteen for arranging this. The sweepstake planned on the outward journey was won by Harry Meleson.

As we arrived at the meeting we joined up with our other St. Dunstan's friends and were happy to be able to enjoy the refreshing teas and ice-cream provided by their Brighton coach.

When 'this short day is cast away the care that waits on crowns,' I was informed that Her Majesty, the Queen, looked as beautiful as ever in a pale blue outfit with matching hat. The gipsies had predicted a prosperous day, and I think it was—for the gipsies!

A reluctant party, once more, boarded the coach for the homeward journey and on arriving at Marylebone Road tired but happy we were once again regaled with that welcome cup of tea which is such a feature of the London Club.

GREEN SHIELD STAMPS

St. Dunstan's sportsmen and their friends have made the target of £900 for the British Sports Association with Green Shield Stamps. A large proportion of this collection is due entirely to Charlie Stafford and his friends—a great achievement.

AVIS SPURWAY.

VICTORIA BLINDED SOLDIERS WELFARE TRUST

The Chairman of the Trust, Colonel (R.) J. Rex Hall, O.B.E., E.D., on a visit to the United Kingdom, had an interview with Lord Fraser. Asked about the work of the Trust, Colonel Rex Hall said, that he would first like to thank Lord Fraser for his continuing interest over the years.

Colonel Rex Hall explained that the several States of Australia have their own Association of war blinded, who form its membership. He is the sole remaining Foundation trustee of the Association in Victoria, he is also their treasurer. It was formed in 1932 and he has been its honorary secretary and chairman for 42 years. He spoke of the influence of St. Dunstan's not only on all those who were trained there, but the other men, not so fortunate, who have been encouraged by their example.

He referred to the late Dudley Tregent, blinded in France in 1918 at the age of about eighteen, trained at St. Dunstan's, married, and qualified as a solicitor at Melbourne University in 1923 and built up the largest individually owned private legal practice in Melbourne of which he was the active principal until his sudden death in August 1971.

Encouraged by St. Dunstan's

Others encouraged and helped by St. Dunstan's achieved distinctions as physiotherapists, telephone switchboard operators, business consultants and tradesmen; one even having built up a substantial woodwork trade with sawbenches and other machinery.

On reading our Annual Report Colonel Rex Hall made reference to the various occupations of our members and their sporting activities; and in the *Review*, to the Chairman's constant and successful efforts to improve the living standards of all war incapacitated.

He hoped all war blinded would find added inspiration in Sir Michael Ansell's "Soldier On" which is the only book he has had time to read since coming to London in April.

Colonel Rex Hall is a veteran of Gallipoli and the two world wars, Director of Rehabilitation of the Australian and Military Forces for four years, he has

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

The domino winners during the month of May were as follows:—

2nd May	**1. J. Padley**
	2. J. Majchrowicz
9th May	**1. J. Majchrowicz**
	2. R. Armstrong
16th May	**1. C. Hancock**
	2. W. Miller
23rd May	**1. R. Armstrong**
	2. J. Padley
	3. W. Miller
30th May	**1. R. Armstrong**
	2. C. Hancock

W. MILLER.

MIDLAND

Two meetings and an outing comprise the activities of this Club since my last notes.

During the meetings held on Sunday, 12th May, we completed the Sir Arthur Pearson domino competition. This was won by Bruno Tomporowski with Louis Androlia as runner-up.

The tea for this meeting was provided for us by Mrs. Joan Cashmore and we all thanked her for a grand home-made tea.

On Sunday, 9th June, we held our second meeting and at this particular one the domino doubles competition was finished and once again Bruno was the successful player, this time playing with his wife, Elizabeth. Bill Green and Maisie Streets were the runners-up.

We spent quite a lot of time at this meeting practising our skills on the dart board and hope to start a very limited competition at our next meeting.

Mrs. Connie Faulkner was responsible for the tea at this meeting and despite being on a diet, she put on a grand spread for which we all thanked her.

Our annual outing was held on Sunday, 2nd June and we had an excellent run to Southport. The weather man was very kind too. With only one stop for coffee we arrived in Southport at about 12.30 p.m. We were able to quench our thirsts in the Royal British Legion on arrival and it was very nice to be met there by Mr. Parker, our Industrial visitor, and Jack Newton, one of our 2nd War St. Dunstaners. Jack had quite a chat about old times with one or two of us who remembered him at Stoke Mandeville Hospital and Church Stretton.

Lunch had been arranged for one o'clock and at a restaurant only just down the road from the British Legion; a very good lunch it was too, all served piping hot. After lunch everyone was free to do as they wished until departure time. So we all went our various ways and everyone had a very enjoyable afternoon.

Our return journey was non-stop and we arrived in Birmingham at 9 p.m. During the return trip Mrs. Joan Cashmore handed out musical instruments, such as toy bazookas, cymbals, tambourines and castanets, we then had quite a musical hour's ride along the motorway!

Everyone enjoyed the day and said what a wonderful time they had had and how lucky we had been with the weather.

The next meeting of this club will be held on **Sunday, 7th July,** it has been brought forward one week owing to the industrial holidays.

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

WELFARE TRUST—*continued*

never ceased his interest in the welfare of ex-service men and particularly war blinded. He sends greeting and best wishes to St. Dunstaners everywhere.

"Music For The Blind"

MR. DEREK MILLS of 4 High Park Road, Southport, PR9 7QL, has started a project to tape record talks or music from the radio for blind people. Would interested St. Dunstaners please write direct to Mr. Mills for further information. As the service is free we suggest you send a stamped addressed envelope.

EXAMINATION SUCCESS

Paul, son of WILLIAM ALLEN of Farnborough, Hants., is studying law at Magdalen College, Oxford, and has just passed his first Law Moderations with Distinction. He will be studying for a further two years.

BRIDGE NOTES

The Masters

The annual match versus the members of the London County Contract Bridge Association (The Masters) was held on Saturday, 8th June, at the St. Dunstan's Headquarters in London. Five teams of four from each Club took part and the match was decided by the total net aggregate score on four hands played against each team; the winning team for the L.C.C.B.A. being the team with the highest plus score and for St. Dunstan's, the one with the lowest minus score. The results were as follows:

For the London County Contract Bridge Association

1	**R. Sharples—J. Sharples** **D. Greenwood—W. Penchard**	+3390
2	G. Cooke—B. L. Teltscher Mr. and Mrs. Garfield	+2980
3	Miss V. Daly—D. Spooner Mrs. R. Jenkins—Dr. R. Mallya	+900
4	E. Wolfers—Mrs. K. Camrass Mrs. R. Lodge—Mrs. S. Graham	+580
5	R. Edmonds—W. Pitch M. Sadek—J. Livesley	+130

For St. Dunstan's

1	**L. Douglass—E. Carpenter** **W. Allen—R. Freer**	−210
2	W. Lethbridge—F. Dickerson A. Dodgson—R. Goding	−1370
3	J. Lynch—M. Tybinski W. Miller—J. Padley	−1380
4	P. Nuyens—A. Caldwell R. Armstrong—Mrs. Vi Delaney	−1980
5	R. Evans—W. Phillips H. King—J. Whitcombe	−2780

Members of the winning visitors team were presented with a wool rug, the colour being of their own choice while Miss V. Daly, secretary of the L.C.C.B.A. presented each member of the winning St. Dunstan's team with a bottle of port and to every St. Dunstaner taking part a bottle of sherry.

In his speech, Bob Evans, Captain of the Bridge Club, on behalf of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club, thanked our visitors for coming along and Miss Vi. Daly for once again arranging this event so efficiently, as well as Mr. Percy Charters for directing the tournament. Bob also stressed the fact that this match constituted the highlight on our fixture card for the year and how much all our members were looking forward to our meeting again next year.

A hearty vote of thanks was also given to our Club Steward, Norman Smith, as well as his wife, and her helpers for serving such an excellent spread which certainly provided the finishing touch to a most memorable afternoon of Bridge.

Individual Competition

The fifth Individual Competition of both the London and Brighton Clubs were held on Saturday, 1st June. The results were as follows:—

London

W. Allen—J. Lynch	73
P. Nuyens—W. Phillips	70
J. Padley—W. Miller	69
F. Dickerson—A. Caldwell	63
J. Huk—J. Majchrowicz	60
H. Meleson—Miss Vera Kemmish	43

Brighton

R. Fullard—J. Whitcombe	67
M. Clements—C. Walters	65
R. Bickley—F. Griffee	62
W. Scott—A. Dodgson	62
S. Webster—W. Lethbridge	59

SPORTS NEWS

Sports Trials. Stoke Mandeville

On July 6th and 7th B.S.A.D. are holding a week-end of sports trials at Stoke Manville Sports Stadium. The purpose of the event is to select a British team to participate in the Stoke Mandeville International Sports for the blind, amputees and paraplegics in September 1974. Also to select a team to travel to Poland in the same month. St. Dunstaners attending these trials are:—C. Stafford, M. Tetley, J. Simpson, W. Smith, N. Perry, S. Tutton, W. Griffiths and P. Spencer.



Father of the bride, "Dickie" Richardson, with Heather, who married Marc Andrew Tait at their local Parish church on 25th May.

International Sports Meeting—Berlin

An invitation was received from the International Federation for the Blind, Berlin, to send a team of 7 to participate in this meeting on 27th-28th July. The team was drawn from 11 St. Dunstan's sportsmen who showed the best overall past records. The result of the draw was as follows:—

Totally Blind. W. Smith, N. Perry, P. Spencer, M. Tetley.
1st Reserve. C. Stafford. 2nd Reserve. J. Simpson.

Semi-Sighted. E. Bunting, H. Cope, A. Wortley.
1st Reserve. F. Barratt. 2nd Reserve. W. Miller.

The occasion coincides with the centenary celebration of the Federation for the Blind, Berlin, and I am sure we all wish our sportsmen every success on both these occasions.

J. CARNOCHAN.

Outstanding Athlete

Thomas O'Connor of Birmingham, is pleased to announce that his granddaughter, Janet has been awarded the Cup for the best outstanding athlete for the Winter Sport 1973-74 (Cross Country Runs).

Janet also attended a meeting in Plymouth where she competed in the Hurdles, 800 metres, and Putting the Shot. She obtained two 3rds and one 4th.

Stainsby Braille Writer

The Stainsby Braille Writers are now in very short supply and it is proving very difficult to obtain spares with which to effect replacements. It would, therefore, be greatly appreciated if St. Dunstaners, who own Stainsby Braille Writers and are no longer using them, would kindly return them to **Mrs. Lefrere** in the **Men's Supplies Department** at **Headquarters.**

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

FAWCETT-HITCHEN. Cecil Fawcett of Bournemouth, Hants, married Miss Rita F. Hitchen at St. Michael's Church, Bournemouth, on 31st May, 1974. We wish them every happiness in their life together.

Silver Weddings

Congratulations to MR. and MRS. DONALD GROVES of Ilford, Essex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 16th April, 1974.

Many congratulations to MR. and MRS. WILLIAM MILLER of Perivale, Nr. Greenford, Middlesex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 11th June, 1974.

Many congratulations to MR. and MRS. REX ROBINSON of Acton, W.3. on the occasion of their Silver Wedding Anniversary which occurred on 4th June, 1974.

Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:—

ROBERT AUSTIN of Halifax, who has pleasure in announcing the birth of two grand-children: a girl, Cindy Louise, born to his son Derrick and daughter-in-law, Mary, and a boy, Robert Baron, to their son Baron and daughter-in-law, Violet.

FREDERICK PHILIP HARLEY of Elstow, Bedford, is pleased to state that his daughter Maureen gave birth to a son, David, on 22nd April, 1974—a brother for Anne Marie.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Sandra, daughter of SAMUEL WATSON of Aldridge, Staffordshire, who married Stephen Jones, at Aldridge Parish Church on 23rd February, 1974.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:—

MRS. EILEEN WILLIAMS of Harrogate, mourns the death of her mother on 21st May, 1974.

Mrs. R. L. Hicks, of Palmers Green, London, widow of the late ALBERT EDWARD HICKS, whose only son died on 6th March, 1974, at the age of 38, after a long illness. He leaves a widow with two sons, to whom we also send our deepest sympathy.

PERCY HOLMES of Burgess Hill, Sussex, whose wife, Mrs. Ethel Holmes, died suddenly in Cuckfield Hospital, Sussex, on 15th May, 1974.

ALBERT JOLLY, late of Fulham, London, S.W.6, who has been in a Nursing Home together with his wife for over two years, mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Georgina Jolly on 14th May, 1974. Our sympathy is also extended to Mr. Jolly's son and daughter-in-law who have looked after them both.

HARRY STOCKS of Belper, Derbyshire, mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Thirza Stocks, who passed away on 10th May, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Arthur William Cima. 13*th A.I.F.*

Arthur William Cima of Egglescliffe, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland, died in the North Tees General Hospital, on 11th May, 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He was an Australian and enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces in May 1916 and served with them until his discharge in 1919 when he came to St. Dunstan's for training. He trained in carpentry and netting and it was on the latter that he concentrated, together with his garden, having decided to settle in England.

Mrs. Cima became ill in 1949 and passed away in the same year. After he had recovered from the shock of her death, Mr. Cima resumed his former active life, living alone and looking after himself in a very capable manner. He was independent to the last even though for the last few years of his life he was not very well.

He leaves a sister-in-law, Mrs. Pilditch, of Slough, Bucks.

Charles Jones. *Lancashire Fusiliers*

Charles Jones of Bolton, Lancashire, died in hospital on 31st May, 1974. He was 82 years of age.

He enlisted in the Lancashire Fusiliers in 1916 and served with them until he was wounded in 1917 but it was not until 1972 when he lost his sight that he joined St. Dunstan's.

Unfortunately, Mr. Jones was not very well when he came to St. Dunstan's but he lived with a distant relative, Mrs. M. McLoughlin and her family who looked after him very well and where he was very happy. However, two months ago he became ill and was admitted to Townleys Hospital and it was there he died on 31st May.

He leaves Mrs. M. McLoughlin and her family.

Cecil Henry Kington. *Royal Sussex Regiment*

Cecil Henry Kington, late of Sheffield, and in recent years living at Northgate House, Rottingdean, died on 19th May, 1974. He died ten days before his 82nd birthday.

He enlisted in the Royal Sussex Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in March 1917. He was wounded in France during the 1st World War but it was not until much later in life that he lost his sight and came to St. Dunstan's in 1965. He had been in business as a furniture upholsterer.

Unfortunately, when he came to St. Dunstan's Mr. Kington was not at all well and together with his wife had been in hospital for some time. Mrs. Kington died only a few months later and Mr. Kington went to live at Pearson House, Brighton. Later he moved to Northgate House, Rottingdean, where he died.

He leaves a son and daughter-in-law and two grandchildren.

Arthur Rees. *Royal Engineers*

Arthur Rees of Brighton, Sussex, died at Northgate House on 10th June, 1974. He was 78 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1917 when he came to St. Dunstan's.

He trained as a Physiotherapist and obtained a post at a general hospital in Wales. In the early 1920s Mr. Rees moved to London where he was appointed Physiotherapist at a London hospital.

During part of his professional career Mr. Rees was employed at the Ministry of Pensions Hospital in London but this appointment came to an end in 1930 and Mr. Rees decided to change his occupation and commenced re-training in telephony. He obtained work as a telephonist in south east London and carried on with this work until 1939 when he decided to return to Wales. Having resettled in Wales Mr. Rees resumed his Physiotherapy practice and in 1942 accepted another appointment with a Red Cross Hospital in Essex.

Unfortunateley, Mr. Ree's wife died in 1951 and soon after he retired and settled in Sussex where he has lived for many years in quiet retirement. His landlady looked after him when his health began to fail, until his admission to hospital in March 1974.

On discharge from hospital Mr. Rees went to stay at Northgate House and died there on 10th June.

Mrs. Nellie Robinson. *Munitions worker*

Mrs. Nellie Robinson of Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs., died at her home on 23rd May, 1974.

Nellie Robinson (or Nellie Lowndes as she may be remembered by many St. Dunstaners), was wounded in an explosion in a munitions factory in 1947 and came to St. Dunstan's very soon after this. Nellie lived with her parents and after training at St. Dunstan's she returned home and played an important part in looking after the home and family, finding time nevertheless to work as a string-bag maker for many years. As a hobby Nellie found much joy in music and she spent many happy holidays at our Brighton Home. Nellie was, of course, well known to all our lady St. Dunstaners and regularly attended their special Reunions.

Some years after the death of her parents, Nellie made her home with her sister and brother-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Parry, and they were, indeed, a very close and devoted family. It was at their home that Nellie passed away after a short illness.

She leaves a sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Parry.

Gideon Robertson. *Highland Light Infantry*

Gideon Robertson of Herne Bay, Kent, died on 2nd June, 1974. He was 89 years of age.

He enlisted in the Highland Light Infantry in 1904 and served with them until his discharge in 1920. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1967 when he had retired. Mr. Robertson was in the Civil Service and had worked in the India Office. He spent an annual holiday at Ovingdean and Pearson House but unfortunately during the last year or so his health had deteriorated and he was admitted to Canterbury Hospital on 2nd June where he died.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Violet Robertson, and the grown-up family of her first marriage and his family.

Alfred Thomas Wigglesworth. *West Riding Home Guard*

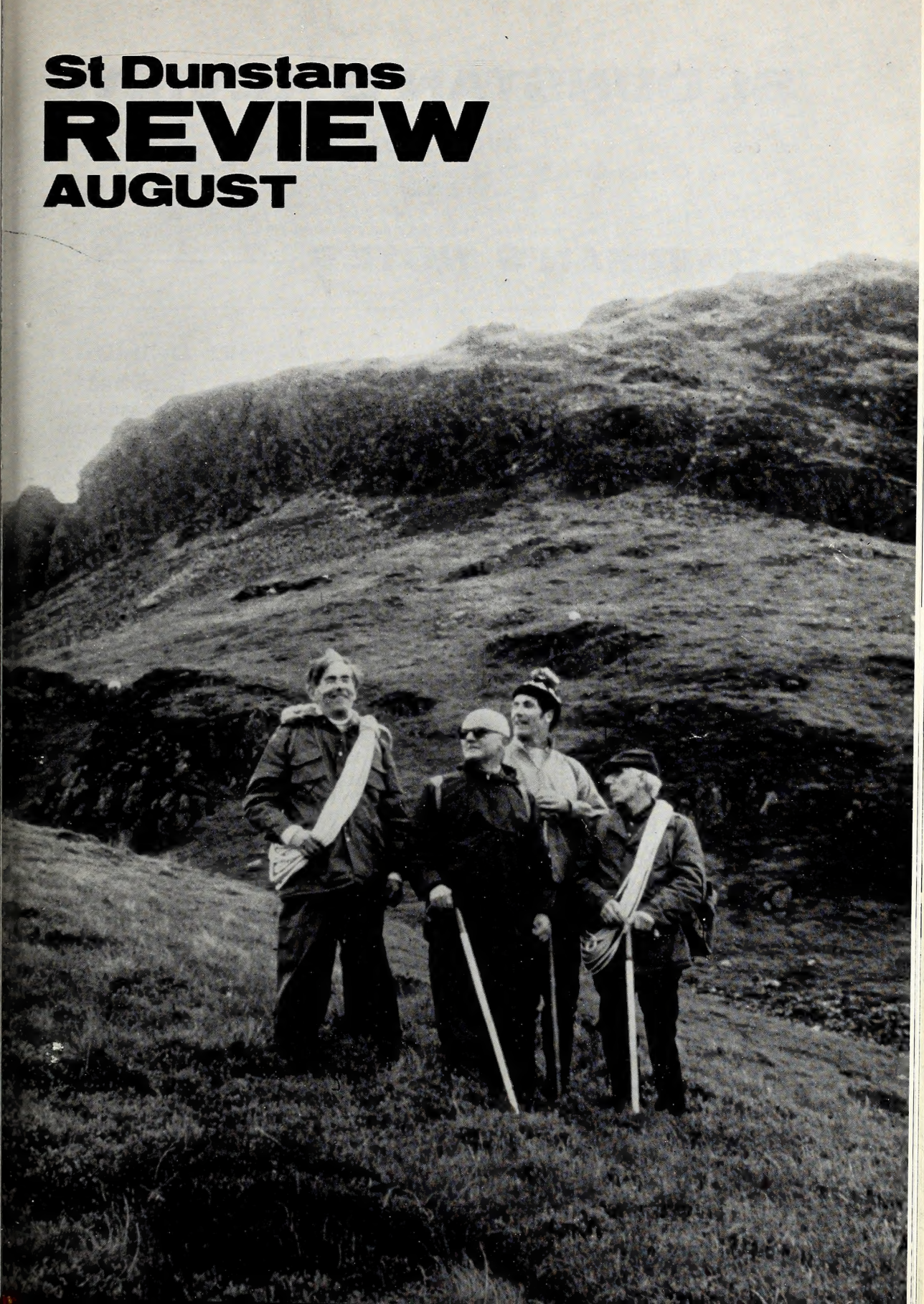
Alfred Thomas Wigglesworth of Burley-in-Wharfedale, Ilkley, Yorks., died in hospital on 1st June, 1974. He was 51 years of age.

Mr. Wigglesworth served in the Home Guard and lost his sight in an explosion in 1942, joining St. Dunstan's in the same year. He trained as a telephonist and settled down well into this occupation. He married in 1948. He was very interested in music and singing and was, indeed, very gifted in this direction, but was unfortunately unable to have any professional training. He became ill earlier this year.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ivy Wigglesworth and their five children.

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St Dunstans REVIEW AUGUST



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 655 **AUGUST 1974** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

St. Dunstan's Widespread Services

I was talking the other day to Mr. Weisblatt who is our War Pensions Consultant and Legal Officer at Headquarters. I was glad to be reminded in detail of the extent of the services which he and his office are able to render to St. Dunstaners and their families.

He will make a Will for those who wish to consult him and in this connection I strongly advise any St. Dunstaner who has not made a Will to do so. When a person dies intestate—that is to say without having made a Will—complications and arguments can arise and it is better to avoid them. Frequently, a St. Dunstaner asks us to be his Executor and/or Trustee which means that, when his Will comes to be proved, we undertake the work and look after his interests. We gladly render this service and I recommend it.

While we may, in complicated or highly technical matters, have to refer a case to Solicitors, there are many legal matters—for example, insurance claims, neighbours' disputes, adoption, divorce, and claims for damages, etc., etc.—about which we may be consulted, and what I have written applies to widows and to some extent family problems generally.

This legal service is but one of many forms of advice and assistance, which St. Dunstan's has undertaken for very many years under Mr. Rice's guidance and it continues.

I sometimes get a letter from a St. Dunstaner telling me about his son or daughter or grandson or grand-daughter in connection with whom there is an educational or an employment problem. Often I can give personal advice and on other occasions members of the experienced staff will do what they can.

Then there is the War Pensions service. We will present a case to the Ministry of Pensions whenever this is appropriate and are skilled in this matter; we can advise if a man is getting all that is due to him.

We are also quite a considerable employment agency, dealing for example with cases where a St. Dunstaner may be threatened with redundancy on account of a takeover of a business or a new invention, or perhaps he is a trainee needing a job for the first time.

We also get enquiries from St. Dunstaners overseas on many subjects and do our best to help.

I mention these matters because they are a considerable extension of the ordinary welfare services; they involve an immense amount of work but are of great value to many. I doubt if there is an organisation in the land or even in the world which offers this help in every aspect of life in the detail that we do. I think it well that St. Dunstaners generally should know of this widespread interest. We are indeed a closely knit family and I hope St. Dunstan's may be looked upon as a good god-father.

COVER PICTURE: *On the mountain, John Simpson, Bob Fullard, Tom Lukes and George Miller, the St. Dunstaners who climbed Cader Idris. See centre pages.*

On Foot or by Air

North Wales and North America are very different areas and far apart from one another, but they have had a slight link this summer in that each has been the scene of great activity on the part of a number of St. Dunstaners.

I commend for your attention Bob Fullard's article on the climbing of Cader Idris and Bill Shea's report on the St. Dunstan's physiotherapists' visit to Canada and the United States. I congratulate our mountaineers on their achievement and the physiotherapists on their participation in an important international conference and I thank all their sighted friends who helped both groups in so many ways.

Fraser of Lonsdale

COMING EVENTS

FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE

It is hoped that we will again be granted an allocation of tickets for the Afternoon and Evening Presentation of the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, 9th November. Any St. Dunstaner who has not previously had the opportunity of attending is invited to apply to Miss Bridger at Headquarters, not later than Friday, 27th September if possible, for inclusion in the ballot for tickets, indicating which Presentation he would prefer to attend.

Those St. Dunstaners allocated tickets who do not live within daily travelling distance of London will be assisted with fares and accommodation for one or two nights at St. Dunstan's expense and will be invited to join the St. Dunstan's contingent attending the Cenotaph Parade in Whitehall on Sunday, 10th November.

C. D. WILLS, *Secretary*.

Miss Stewart says "Thank You"

MISS STEWART writes to say that she has been overwhelmed by the number of letters and "get well" cards which she has received from St. Dunstaners and their families during her illness. As she is still on convalescent treatment it is difficult to reply individually and she wishes, through the medium of the *Review*, to thank everyone for their messages of goodwill which she has found most comforting.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Mr. A. D. Lloyds, C.B.E., represented St. Dunstan's at the Memorial Service for the late Arthur Sculthorpe held in Peterborough Cathedral on 2nd July, 1974.

STAFF OBITUARY

Mr. R. Willis. M.B.E.

We are very sorry to report the death of Mr. R. Willis on 21st June, at the age of 73 years. Mr. Willis joined St. Dunstan's in May, 1946 and was in charge of Arundel Lodge, Brighton, until it closed in September, 1947. He came to London when the Headquarters at 191, Marylebone Road opened in 1948 and started the London Club on 1st June that year.

Before joining St. Dunstan's Mr. Willis served for 26 years in the Royal Air Force. He was mentioned in Despatches in June, 1942, for distinguished services in the Western Desert, and again in 1944 whilst serving in Bomber Command. He was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire on 1st January 1945, for services in Bomber Command.

Besides the running of the Club, Mr. Willis also assisted at many functions such as the Armistice Parades each year.

The funeral took place at the Surrey and Sussex Crematorium, Worth, on 27th June. St. Dunstan's was represented by Mr. Norman Smith, our present Club Manager, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hancock, Mrs. S. Webster, (Mr. Webster was not well, so did not accompany Mrs. Webster) and Mrs. Cook, (widow of Harry Cook).

Miss Appleby

We regret to announce that MRS. G. M. HIDER, previously Miss Appleby, died on Thursday, 4th July. She was an Accounts Clerk in the Appeals Department and retired in 1959 after 41 years service. Her funeral took place on Thursday, 11th July. As Miss Appleby, she will, of course, be known to many ex-members of staff.

REUNIONS

LONDON

The first of the two London Reunions, principally for St. Dunstaners living in Kent and Surrey, was held at the Hotel Russell on Saturday, 15th June. The Welfare Visitor responsible was Miss B. R. Blebta, assisted by Miss H. Stewart, and a number of Headquarters staff members were also present. The total number of people at the Reunion was 141 including 16 St. Dunstaners from the 1st and 42 from the 2nd World War. It was a pleasure to entertain three retired members of staff, Miss M. E. Stevens, Mr. D. W. Ferguson and Mr. E. W. Roberts who had celebrated his Golden Wedding eight days previously, and other guests were Miss Diana Hoare, who has supported us in a voluntary capacity for very many years, M. R. Kalitka, a war blinded Frenchman studying in London whilst residing at Broadhurst Gardens, and Miss Jane Finnis, a journalist who often compéres the B.B.C. "In Touch" programme.

Everybody was delighted that Lord Fraser, who was accompanied by Lady Fraser, was there to preside at the Reunion. St. Dunstaners were also very happy to meet Lady Ellerman who came to the gathering with the Frasers.

Lord Fraser's Speech

In his speech after lunch Lord Fraser first greeted everybody present and expressed the hope that they would enjoy the Reunion. He paid a tribute to the staff headed by the Secretary, Mr. C. D. Wills, and outlined very briefly the functions of other staff members present. Lord Fraser dwelt on the importance of keeping the name of St. Dunstan's before the public both in the interest of our organisation and of individual members, and he had some words of praise for our *Review*.

Turning towards Lady Ellerman, Lord Fraser said that she and her husband, the late Sir John Ellerman, were the best and most generous friends St. Dunstan's ever had. He added a few words of welcome to Miss Hoare, M. Kalitka and Miss Finnis. He also expressed the regret of all who knew her on the death of Miss Lilian Woolrych, whose obituary we published in last month's *Review*.

Three St. Dunstaners from Northern Ireland, Joseph Laverty, Downpatrick, William Orr, Dunmurry, and Alexander Scott, Belfast, were at the Reunion, and Lord Fraser made them welcome. He told listeners that any St. Dunstaner in that Province had been told that if they would like to come to England for the duration of the current difficulties the necessary arrangements would be made, but none had accepted.

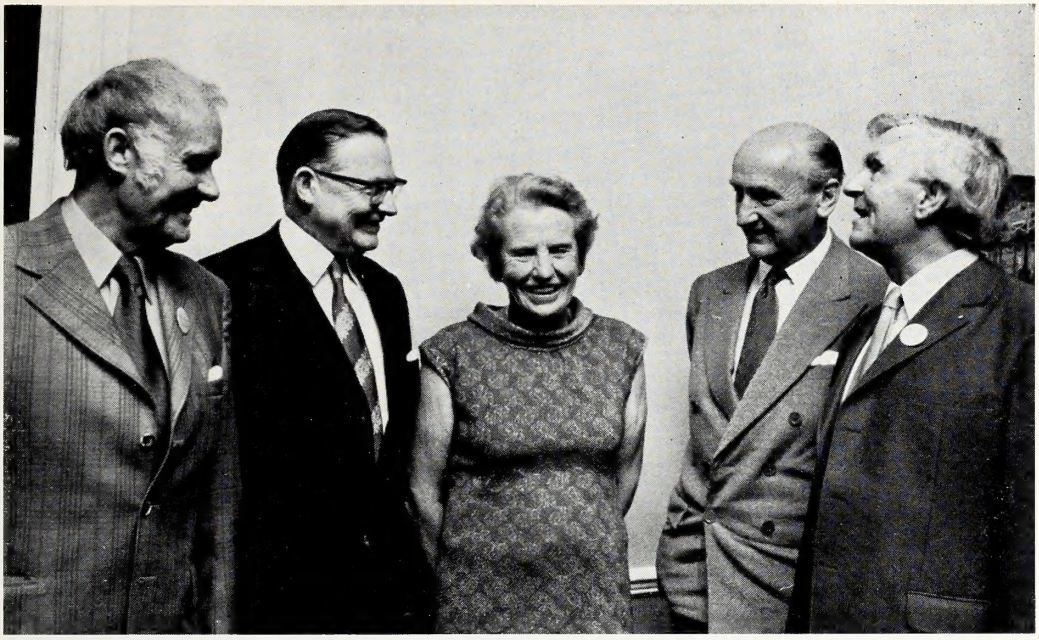
Pensions

Speaking of Pensions, whose increase in July has already been published, Lord Fraser said that he would not fail to raise the matter in the Houses of Parliament if it was felt that War Pensions were falling behind in the future, but he thought St. Dunstaners could be well satisfied with the increase that had been announced. There had been great advances in social welfare in the country over the past 50 years, but these had almost invariably been anticipated by St. Dunstan's 20-30 years earlier.

We are represented in the Commonwealth countries the world over, Lord Fraser said. He had been in South Africa during the Winter months and as President of St. Dunstan's (South Africa) he, with Lady Fraser, had attended Reunions in Cape Town and Johannesburg. He always found that the St. Dunstaners were much the same as over here in their work and other pursuits.

He paid a tribute to the good bearing and success of St. Dunstaners generally and said that the help of their splendid wives was warmly appreciated.

William Crombie, Stoneleigh, then moved the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. At many Reunions he had listened to others performing the same pleasant task and agreed with every word that had been said, so now that the privilege was his he found it had all been said before. However, referring to Lord and Lady Fraser, the Headquarters staff and others, he thanked them for their hard and sustained work, kindness and consideration. "To all and every one thank you and we are proud to be associated with all concerned."



At the Newcastle Reunion, Mrs. Mickie King, retiring Welfare Visitor, talks with Lord Normanby, Mr. Wills, Leslie Thompson, Gateshead, and David Bell, Edinburgh.

NEWCASTLE

It was a small gathering of St. Dunstaners at the Royal Station Hotel on 27th June, for the Newcastle Reunion but there was a warmth of family feeling which made the occasion most pleasant. Of the party of 50, there were 20 St. Dunstaners with their escorts, together with members of staff. Lord Normanby, accompanied by Lady Normanby, was the member of Council presiding.

Lord Normanby welcomed St. Dunstaners particularly three attending their first reunion: James Conroy, Eston, David Hodgson, Hartlepool, and Tom Simmon of Harrogate, and conveyed special greetings from Lord and Lady Fraser. Introducing members of staff present Lord Normanby mentioned, among others, Miss M. Skinner, new Welfare Visitor for Scotland. He thanked Mrs. I. Plaxton, Welfare Visitor responsible for arranging the Reunion and he had a special word for Mrs. E. M. King, assisting at her last Reunion before retirement.

Lord Normanby continued, "My yardstick for St. Dunstan's has never changed from what it was in the early years of the war. The Braille school which I started in Germany for some 30 prisoners of war was entirely dependent on St. Dunstan's for help and this yardstick was and simply is this, still. Does St. Dunstan's supply the right thing at the right time to the right man? . . . and if it doesn't, why not?

Communication

"To keep any organisation healthy and alive and on its toes one must have the information from those most effectively concerned and in the end this boils down to good communications. Now all of us know that communication is not always easy and the staff at St. Dunstan's are very much alive to this fact. But the fact that St. Dunstan's does manage to fulfil most of the demands made on it, which I think is true, is a tremendous tribute to the staff and I just can't emphasise this too greatly. We must not be complacent about it all and if there are any points which you want to

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LONDON REUNION—*continued*

After lunch there was dancing to the Talbot Orchestra and additional entertainment was provided by Joseph Laverty on his accordian.



Lord Normanby chatting with Bertie Dean, Hawick.

raise or discuss with me as a Member of Council here to-day, please do not hesitate."

Commenting on the situation of events in the world to-day and the danger of inflation in Britain Lord Normanby said, "This country can only survive if small groups of sane thinking people stick together and make their wishes known. There is a very wide gap, I think, between what is happening in this country and what people really want. I hope that the members of St. Dunstan's will keep very close together and not hesitate to make their voice heard. Who is better entitled to do this? Reunions such as this are a cause for pleasure but they are also, by their very nature, an immense encouragement, and so let me repeat once again my very warm welcome to all of you here to-day and may I wish you happiness and success in the coming year."

Representing St. Dunstaners, Leslie Thompson, Gateshead, welcomed Lord and Lady Normanby and staff members. Speaking of the St. Dunstaners attending he said: "I think there are not so many here to-day but I am sure the quality is still as good as it used to be". He brought laughter from his audience as he said, "As I look round here to-day, I don't think any one of you looks a day older than you used to look 28 years ago". Expressing thanks to Mrs. Plaxton, Mrs. King and Miss Skinner, Leslie Thompson said, "We all feel that St. Dunstan's has always attracted a very high standard of officials to its work. We would like them to know that we are grateful to them for looking after us". Concluding, he said, "On behalf of all my fellow St. Dunstaners I would like Lord Normanby to take back our appreciation and best wishes to Lord and Lady Fraser for their future happiness and health".

Saying that he has been trying to avoid making speeches at Reunions, Mr. Wills rose to pay a sincere and, at times, light-hearted tribute to Mrs. King: "She served in the British Red Cross as an ambulance driver during the last war and having completed that service she came to St. Dunstan's in 1946 as a V.A.D. at Ovingdean. Not content with looking after chaps down there, she took on visiting in the Midlands for quite a number of years". Later, went on Mr. Wills, Mrs. King



Mrs. Sandys is amused by George Allen's all-action story at the Sheffield Reunion. Also in the picture; Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Coupland, Mr. A. J. Parker and Mr. J. Barlow, Industrial Department and Bob Coupland.

moved North to take over Scotland and the North Country areas. "She loved Geordie-land and bonnie Scotland and when the time came for her official retirement she just wouldn't give up and begged me to let her carry on looking after the lads in Scotland. Here she is to-day, finally having decided that the wild life in the Highlands is too much for her and now she is handing over to her old friend and co-ambulance driver, Miss Skinner, who I am sure is going to prove a worthy successor to Mrs. King.

"Mrs. King has promised me that for many years to come she will turn up at this reunion to cheer you all up and make sure everything is all right". Mr. Wills asked the company to rise in a toast to Mrs. King.

Mrs. King

Replying Mrs. King said, "I would like to thank you very much indeed for all the happy years I have been with you. I am sure I don't deserve the nice things you have said about me but I have been one of the fortunate people who have had a job to do that they can really put their heart into. I would like to thank you all for much kindness, hospitality and very real friendship. I would like to send my love to your families, and the bairns I have seen grow up. I would also like to thank Mr. Wills for much kindness and understanding. He has been a good boss over a lot of years. And just to show you I have learned something, I wish you all the best of Scottish luck!"

After luncheon there was dancing and St. Dunstaner, John Black, Cramlington, entertained with some Scottish songs before a very enjoyable Reunion concluded after tea.

SHEFFIELD

The Sheffield Reunion on 29th June was a lofty occasion—literally. It was held in a banqueting room with floor to ceiling windows, high in the Hallam Tower Hotel, which besides living up to its name is also situated on one of the hills which ring the city of Sheffield. About 135 people came up the hill to the Reunion including 64 St. Dunstaners, 21 from the First World War and 46 from the Second.

Major M. E. M. Sandys, Member of St. Dunstan's Council presided, accompanied by Mrs. Sandys. As a Lancastrian he said, he felt rather like the man with his head in the lion's mouth. "Anyway, it is very nice to see you all again and, seriously, it does give me great pleasure, and I also speak for my wife, to be able to preside again at another St. Dunstan's party. I have been asked to bring you messages of welcome from Lord Fraser, a very good and very old friend of

mine, and my fellow members of Council who send their best wishes to you all and hope that you will have a pleasant and very enjoyable afternoon".

He had a special word of welcome for the five St. Dunstaners attending the Sheffield Reunion for the first time. Percy Acton, Halifax; William Arnold, Keighley; Robert Austin, Halifax; Edwin Hirst, Rotherham, and David Walker, Rothley.

30 Years of Peace

Major Sandys was the second Member of Council within a few days to express the encouragement he received from attending St. Dunstan's Reunions at a time when the world generally, is full of bad news. Pointing out that we have enjoyed 30 years of peace without any major war, he said it had produced strain in our society in other ways, citing the unrest in Northern Ireland. "Perhaps the other major effect is to put the cohesiveness of our society and our people under very severe strain indeed. Where, on all sides, one can see enmity and envy between one section and another; blatant self-seeking in all walks of life.

"One asks oneself can it be that the external threat is removed and then the naturally aggressive and acquisitive nature of man forces him to turn on his fellows? I wonder. Anyway God forbid that we should ever have to undergo the therapy of another world war to bring us to our senses but the threat to our way of life is, nevertheless, still there, albeit in a different form, and it ought to be enough to give us the sense of survival and national unity which is so obviously needed to-day.

Variety of Occupations

"Now, that is why I am always very cheered when I meet St. Dunstaners and their families because the desire to give service and to lead useful lives to the extent of their abilities is always so very evident. The list of occupations which many of you follow is remarkable in its variety and no less remarkable is the usefulness of these occupations to the rest of our community and this is one of the marvellous things about St. Dunstan's".

Major Sandys concluded by expressing thanks to all members of the staff at the Reunion, particularly Miss K. M. Broughton, Welfare Visitor responsible for the arrangements and Miss I. Newbold, who assisted.



Joseph Nicol and Mrs. Nicol dancing at the Reunion. In the background the relief drummer, our St. Dunstaner, Joseph Hamilton.

A Yorkshire Man

Herbert Ward, of Leeds, rose to speak for St. Dunstaners and, as a Yorkshireman, he responded to Major Sandys opening remark:—"Thank you very much Major Sandys, for the wonderful address. Despite that fact that it came from West of the Pennines, as representatives of the white rose we do appreciate that we accept the red rose as being the next best colour".

After expressing thanks to the staff of St. Dunstan's and that of the hotel for a "wonderful function", Mr. Ward said his theme would be normality, "We hear so much of norms these days and threshold agreements and I really do think that the function of St. Dunstan's is to try to introduce into our society, and as individuals, the feeling of normality. I do believe that the service St. Dunstan's has offered to our members is the feeling that we can lead a normal life despite all the strains Major Sandys has already intimated do exist. I think they do, with the services they offer to us, give us the threshold to happiness".

Mr. Ward concluded with a tribute to the wives of St. Dunstaners, "Who do, in

their normal way of life, work so hard in making our lives happy".

The Ken Baxter trio played for dancing during the afternoon with assistance of a relief drummer in the person of Joseph Hamilton, of Nottingham—and he is a pretty good drummer! The afternoon concluded with tea and a prize draw. Mrs. Sandys presented the prizes and, afterwards, was herself presented with a bouquet by St. Dunstaner Eileen Williams.

IPSWICH

On July 4th, the day of the Ipswich Reunion, the weather forecast for East Anglia was a typical British understatement: "Rather cloudy, rain in places at first, brighter spells later, isolated showers". The "shower" might have been isolated but it was a very long and very heavy one, for it persisted in lashing down all the morning and most of the afternoon—but inside the Copdock International Hotel, it was summer whatever happened outside.

There were gathered some 70 people for lunch: 29 St. Dunstaners, 14 from the First World War and 15 from the Second, with them were their wives and escorts, guests and members of staff.

Diamond Jubilee 1975

In welcoming them, Mr. Donald Hopewell, Member of St. Dunstan's Council, said, "I don't think we always realise that St. Dunstan's, next year, will be 60 years old. 60 years since the little handful of men were gathered together in Bayswater Road to make the foundation of our big family which is still carrying on all over the world.

"You do every kind of occupation and those of you who are still in industry, those of you who work in your gardens, those of you who take up hobby work, those who are in the professions, whatever you do, you do it well. You are a credit to your training and particularly to St. Dunstan's."

Stressing the importance to St. Dunstaners of their wives, Mr. Hopewell went on, "St. Dunstan's is eternally grateful to the womenfolk of its men and to the menfolk of its women for their help and encouragement which make your lives possible, happy and successful.

"Now these Reunions are wonderful occasions for meeting one another and I think the smaller and quieter the Reunion, the greater your opportunities are of talking to each other and renewing old acquaintances. When you get a big Reunion there is a great deal of noise and talking



Mr. Donald Hopewell, Member of St. Dunstan's Council, greets Robert Bowers, who was attending his first Reunion. Other Ipswich St. Dunstaners in the picture are James Hancock, Michael Tybinski and Alfred Carpenter.

becomes rather difficult. Also so many people gathered together are apt to be confusing. So I think there is a great deal to be said for the small Reunions."

The smaller Reunion, Mr. Hopewell said, gave better opportunities to meet fellow St. Dunstaners and "Your friends of the staff." He mentioned the names of Headquarters staff present and Miss M. Midgley, former Northern Area Supervisor. "Then you have your own visitor, Mrs. Adkins to whom is due the smoothness and happiness with which this Reunion goes to-day."

Mr. Hopewell concluded: "Two hundred years ago there was a very wise, rather eccentric old clergyman who lived in Yorkshire whose name was Lawrence Sterne and he wrote an inimitable book called *Tristram Shandy*. At the beginning of the book he put these words: 'I hold it truth that a man when he smiles, much more when he laughs, adds something to this fragment of life.' I think to-day, everyone of us here can add something to the fragment of our lives and I hope that it may be so."

Mr. Wills

Mr. Wills rose to welcome Robert Bowers, of Ipswich, who was attending his first Reunion, "I am sure you will give him a very warm welcome," he said. Amplifying Mr. Hopewell's reference to St. Dunstan's as a world-wide organisation, Mr. Wills spoke of St. Dunstan's organisations in South Africa, Canada, New Zealand and Australia, "Where the Australian Blinded Soldiers' Association has recently changed its title to Blind Soldiers of St. Dunstan's, Australia. They are so proud to belong to the family of St. Dunstan's."

Mr. Wills went on to describe the pioneering work of St. Dunstan's in the field of welfare and concluded: "Congratulations to you all for being such wonderful members of the organisation."

Fred Lock

Fred Lock, of Halstead, proposed the vote of thanks for St. Dunstaners saying, "I am afraid I am not able to make such a speech as those you have just heard." In fact his words were well chosen and neatly laced with some East Anglian humour. After thanking Mrs. Adkins "for all the work she has put in to make this thing a success", Fred, whose garden is immaculate



Mrs. Daphne Adkins (right) and Mrs. Briggs, junior— daughter-in-law of our St. Dunstaner entertain at the Ipswich Reunion.

without a weed in sight, referred to his next great friend, whom he called, Mr. Country Life: "He comes and sees me in my garden to see how many weeds I've got. I might mention that it's just sixty yards from my front gate up to my door and after he's struggled all through the brambles and nettles, he walks in and grabs my hand and he nearly shakes it off and he says, 'Mr. Lock, your garden looks wonderful!' "

Mr. Country Life is, of course, Mr. D. F. Robinson, who also handles Reunion expenses. "He must be a good friend," continued Fred, "nearly the first thing he said to me to-day when I got here was, 'Mr. Lock, how much money do you want?' Well, you know, you don't meet a friend like that every day!"

Fred Lock also thanked Miss Mosley and other members of the staff. Referring to St. Dunstaners' wives he said: "If I had to do with issuing out O.B.E.'s and B.E.M.'s and all the rest of them, I'm sure I wouldn't give them to those who delight in kicking each other's ankles nor should I issue them to those that delight in sitting down all day making plenty of money. I should give them to the groups who have the great task in looking after their blind husbands. I am going to close with a very hearty vote of thanks to all the members of our St. Dunstan's Society, not only for to-day but for all the year round. Ladies and Gentlemen—we thank you."

After lunch the guests were entertained by pianist Bill Haig, who was assisted by St. Dunstan's singing welfare visitor Daphne Adkins and Mrs. Briggs, junior, daughter-in-law of our St. Dunstaner Albert Briggs of Norwich. Mrs. Alfred Carpenter, wife of another St. Dunstaner, who lives in Ipswich, also sang.

Summer was brought in at tea-time in spite of the clouds outside by the appearance of strawberries and cream and, with the prize draw, this very friendly, family reunion ended on a happy note.

BIRMINGHAM

After the heavy rain at Ipswich the weather turned warm and sunny, though with a stiff breeze, for the Birmingham Reunion held two days later on Saturday, 6th July. The venue was the Royal Angus Hotel, completed about five years ago, which was being used by St. Dunstan's for the first time. The company numbered 114, including 9 St. Dunstaners from the First and 41 from the Second World War or subsequent entries. The arrangements were made by Miss Newbold, Welfare Visitor responsible, and Miss Midgley formerly Area Superintendent (North) was our special guest.

Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme

Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, Vice-Chairman of St. Dunstan's, presided and he was accompanied by Mrs. Garnett-Orme. In his speech after lunch Mr. Garnett-Orme said that it was a very real pleasure for him to be there with his wife to make everyone welcome, especially as it was his first visit to a Birmingham reunion. He brought the best wishes of Lord and Lady Fraser and Sir Neville Pearson and he extended a special welcome to James Brown, Nuneaton, attending his first reunion.

Looking round the room, Mr. Garnett-Orme said that he was afraid that Alfred Mead, Rothwell, had not been able to make it. Too true. Mr. and Mrs. Mead had unhappily boarded the wrong train which took them to London, but, nothing daunted, they took another train and turned up at the Royal Angus, Birmingham, in time for tea.

After welcoming Miss Midgley, Mr. Garnett-Orme gave his audience the names of members of St. Dunstan's staff present at the lunch. Each name was greeted with applause coupled with what sounded like some good humoured booing.

Mr. Garnett-Orme said that 78 new St. Dunstaners had been admitted during the year ended March, 1974, which was the highest total we had had for many years. They were not all newly blinded people. Quite a number were St. Dunstaners when they were first blinded and then their sight recovered enough for them to leave our family, but now sadly it had deteriorated and they had rejoined us. Others of the new entrants had had partial sight, but it had been getting worse over the years and they had now become St. Dunstaners.

"At almost every reunion", said Mr. Garnett-Orme, "and rightly so, mention is made of the way St. Dunstaners themselves, by their example, have maintained the high name of St. Dunstan's through all the many years since we were founded by Sir Arthur Pearson. Also tribute is paid to the wives and families of St. Dunstaners who do so much. They help us so much to maintain these high standards. Today I would like, in addition, to express our gratitude to all those who work for our organisation. I have already told you of some nine of our officials and one retired who are with us today, and these people not only work a hard and busy week helping us, but they also give up many of their weekends during the summer when, after all, free weekends are most valuable, to come and meet us all at these reunions. This is a thing that is very much appreciated by all of us."

Staff Work Hard

Mr. Garnett-Orme said that the staff at Headquarters in London worked hard and overcame many travelling difficulties brought about by frequent strikes and shortcomings of public transport around the metropolis. Turning to the Brighton Homes, he praised the Commandant, Matrons, V.A.D.'s, Orderlies and all the other helpers for overcoming all their many problems, and always giving such a warm welcome and every care and attention to those who visited them. He concluded by hoping that everyone would enjoy a very happy afternoon, and he thanked Miss Newbold for the arrangements and the hotel staff for giving such a delightful lunch.



Paul Francia "views" by touch some of the natural sculpture in the Exhibition.



Some of Pembroke Artists with Paul Francia against the background of the Exhibition.

BIRMINGHAM REUNION—*cont.*

Thomas Jones, Telford, Shropshire, moved the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners. "Mr. Garnett-Orme served in the Welsh Guards in the war", said Mr. Jones, "and now he looked round the room and found I was the only Welshman here (loud cry of "oh, no" from another Welshman) I wish to propose St. Dunstan's a toast, shall we all drink to St. Dunstan's?" Everyone did so.

After lunch there was dancing to Richard Manning's band whilst others chatted with friends old and new. There was the customary raffle after which Mrs. Garnett-Orme handed out prizes to the fortunate winners, and she was herself presented with a bouquet by Ann Hodges, Pencombe, Herefordshire.

GAINED DEGREE

Paul, son of the late GORDON RICHARDSON, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs., has gained his B.Sc. degree at Liverpool University and will be studying for one more year to take the Honours Course. Paul will be 21 on 30th August.

PEMBROKE ARTISTS EXHIBITION

For the second year in succession Pembroke Artists held their annual exhibition in the patio of the home of Paul and Thelma Francia, Cannon Green Lodge, Pembroke Park, Portsmouth. Again a percentage of the proceeds was given to Portsmouth Voluntary Association for the Blind.

Mrs. Francia's Students

Members of the Art group, students of Thelma Francia showed work on many subjects and compositions in a wide variety of media. Floral paintings, Landscapes and Still life in oil, gouache and water colours were prominent, natural sculpture was also on view as well as designs with string, metal and a little Pottery. A cheque for £75 was handed to the Association at the end of the evening making a total for the two exhibitions of £145.

Next year Portsmouth City Art Gallery has offered its premises for this annual Show and again it is hoped to raise funds during the exhibition for the local Blind.

PAUL AND THELMA FRANCIA.

. . . For Tomorrow We Diet —

by Phillip Wood

I am one of those unfortunates who puts on weight with terrifying ease. An innocent stroll past the Chinese Take-away—and there's another quarter of a pound to get off.

It is not that I over-eat. I don't. I know—they all say that. In my case, it's true, cross my heart. My daily calorie intake is about two-thirds of that of a thin man.

It's all to do with my metabolism . . . and it's grossly unfair. Some people I know eat like horses and are built like greyhounds. As I grow older the problem becomes worse. The only thing which gets thinner is my hair.

It is possible to lose weight, of course. But not with exercise. That only makes you eat even more. So it's not a bit of good belting round the Grand National course (with or without a horse) or climbing the Matterhorn once a week.

Dieting is the only way. Dieting is easy, I've done it hundreds of times. It consists quite simply of giving up all those splendidly -succulent, civilised, appetising dishes which made life worth living, and substituting the drearily-dull, tasteless unsatisfying stuff that takes weight off you—and puts years on you.

And there's no shortage of "expert" guidance either—columns and columns of it in newspaper and magazine. These articles and diet-sheets are composed by emaciated sadists with a profound grudge against humanity in general and jolly plump people in particular.

Some of the writers are humorists, too. Their recommended diets include such tit-bits as Dee salmon, avocados, fillet steaks, and other dainty morsels which could easily involve the slimmer in raising a second mortgage on the old homestead.

For the really dedicated, there are slimming Clubs and similar torture-chambers all over the country. The Girth Control business would seem to be a profitable enterprise.

These establishments fall into two categories. There are the posh ones, including Health Farms. They operate on the simplest of principles. The fees are pitched so murderously high that after you've paid them you've no money left to buy food anyway.

Then there are the humbler kind which in recent years has spread like a rash all over this green and pleasantly-plump land. These work on the group-therapy principle. Weak-willed backsliders are encouraged publicly to confess to that disgraceful episode with the chocolate biscuit. The strong stand proudly and declaim with evangelistic fervour how they won through against fearful odds and finally conquered the demon food.

I was once put on a very strict diet for three and a half years. At the time I was engaged on helping to build the Siam-Burma railway for the imperial Japanese Army. Now there was an organisation that knew a thing or two about slimming. They fined me down to four-and-a-half stone with no trouble at all.

The doctors tell us they are getting very worried about the increase in obesity (nasty word!) particularly in children. And well they might be! In our town, all the areas around the schools are practically ankle-deep in toffee-papers, sweet-wrappers and crisp-bags. It would appear that the Affluent (or effluent) Society is Hell-bent on raising a nation of fat litter-louts with bad teeth.

And it's not only the kids who are getting fat, it seems. Many "young marrieds" (as the women's magazines insist on calling them) confess to being very worried about their weight. But I thought worrying made you thin! Perhaps they aren't working hard enough at it.

All of which leaves *me* exactly where I started—overweight. I really could do with losing five pounds . . . half-a-stone . . . a stone?

However, having just finished a good dinner, I can only think, from the comfort of my armchair, of the Rev. Sydney Smith's immortal words:

"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today."

MERIONETH MOUNTAINEERS

by Bob Fullard



Our main reason for the journey to North Wales was to attempt the climb of Cader Idris (the chair of the giant) 2,927 ft. on Saturday, 8th June. We had gathered at the Red Lion Hotel, Dinas Mawddwy, on Friday, 7th June, where we had our meals, whilst being accommodated in an adjoining private house with Mr. and Mrs. Williams. On the eve of the climb there were those amongst us, perhaps not quite so athletic, who had some doubts about what faced us on the morrow, particularly when we were given our itinerary showing that we were to be accompanied by a mountain rescue expert and also when we read on the programme "30 yards rock scramble". However, thanks to the organising genius of Mr. R. O. L. Thomas, a sighted friend of St. Dunstan's, in spite of a somewhat hasty attack on the steeper lower slopes, all four St. Dunstaners, Tom Lukes, John Simpson, George Miller and Bob Fullard, were able to make the climb on which we were assisted by the following Forestry Commission colleagues and friends of Mr. Thomas: Eric Williams, Maurice Davies, Frank Farrelly, Roy Jones, Reg Wheeler, Hugh Roberts, Sam Hayler, Brian Maxwell, Dave Williams and John Bond.

In order to get our second wind, stops had been arranged at different heights where we were told the geology and ecology of the locality. In particular, we were shown samples of rock which varied from the alluvial, fault type of the lower mountain to the rougher and heavier, igneous volcanic type of higher up. We also handled cotton grass and deer grass which one found at different heights.

Whilst we were reclining at ease with the world on high, priding ourselves somewhat at having got so high without too much strain, chicken sandwiches and either beer or fruit juice were laid on by Mr. Dan Rowlands of the Red Lion—according to whether one was "grog or temperance" in the phrase of our leader—and it was proposed, seconded and carried that "Pathfinder" Bob Thomas be President in per-

petuity of a new St. Dunstan's mountaineering club. Not only had he done all the combined ops. work beforehand in conjunction with his charming wife, Rowena, but during the climb, he was here, there and everywhere, first way ahead of us and then some distance below us taking action pictures of our climb. At one point we were told he was crouching low in the distance, camera at the ready, in order to get us all in focus with his priceless camera, said to be worth several thousand green shield stamps and to be more valuable than his own car!!

Talyllyn for Tea

We must have made the descent quicker than had been anticipated with the result that we went to another hotel, Talyllyn for tea. Here we sampled Welsh bread, barra brith, whilst from the window of the tea room, could be seen small boats going out with trout fishermen on to the adjoining lake. Then back to our base for a quick shower and change. Here, must be scotched the rumour put about that an observer with binoculars had witnessed one St. Dunstaner being actually pushed up the mountain. Possibly, this slander results from the fact that wives had to content themselves with walking in the surrounding countryside, sleeping in the car and visiting a local Welsh cloth weaving factory where there was so much to tempt feminine admiration. However, on Saturday evening, after a good meal, to the accompaniment of an electric organ, we joined in the singing. Strange as it may seem, a whole crowd of Welsh folk singing in harmony all the popular hymn tunes on a Saturday evening in a pub was really heart warming.

Coed-y-Brenin

On Sunday, 9th June, together with our wives, we were driven by our friendly leader, Mr. Thomas, to visit Coed-y-Brenin, a forest renamed from "King's Wood" on the Jubilee of King George V. What happy memories of this Sunday! A picnic on the grass in truly romantic surroundings, the scent of blossom from the trees all around, waterfalls and good companionship and all this was due to the current Forestry Commission policy of presenting to the public the manifold aims of forestry: commercial exploitation of timber, provision of local employment, conservation and recreation. We were most impressed with

"Mountaineers" and escorts pose for Mr. Bob Thomas's camera.



all the commission staff, especially Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Roy Jones, who had gone to a lot of trouble beforehand to plan for our visit. The hospitality that was extended to us was again in evidence when we were served with a lovely tea at which Mr. Jim Hamilton, Chief Forester, presided, whilst Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter and Mrs. Rowena Thomas looked after us.

Types of Trees

We derived a good deal of information about what types of trees were grown in the forest. Mr. Wheeler with an enthusiasm for his subject which made it all the more interesting, explained the secrets of tree genetics and general arboriculture. At the Commission's recreation centre, we were able to handle various stuffed animals and birds indigenous to that locality. We also took part in tree identification but one of our party failed his test by not recognising a telegraph pole standing in amongst other trees.

Extracting Gold

At the centre we were shown an ore washing machine for extracting gold from a mine in the forest. We were told that Prince Charles had made the same visit as we had. We left with a sample piece of rock bearing gold pyrites, or fool's gold. The mine is, however, no longer in operation.

Picnic Spot

It was interesting to hear how the Commission plan to build up Coed-y-Brenin as a visitors' picnic spot with a carefully thought out programme of public education to prevent litter and, at the same time, to enable town dwellers to hear typical bird and animal sounds recorded on tape: in addition, the Commission are aiming to make their forests accessible to the disabled and with that in mind, we were able to make several suggestions concerning a nature trail on which St. Dunstaners might in future be able to follow along with the general public. Having seen something of the Commission's work before the war in North Wales, it may be said that I am biased but to sum up, the week-end was altogether enjoyable, very instructional and interesting. How nice everybody was to us and how helpful they all were trying their best to make the week-end truly memorable for us.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

William Edward Blackmore, Bristol, joined St. Dunstan's in May, 1974. He served in the Royal Field Artillery in the First World War. On his discharge from the Service he worked as a mason and later as a gardener on several well-known estates in the Bristol area. He has now retired and lives with a married sister in a delightful cottage. He is a widower.

George Farrant, Eastbourne, Sussex, came to St. Dunstan's in May, 1974. He joined the Territorial Army in 1910 and was mobilised at the outbreak of the First World War. He served in the Royal Field Artillery and was wounded in 1917. After his discharge from the Army he worked as a postman and also as a taxi driver but since his sight failed he and his wife have lived in retirement.

Douglas Robert Forshaw, Bognor Regis, Sussex, joined St. Dunstan's at the end of April, 1974. He served in the 2nd Surrey Regiment in the Far East in the Second World War and was a prisoner of war in Singapore. He was discharged in 1946 and he worked in the Ambulance Service until recently. He is married with a young family.

John McCouid, Bootle, Lancs., joined St. Dunstan's in June, 1974. He served with the Nottingham and Derbyshire Regiment in the First World War and is a widower.

Maurice William Searchfield, Blackpool, Lancs., became a full St. Dunstaner in June, 1974. He served with the Royal Corps of Signals from 1937 to 1946. In 1942 he was taken prisoner of war in Singapore. He is married.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

We started the month with a playreading called "The Willing Horse", no prizes for guessing who that was—the mother of the family, of course, well read by Mrs. Robinson, ably supported by Miss King, Mr. Boorman (not our St. Dunstaner), Mr. Butler, Mr. Harris, Mr. Robinson and staff.

The next important date was the Derby, and what a glorious day, sunshine all the way and I heard several comments about the food for the day, how excellent it was. So thanks are due to Mr. James and his team. I don't think anyone lost their shirt but on the other hand I don't think fortunes were made although one escort had beginners' luck, which is nice to hear.

Carden Consort

One Sunday evening we had a visit from a group, new to us, called "Carden Consort", five girls playing recorders of all sizes in harmony. All played a piano piece and the only boy accompanied on the guitar and played solos. A really enterprising group, all under 13, and their music teacher told me that they had compiled the programme and rehearsed on their own. They all sang some of the popular folk songs and, after the interval, they chatted to the audience and overcame some shyness. It was a very well applauded concert and a refreshing change to have such enthusiastic youngsters. We certainly hope they will come again.

We had another lovely day for our visit to the Bentley Wildfowl Collection. Mrs. Askew is so kind and generous, welcomes us on arrival, escorts us round the lovely grounds showing us the attractive wildfowl. The peacocks called loudly and continuously, their brilliant colours glistening in the sunlight. We returned to the shade of the Pump House for a most welcome tea.

The once monthly Tuesday visit of John Berlin playing the piano was enjoyed by the stay-at-homes, while others go to the Dome for a variety of entertainment.

The Brighton Tape Recording Club concluded the Sunday concerts, it was their first visit to us here at Pearson House—they were well known to us at Ovingdean. They presented a most enjoyable programme of light classical music introduced by Mrs. Carey, telling a little about the composer and the music. We shall look forward to another evening in September.

The Late Charles Colbrook

St. Dunstaners visiting Ovingdean will remember Mr. Charles Colbrook, the father of Miss Colbrook who worked in the General Office there. Mr. Colbrook often deputised for the Osborne family in the Kiosk and acted as escort to many St. Dunstaners in their travels to an from Ovingdean and Pearson House.

We regret to record his sudden death on Tuesday, 4th June.

WELCOME—*continued*

Montague William Pearce, Basingstoke, Hants., joined St. Dunstan's in April, 1974. He served in the Queen's West Surrey Regiment in the First World War. He is a widower and has two daughters, one of whom lives with him. Since his discharge from the Army he has worked as a gardener and on a farm until his retirement in 1966. It is only recently his sight has deteriorated and as a result he has come to St. Dunstan's.

Frederick John Wade, Stanley, Co. Durham, joined St. Dunstan's in June, 1974. He served in the Durham Light Infantry and the Machine Gun Corps during the First World War. He is a widower with a grown up family.

Harold Henry Walden of Warley, West Midlands, became a full St. Dunstaner in July 1974. He served as an Engineering mechanic in the Royal Navy from 1955 to 1961. He is married with a young family.

Dr. Broadbent Honoured

The *Review* offers its congratulations to DR. D. E. BROADBENT, F.R.S., Chairman of St. Dunstan's Scientific Committee, on his award of the C.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List.

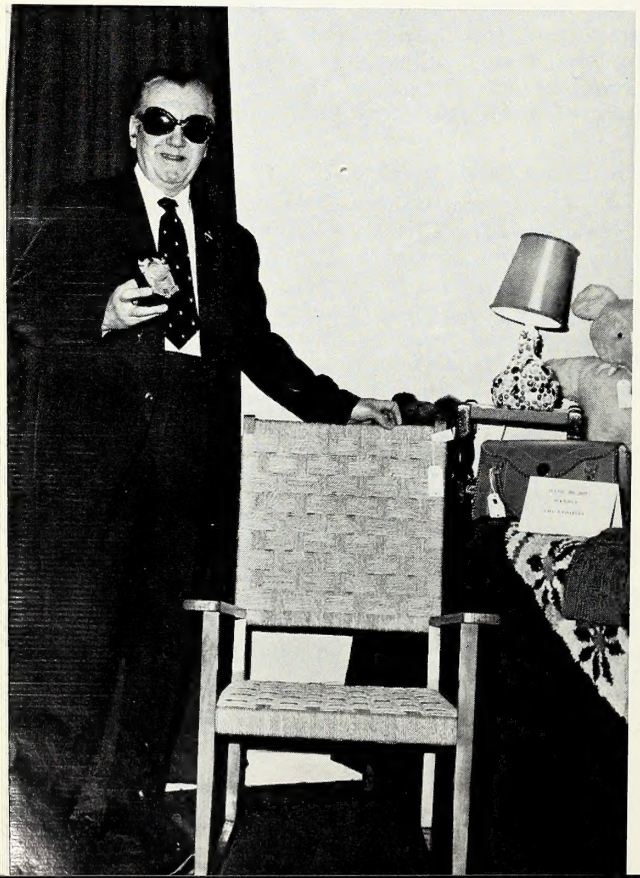


IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Rocking Chair and Cold cure

Our photograph shows Geoffrey Andrew, of New Southgate, with the plaque he received at the Department of Health and Social Security's Handicraft Exhibition.



Geoffrey Andrew at the Exhibition.

Also in the picture is the rocking chair with cane seat and back which earned him his award. He joins a select list of St. Dunstaners who have won awards at this annual exhibition for people with all kinds of disability due to war.

In between times, Geoffrey has evolved an interesting theory that he claims can cure hay fever and the common cold and even lessen the chance of succumbing to 'flu. His remedy is to take orange peko tea with a piece of thin orange peel in it. He says that the oil from the orange peel—not a Jaffa as its skin is too thick—blends with the tea to produce the remedy.

Not taking this seriously? Well, Geoffrey Andrew says you should and that he has 300 friends who have proved it by taking his advice and remained free from colds. Let's try it—what have we got to lose?

Cover Girl

We seldom have cover girls on the front cover of the *Review*—so perhaps readers will remember one of the few, even though they must go back to November 1971. She was Dawn Crombie, daughter of our St. Dunstaner William Crombie and then we were reporting her success at the International Disabled Games in Poland. She won an athletics gold medal and our picture showed her with the medal and her blue belt for judo.

I wrote she *was* Dawn Crombie because she is married and is now Dawn McAlpine. She and her husband Colin now have a daughter, Sonia Ruth, born on 26th June. Congratulations to them and to the proud grandfather, William. I wonder if this is another cover-girl to be?

The Voice of Moderation

One place I would like not to be is in a position of responsibility in the strife-torn corner of the British Isles that is Ulster. So I am full of admiration for anyone who stands forward in this terrible situation. Someone like St. Dunstaner Professor Alan Milne, who teaches Social Philosophy at Queen's University, Belfast, and who was

a member of a delegation of people of moderate views to visit London recently at a time when affairs were at deadlock with loyalist strikers bringing a real danger of total breakdown.

Professor Milne was interviewed on B.B.C. Radio 4, World This Week-end and was asked what his group was trying to do. Settlement of the immediate strike problem, he said, would lead on to wider talks . . . "and this is where we look to our politicians, our Government to show some finesse and political skill . . . Surely a Government with a will can establish contact and communication?"

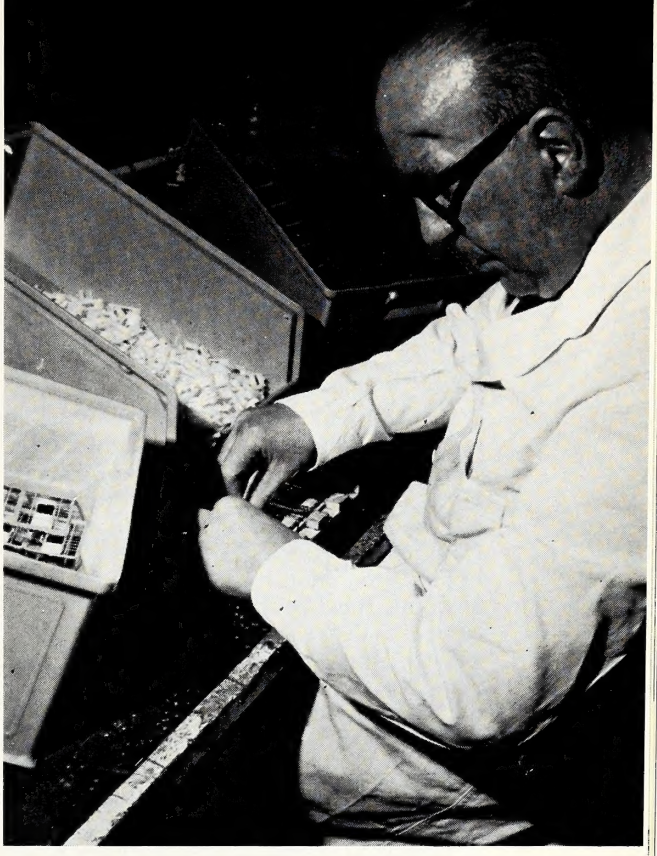
Since then we have seen the setting up of the Constitution Convention and on both sides of the Irish Sea all look for a gleam of hope for the future. But one thing is sure. It must be right that the voice of moderate opinion should be heard through the efforts of Professor Milne and his colleagues of a variety of religions and professions.

New Model Radio

Radios for the blind are, after all, to be exempt from Value Added Tax. Readers may recall reports in the *Review* of Lord Fraser's campaign in the House of Lords which received support from other peers.

This news coincides with information from **Richard Dufton** our Director of Research, who is Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Wireless for the Blind Fund, that the familiar Roberts R-600 receiver went out of production at the end of 1973. The Wireless for the Blind Fund has chosen the new R505 model to replace it for the current year. This receiver has just become available from the manufacturers. It has the same technical specification as the previous model but has a single rotary switch to select the three wave-bands instead of the push-buttons on the R600. The switch also incorporates "on/off".

On the advice of the Technical Committee the aerial on the new model can be scanned through 360° to make tuning more selective among the many new VHF stations. The tip of the aerial is fitted with a large diameter safety cap, and the radio has a turntable base and leather carrying handle.



Albert Stroud at work at the factory of MEL, Crawley.

Honoured service

Just about four years ago I had the pleasure of meeting and interviewing Albert Stroud, a St. Dunstaner who lives in Crawley and works for M.E.L. Equipment Ltd. The occasion was the celebration of his 25 years' service with the Philips Group of which his Company is a subsidiary. From his Director at that time he received a gold watch which he accepted for his married sister, with whom he lives, and a presentation cheque. Now, in the Queen's Birthday Honours List, he has received the British Empire Medal for his long service in industry. During that time he has tackled many different jobs and his employers appreciate his efficiency and his loyalty. I remember being told he had never been late in his quarter of a century with the firm and I'd be prepared to bet he hasn't been late since then! Many congratulations to Albert for a splendid record suitably honoured.

International Conference of the World Congress For Physical Therapy - by Bill Shea

On Saturday, 15th June, our party of 10 St. Dunstan's physiotherapists, including two first war members, wives and escorts, assembled at Heathrow for our flight to Montreal to attend the 7th International Conference of the World Congress for Physical Therapy.

In Montreal we stayed at the Windsor Hotel and Sunday morning found us at the Conference Centre, the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, for registration. In the evening we attended the reception given by the World Congress for Physical Therapy.

The Conference opened on Monday morning, this was a great affair with closed circuit T.V.

The Hon. Marc Lalonde, Canadian Minister of National Health and Welfare, officiated in the absence due to illness of His Excellency The Right Honorable Jules Leger C.C., C.M.M., C.D., Governor General of Canada, accompanied by Dr. Gustave Gingras, C.C., M.D., F.R.C.P.(C) Honorary President of the Canadian Physiotherapy Association and Miss Doreen Morne, President of the Canadian Physiotherapy Association.

The rest of the day was taken up by lectures which continued on Tuesday morning. Later in the day some of our party went swimming at the Y.M.C.A. whilst others paid a visit to the Botanical Gardens which are very fine. In the evening there was another reception at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel given by the Canadian Physiotherapy Association.

Trade Exhibition

Wednesday saw us back at the Conference Centre attending lectures and examining the equipment in the Trade Exhibition. Some of the party went to the performance of the Bolshoi Ballet in the evening whilst my wife and myself visited an old amateur radio friend at Mount Royal, a suburb of Montreal.

Thursday morning lectures again at the Centre and in the evening some members attended the Conference "Supper Party" at the Bonaventure Hotel which they enjoyed enormously and a few of us went to dinner with Norman and Betty Daniels. We finished the evening with Norman, Betty and Norman's family at the H.Q.'s Sgt.'s Mess of the Canadian Black Watch in Montreal where we were later joined by some of the party who had gone to the Bonaventure. Norman Daniels is one of our Canadian Physiotherapists who worked at Romford for many years. He and Betty wish to be remembered to all old friends in the U.K.

Lectures continued on Friday during the day with the evening marking one of the highlights of the trip. This was a party at the Windsor Hotel given by: The Sir Arthur Pearson Association of War Blinded. Mr. D. A. Jamieson, President of the Association and Mr. W. M. Mayne, Executive Secretary together with their wives attended from Toronto. A number of Sir Arthur Pearson Association members living in Montreal also were present.

Others present included the Blind Physiotherapists who were attending the Congress as representatives of the R.N.I.B. and the C.N.I.B. Norman and Betty Daniels were also there. It gave many of us in the St. Dunstan's party very great pleasure to meet again Miss Proctor, now Mrs. Bill Mayne. St. Dunstaners who were at Deanhurst will remember with affection Miss Proctor who was there as a V.A.D. She sends her regards and best wishes to all old friends back in the Church Stretton days. There was personal pleasure for me in meeting Lloyd McClintock and his wife. Lloyd is a director of the Montreal C.N.I.B. and another "White Cane" radio amateur. John Dione, Chairman of the Montreal Blind Society welcomed us very warmly and John Fawcett replied on behalf of St. Dunstan's Party.

From 54 Countries

The Conference which had been attended by over three thousand physiotherapists from 54 countries closed on Saturday. Some of the party spent the day up in the mountains with Norman Daniels and his family having a "cook-out" and by all accounts had a grand day. For the rest of us it was last minute shopping and packing and for yours truly a visit to McGill University Amateur Radio Station where I was most generously allowed to operate

their fine station making many contacts back to the U.K.

On Sunday we boarded a coach for Ottawa where we were guided around places of interest such as Embassies and Parliamentary buildings. We arrived outside the Governor General's Residence in time to see the Changing of the Guard. The Guard being mounted by the Grenadier Guards of Canada and very fine they looked in their scarlet tunics and bearskins with the sun shining and the trees so green, the setting was perfect. Off we went in the coach again and arrived at Niagara Falls to stay at the Park Motor Hotel and then on to another bus for a tour of the Falls at night. This proved to be a fantastic spectacle—an enormous expanse of rushing water all colours of the rainbow and changing colour all the time.

We were back at the Falls on Monday morning donning special waterproof clothing and gum boots to descend by elevator to the tunnels which give access to observation points within a few feet of the Falls where one is simply lashed by the spray, hence the necessity for the special gear. This was a never to be forgotten experience.

Washington

Back on the coach again for the marathon run to Washington via Pittsburgh. Tuesday was spent on an eight hour sightseeing tour of Washington. This included a visit and tour inside the Capitol, a look at the White House, then on to the Lincoln and Washington Memorials. The tour of the Kennedy Centre with its Theatres, fine furnishings from all over the world and roof garden was well worth doing. On to Arlington Cemetery where we saw the graves of the Unknown Soldier, President John Kennedy and Senator Robert Kennedy. Of special interest to Joe Humphrey and myself was the very fine United States Marine Corps Memorial. The tour finished with a most interesting visit to Mount Vernon, the restored home of George Washington.

Another highlight of the trip was a luncheon given on Wednesday by the Washington Blinded Veterans Association at the Holiday Inn. We were welcomed by Mr. Robert Carter, Executive Director of the W.B.V.A. After a very good lunch Mr. Bill Thompson told us of the very great pleasure it had given him to visit St. Dunstan's. He went on to speak of the meeting with Lord Fraser and other St. Dunstaners and members of the staff at H.Q. He also told us how much he and his wife had enjoyed the visit of Commander and Mrs. R. Buckley to Boston and asked us to convey his best wishes. It was my privilege to thank the W.B.V.A. for their generous hospitality on behalf of St. Dunstan's party.

After lunch back on the coach bound for New York and the Edison Hotel. St. Dunstaners who were at Deanhurst will remember Primrose Elliott, a V.A.D. She is now Mrs. Stefan Pieser, living at Rockville, Maryland, Nr. Washington, D.C. I was able to telephone her, unfortunately a meeting could not be arranged, time was too short but she asked me to convey her greetings to all her old friends.

New York

We spent Thursday on a sightseeing tour of New York. Many buildings of interest were pointed out including City Hall, the Empire State Building, also Times and Herald Squares. This was followed by a boat trip out to the Statue of Liberty. After going up to the observation gallery at the top of the plinth by elevator the guide told us it was possible to climb to the top of the statue, but "it wasn't worth it". Being St. Dunstaners some of us did not believe him and decided to climb up a spiral stairway which got progressively narrower and steeper and at the end of it we found the guide was right, there was nothing to see, but anyway we can say we made it.

Back on the bus and the tour then proceeded through the Bowery, Skid Row, Chinatown and on to the United Nations Building. Most of us took advantage of the opportunity of sending Post Cards with the United Nations stamps and post marks on, the only post office in the world where this can be done. The rest of the day was taken up by shopping, some of us visited Maceys, the largest Department store in the world.

On Friday most of us went our own way for the day, some to the Empire State Building, others to Radio City for the Variety Show. I went to the American Foundation for the Blind and was welcomed very warmly.

Saturday morning, back to the coach for the return trip to Montreal with a stop at Saratoga Springs for luncheon. We crossed the border, believe it or not, at Blackpool arriving at Dorval Airport in good time to



It is a far cry from an English lane on a damp summer evening to the road from Nairobi to Mombasa—but Mike Tetley will be cycling on both this month. He is planning a 500 mile tandem ride in Kenya to deliver his machine to the Salvation Army Secondary School for the Blind in Thika. With a sighted 'pilot' Edwin Rodrigues, Mike will be on the road from August 11th to 18th. On the front in our photograph is his English trainer, Dennis Bray.

CONFERENCE—*continued*

do some last minute shopping at the Duty Free shop before boarding our D.C.8.

A strenuous trip but a very happy one which I am sure none of us would have liked to miss. We all owe a great deal to Mr. Priestley for the hard work he put in before the trip and for his guidance during it.

A Visit to Buckingham Palace

HORACE JOHN BOORMAN, Faversham, Kent, went to Buckingham Palace at the end of May with the Civilian Blind Association. He is Chairman of the Faversham group. They all enjoyed their visit and had preferential treatment. They had a specially conducted tour of the Royal Mews, the Master of Horse had the barriers taken down and they were allowed to feel the Harness and Coaches.

Horace leads a very active life as Chairman of a number of local clubs and also a Noble Grand of his Oddfellows Lodge.

DANCING DAUGHTERS

Hilary Forster

St. Dunstan's Dancing Daughters, whose successful dancing examination results we have published in the *Review* from time to time are now growing up. Hilary Forster, Leeds, who once won competition medals herself is now having successes with her own pupils. She has pupils in the semi-finals of the Sunshine Competitions in the Ballet, National Greek and Character sections. All the profit from these particular competitions go to the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Young People and it is the Golden Jubilee this year.

Heather Tait

Heather Tait, (née Richardson), was married at the end of May and her wedding was reported in the July *Review*.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

The Sir Arthur Pearson Aggregate Domino Competition, the best eight results from twelve games, came to its final conclusion on Thursday, 4th June.

1st R. Armstrong
2nd J. Padley
3rd J. Majchrowicz

The Domino winners during the month of June were as follows:—

6th June	**1st**	**J. Padley**
		W. Miller
13th June	**1st**	**R. Armstrong**
	2nd	W. Miller
20th June	**1st**	**W. Miller**
	2nd	C. Hancock
27th June	**1st**	**J. Majchrowicz**
		R. Armstrong

The Ladies Aggregate Competition run in conjunction with the Sir Arthur Pearson Domino Competition was won by **Mrs. Hancock,** with Mrs. Armstrong coming second and Mrs. Padley was third.

W. MILLER.

MIDLAND

After the gaiety of the Birmingham Reunion on the previous day our club meeting, held on Sunday, 7th July, was rather quiet and the attendance was low but maybe this was owing to the World Cup being held on the same day!

It was very good to have Les Fensome back with us once again. Les came along with his wife, Marjorie and their youngest son. We all sincerely hope that they enjoyed themselves and liked what they saw and that they will be coming to further meetings.

Our chairman, Joe Kibbler gave them a very warm welcome as he usually gives to all new members.

Mrs. Marjorie Hordyniec was responsible for an excellent tea and everyone thanked her.

Our next meeting will be held on **Sunday, 11th August,** and by then I hope to have further news regarding our trip to Stratford.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

BRIDGE NOTES

The Summer Bridge Drive was held on Saturday, 15th June, at the London Club, Headquarters, Old Marylebone Road. Owing to the fact that several members with their wives were on holiday our numbers were somewhat depleted. Despite this twelve St. Dunstaners with their partners took part and thoroughly enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon.

The results are as follows:—

1st P. Nuyens and Miss Molly Byrne
2nd J. Lynch and Mrs. Lynch
3rd L. Douglass and Mr. S. Horstead
4th E. Carpenter and Mrs. Wiltshire

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Smith and as always the guests were appreciative of the prizes of various items made by St. Dunstaners.

P. NUYENS,
Secretary.

A PACK OF CARDS

I have often heard people at the Bridge Club talking about the number of different hands that could be dealt from a single pack of cards, but no-one seemed to know just how many. I have found the answer in an old Dunlop Book of Facts, and as they are facts not fiction, I do not think that they will mind my passing them on to my St. Dunstan's colleagues, leaving out the mathematical formulae.

Odds on Perfect Deals

The number of possible hands with four players using a full pack of 52 cards is 635, 013, 559, 600. Thus the odds against picking up a specific complete suite are 635,013,559,599 to 1 or any complete suit 158,753,389,899 to 1. The number of possible deals is 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,560,000. A complete suit is thus to be expected once in every 39,688,347,497 deals. Cases throughout the world of single complete suits are in practice reported about once per year. This being so, cases of two players receiving

OBITUARY

Mr. Otto Huttenen

St. Dunstaners who were at Church Stretton during the latter stages of the 2nd World War may remember Otto Huttenen who served in the United States Air Force. He was blinded by a hand grenade explosion in North Africa losing his left hand and part of his right hand. He was admitted to St. Dunstan's in 1943 for treatment at our hospital, Tiger Hall, and he also underwent some training in Braille and typewriting despite the severe injury to his hands.

In March 1944 Mr. Huttenen married Miss Ruby Curtis, a Red Cross member at Tiger Hall and she returned with her husband to the United States. They lived in Ohio but made a number of journeys to England finally settling in Northamptonshire in 1965.

Mr. Huttenen, who was an honorary St. Dunstaner, died on 22nd May, 1974 at the age of 68 and his friends and acquaintances will wish to join us in offering sincere condolences to his widow

NO SEPTEMBER REVIEW

As in previous years, we shall be following the usual practice of **NOT** printing a September issue of the *Review*. The next *Review* will be the October one and St. Dunstaners should receive copies of this at the beginning of the month.

BRIDGE NOTES *continued*

complete suits could be expected with the present volume of card playing once every 2,000 million years and this has only once been recorded. Cases of all four players picking up complete suits might be expected once in 56,000 billion years. This latter occurrence was reported in New Zealand on 8 July 1958, in Illinois, U.S.A. on February 1963, again in Illinois on 30 March 1963 and again 3 days later in Greybull, Wyoming. This is so unlikely, not merely to strain credulity but to be virtually certain evidence of rigged shuffling or hoaxing.

W. MILLER.

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 280

The Travels of Maudie Tipstaff
by Margaret Forster
Read by Phyllis Boothroyd
Reading Time 7¼ hours

Maudie, a sharp-tongued uncomprising God-fearing old Glaswegian, decides to spend four months with each of her three children, whom she hasn't seen for years. First, she visits Jean, living out an empty sterile life with her dentist husband in a plush London suburb. Problems of communication soon develop. There are sighs of relief all round when the time comes for Maudie to move on.

Sally is a good-natured slut with a strong penchant for getting in debt—and other men's arms. She has six neglected children and an inarticulate clod of a husband. Maudie's carbolic-clean soul is revolted by the squalor.

There is still Robert, he of the affectionate letters. Robert is an artist, a bachelor living on a Mediterranean island. Are there more disappointments in store for Maudie, or will she be "third time lucky"?

This is no ordinary run-of-the-mill generation-gap story. Told with verve and humour and a needle-sharp insight into the weaknesses—and strengths—of very human, human beings. A splendidly satisfying book.

Cat. No. 65
Reading Time 4½ hrs.

The Art of Coarse Acting
by Michael Green
Read by Garard Green

A wickedly-funny sideswipe at the "ham" actors and spurious prima donnas who people the little world of amateur dramatics. Any of us who have ever trod the boards, however briefly or humbly, may feel just a slight warmth about the cheeks and wonder silently, "Good Lord! Was *I* as bad as that!"

By no means a memorable book, but a nice little "pot-boiler" whilst you are waiting for the Great Novel to drop through the letter-box.

Cat. No. 463
Reading Time 8½ hrs.

Twenty Letters to a Friend
by Svetlana Alliluyeva
Read by Phyllis Boothroyd

An enthralling stranger-than-fiction collection of memories, happy and tragic, recorded, at the age of thirty-seven, by Stalin's only daughter.

Born in 1925 her very early childhood was secure and happy. After the revolution the Party Bosses took over the great estates (and life-styles) of the aristocrats and wealthy industrialists they had deposed. The young Svetlana was cradled in luxury, surrounded by servants, governesses, tutors and a nurse who stayed with her for thirty years.

Her mother's suicide in 1932 (Stalin did not attend the funeral) and the growing menace of the bureaucratic machine, had a profound effect on her life, culminating in the estrangement of father and daughter.

Predictably, the book is dominated by the dark brooding presence of Stalin, puritanical, unrelenting, suspicious of everyone but Beria, the infamous chief of the dreaded Secret Police, whom he trusted implicitly. He was totally isolated by his high office, a virtual prisoner of the system he helped to create. It is hard to reconcile the man who was adored by all his servants, a kind and indulgent father ("he didn't like to hear a child cry") with the sadistic murderer history has labelled him.

This is a book about repression and cruelty and savage injustice. It is also a testament of faith and hope. For the writer, a cultured highly intelligent Christian woman, who came to hate and fear "this monstrous system, this hideous machine" still cherishes a burning hope that justice and truth and freedom will one day return to her beloved Russia.

Cat. No. 23
Reading Time 6¾ hrs.

Here Is The News
by Richard Baker
Read by the Author

Autobiographical behind - the - scenes account of the Life of a News Reader. The first couple of chapters I found a little repetitive, the style rather pedestrian and self-conscious. But Mr. Baker soon warms to his task, gains mightily in confidence and with him we take a long hard look at the frenetic timed-to-the-split-second pandemonium responsible for the nightly News Bulletin.

And if you think (as I once did) that the News Reader's job is a piece of cake and all he has to do is comb his hair, straighten his tie, knock off the news and belt off and join his mates in the bar—read this book. It will show you how very wrong you were!

Cat. No. 583

The Chill and The Kill
by Joan Fleming
Read by Eric Gillet
Reading Time 7½ hours

A thoroughly forgettable book. A schoolgirl of no particular attainments or distinction, is knocked down by the vicar, a notoriously bad driver. She suffers nothing worse than a bad shaking-up, but when she recovers she has the gift of clairvoyance—would you believe!

She foretells the death of the young locum who attends her and he very conveniently commits suicide. Later, she "sees" a rather nasty murder and this also comes to pass.

The plot is tissue-paper thin and the denouement totally implausible.

I felt it was a pity the vicar hadn't gone to a decent driving-school.

Then he wouldn't have hit the girl.
And she wouldn't have had second-sight.
And this book need not have been written!

Cat. No. 166

Scruffy, A Diversion
by Paul Gallico
Read by Michael Aspel
Reading Time 10¾ hours

A riotously-funny tale by a master storyteller. In war-time Gibraltar the ape population declines catastrophically, until only Scruffy, the evil-tempered leader of the pack, is left. If the apes die out altogether it will mean curtains for the British—or so the legend says.



St. Dunstaner Eddie Allchin of Plymouth was the only walker to complete the full 25 miles of a sponsored walk. He raised £32.50 for local autistic children out of a total of £300 in the event which was organised by the Plymton and Plymstock Ladies' Circle.

READING TIME *continued*

The book tells of the hilarious and outrageous attempts of the Officer i/c Apes and his conniving drunken assistant to re-introduce the vanishing species.

A joyous frolic of a story, an absolute "must" for all who like a good laugh—and who doesn't?

Michael Aspel gives a stupendous virtuoso performance as a kind of one-man Repertory Company. I bet he could do Scruffy if he tried!

HEADPHONES In the use of . . .

I recently invested in a pair of headphones (£5.40 from the Talking Book people) for private reading.

They are robust, I'll say that for them! The heavy metal bands hold my head in a vice-like grip in a manner that would bring tears of joy to the eyes of any old-time Inquisitor. I now have permanently red ears. The cord soon developed a separate life of its own, curling and twisting about like an agitated worm. (Why, oh, why, can't some bright technical bloke bring out a cheap *non-kink* flex?)

Still, they are useful for a quiet read while the rest of the family are playing Scrabble or knocking down the kitchen wall or generally doing their own thing.

. . . And they do protect Auntie Mabel from all those nasty swear-words and orgies and things.

FAMILY NEWS

GARDENING NEWS

We have pleasure in reporting news of St. Dunstaners GEORGE ALLEN of Hull, who entered pinks, carnations and roses in the Hull and District Carnation Society Show held on 29th June. George obtained three 1st prizes, one 2nd prize and three 3rd prizes for pinks and carnations and one 2nd prize for roses.

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ERIC BRADSHAW of Northampton, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 2nd July, 1974.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to MR. AND MRS. ALBERT ROBERTS, Buckley, Flintshire, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 24th June, 1974.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

WALTER BRAMLEY, of Manchester, who is pleased to announce the birth of a granddaughter, Nicola Jayne, born to his son Michael and his daughter-in-law, Christine, on 1st July, 1974.

RONALD HOMEWOOD, of Norwich, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of a grand-daughter, Lisa Ann, born on 6th June, 1974, to their daughter, Margaret. Lisa is their sixth grandchild.

FRANK JEANMONOD, Eltham, who has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of his second grandchild, Donald John, born on 19th March, 1974, in Boston, U.S.A.

DANNY MCCARTHY, of Northampton, is pleased to state that his daughter Susan gave birth to a daughter on 20th July, 1974. She is their second grand-daughter.

ALBERT SPENCER, Gillingham, has pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of a grandson, Damien James, born on 23rd May, 1974, to his son James and daughter-in-law, Maria.

WILLIAM JOSEPH WOODHALL, Birmingham, is pleased to announce the safe arrival of his grand-daughter, Samantha Anne who was born to his son Philip and daughter-in-law, Dawn, on 18th April, 1974.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Kevin, son of PATRICK SHEEHAN, Wanstead, E.11., who married Susan Ashley at St. Andrew's Church, Chelsea, on 1st June, 1974.

Billy, son of WILLIAM ELGOOD, Chingford, Essex, who married Marylyn Pilkinton, on 29th June, 1974.

Sonia, daughter of PETER LOGAN of Sunderland, who married Robert Fair at Sunderland Parish Church, on 20th April, 1974.

Patricia, daughter of WALTER DURRANT, Norwich, Norfolk, who married William Frederick Barrie, Shotesham, Norfolk, at St. Catherines Church, Aysham Road, Norwich, on 29th June, 1974.

PETER BOOTH, Long Load, Somerset, is pleased to report that his younger daughter, Jane, has been awarded the British Amateur Gymnastic badge 4th class. She is 10 years old and it is highly thought of to win this in her school.

Mrs. Lilian Lee of London, S.W.19, widow of our St. Dunstaner, the late HENRY LEE, is pleased to announce that her son Stephen, who is studying at Exeter University, has passed his examinations and has now gained his B.Sc. degree.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

JOSEPH BOYCE, Belfast, Northern Ireland, who mourns the death of his wife Teresa, who passed away on 29th June, 1974.

WILLIAM LACEY, Eastwood, Essex, on the death of his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Louise Lacey, who had been ill for some months and died in hospital on 7th July, 1974.

ASHBY WARD-SMITH, Penryn, Cornwall, whose grandson, aged eighteen, was killed in a motor-car accident on 16th May, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Walter Grant. M.M., *Northumberland Fusiliers*

Walter Grant of Brentwood, Essex, died at Northgate House, Rottingdean, on 26th June, 1974. He was 83 years old.

He enlisted in the Northumberland Fusiliers in August 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Although he was wounded in France in 1915 and suffered some additional disability, his sight did not fail until many years later and he therefore, did not join St. Dunstan's until February 1974.

For many years Walter Grant worked as a miner until his retirement in 1965. He was a widower and lived for some time with his married daughter, Mrs. Leybourne, in Ruislip and more recently with his married son in Brentwood, Essex. Unfortunately his health deteriorated and he died whilst at Northgate House.

John James Hamson. *Royal Army Service Corps.*

John James Hamson, Rochester, Kent, died in hospital on 18th June, 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the Territorial Army in 1913 at the age of 17 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. As John Hamson had already retired from his previous occupation as Stockman on a farm, when his sight failed completely and he joined St. Dunstan's in 1968, no occupational training was necessary.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamson enjoyed a quiet retirement in Rochester and their four grown-up sons and daughters all keep in constant touch with their parents. In recent months Mr. Hamson's health deteriorated and he had to be admitted to hospital during the last few weeks of his life.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Frances Hamson and their four grown-up children and their respective families.

Albert James Frederick Jolly. *Royal Army Service Corps.*

Albert James Jolly, late of Horder Road, Fulham, S.W.6. and latterly of Greenhyrst Nursing Home, Croydon, died on 4th July, just a fortnight before his 85th birthday.

He enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1918 when he joined St. Dunstan's.

He trained as a Basket maker and despite his injured hand he managed to master all types of basket work. In 1931 he transferred to making seagrass stools and string bags and worked steadily until 1964 when he was admitted to hospital for a serious operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jolly lived for many years in Fulham but owing to the ill-health of both, their son arranged for his parents to live as residents in a Nursing Home at Croydon so that he could call in and see them daily. Mr. Jolly had been in poor health for a number of years but since the death of his wife on 14th May, his health has given serious cause for concern and although we invited him to spend a convalescent holiday at St. Dunstan's in Brighton he was not well enough to make the journey.

He leaves his son, Mr. A. G. Jolly and his daughter-in-law, who both did so much to care for his parents.

Harold Archibald Moss. *Royal Horse Guards*

Harold Archibald Moss of Ipswich, Suffolk, died in hospital on 23rd June, 1974. He was 60 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Horse Guards in 1942 and served with them until his discharge in 1946, but it was not until 1971 that he joined St. Dunstan's.

He worked for many years as a telephonist with the North Thames Gas Board, but had retired by the time he came to us. His hobbies were Braille, his talking book and the radio and he found plenty to keep him busy in these fields.

He moved from London to Ipswich in January, 1973 but unfortunately became ill very soon after this. He was nursed devotedly at home by Mrs. Moss, but it was in hospital that he passed away in the early hours of Sunday morning, 23rd June.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Nora Moss and a son, who is married.

Charles Albert Reed. *Royal Engineers*

Charles Albert Reed of Peacehaven, Sussex, died in hospital, on 25th June, 1974. He was 86 years of age.

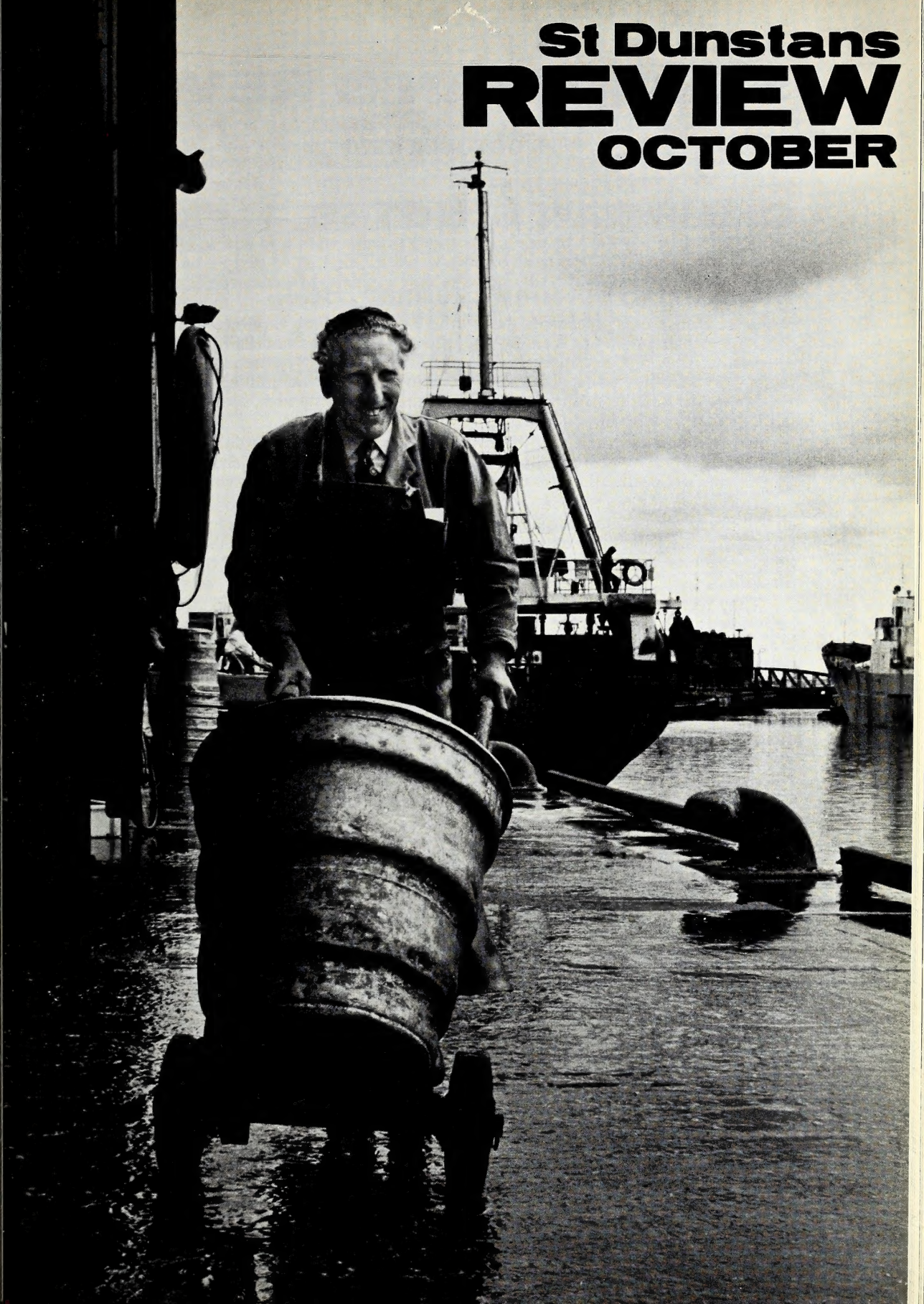
He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in December 1918. His sight did not fail completely until later on in his life and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1964 when he had already retired from work.

From a health point of view it was felt advisable that Mr. and Mrs. Reed should live out of London and in 1965 they moved to Peacehaven where they enjoyed a quiet retirement. In recent years Mr. Reed's health sometimes gave cause for concern and he was admitted to the Brighton General Hospital in June where unfortunately he died a few weeks later.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith Reed and four grown-up sons and daughters and their respective families.

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St Dunstans REVIEW OCTOBER



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 656 **OCTOBER 1974** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Memorial to Sir John Ellerman, Bt.

Many St. Dunstaners, especially those who were at Church Stretton, will remember the great interest shown in our work by Sir John and Lady Ellerman during the war years and afterwards. They made so many friends and, incidentally, they both learned Braille. I can remember Sir John transcribing a most complex scientific volume for our Director of Research, Mr. R. Dufton, and I also know that Lady Ellerman still uses Braille regularly in communicating with her blind friends.

No two people in the long history of our organisation have done more for us as a whole, and for many years Sir John and Lady Ellerman have been active members of the St. Dunstan's (South Africa) Board of Directors—and Lady Ellerman still is.

During his lifetime Sir John established a Charity, the main purpose of which was to contribute to societies and organisations for the blind and the disabled. This is called the New Moorgate Trust Fund and the Trustees thereof—of whom Lady Ellerman is the central figure—decided that they wanted to assist some activity for the blind world in memory of Sir John.

They were good enough to ask my advice and I thought that two conditions should be fulfilled: one was that the memorial should go on indefinitely and the other was that it should benefit as many blind people as possible. In the course of much discussion between the Trustees, the Royal National Institute for the Blind and me, it was recognised that one of the most serious handicaps of blindness is lack of mobility and that one of the best contributions to a blind person's happiness is to help him to get about alone with more confidence and freedom. Except for those who are unfortunately precluded from movement by some additional disability, the most distressing aspect of blindness must be to be confined to a chair or a room or a house by fear or lack of skill or lack of initiative. That is why one of the best things anyone can do for a blind friend is to encourage him to go about alone at home or in his garden or in his district or even to go to and from work by himself.

Some years ago a unit was formed in Birmingham called the Midland Mobility Centre, and one of the late Lord Nuffields' funds contributed to this. When this special assistance ceased, the work was continued by a consortium, consisting of the R.N.I.B., the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind and St. Dunstan's, and it came to be called the National Mobility Centre. It is situated in a pleasant residential road, in premises which are lent by the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, and its function is to train some individual blind people, but more particularly to train sighted instructors, who come from all over the country and even from abroad to learn the use of the long cane and to study electronic devices for obstacle finding. In a visit which Lady Ellerman and I paid to this Centre, we met a dozen welfare officers and similar persons under instruction and we were very much impressed with both the establishment and the training. Mr. Peter Ryan is the Principal of this school, which is conducted by the R.N.I.B. and watched over by an Advisory Committee, the members of which are representatives of the R.N.I.B., St. Dunstan's and the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, plus certain other individuals, with Mr. Walter Thornton as Chairman. He is the very well-known expert St.

COVER PICTURE: *St. Dunstaner, George Allen at work at Hull Docks. (See Ways of Life on centre pages.)*

Dunstaner, who has specialised in studying mobility and is himself the most skilled person I know in getting around on his own.

The Trustees of the New Moorgate Trust Fund have decided that, as a memorial to Sir John Ellerman, they wish to give a substantial sum of money, in the region of £15,000 a year, for the development of this service for the blind, and I announced this at a luncheon in Birmingham at which the Lord Mayor and other representative persons were present.

St. Dunstaners themselves fall into two main categories, namely, First War men who are approximately 75 years of age and more and the Second War men who are approximately 50 years of age and more, and at these ages most of the people concerned will have established their own patterns of life and discovered by experience how to move about as freely as possible. Nevertheless, I know, personally of one St. Dunstaner—namely Mr. S. A. Chambers, a Birmingham physiotherapist, who died a few years ago when he was over 80,—who told me that, whereas he had been practically confined to his house and his treatment room for 20 years, the use of the long cane, even at his advanced age, had given him great happiness and enabled him to go out and about confidently and safely. Our friend, Miss Beryl Sleigh (Second War St. Dunstaner) told me very much the same, and I have not the slightest doubt that many St. Dunstaners may still gain a great deal by studying mobility, which they can do by arrangement locally or at Brighton, where Mr. Jock Carnochan is our instructor.

On the other hand the great benefit of the Ellerman memorial gift will be for the blind world as a whole and especially for the young and I think it will please St. Dunstaners generally—as it does me—that Sir John's great interest, stimulated by his contact with St. Dunstan's and St. Dunstaners, has contributed to this widespread benefit.

I am sure that I speak for St. Dunstan's as a whole when I say that we are all most grateful to Lady Ellerman and her co-Trustees for this generous gift in memory of one of our best friends.

Double Disability

In the First World War a great many fighting men died of their wounds, some in 'no man's land', but in the Second War, owing to much improved medical services and drugs such as the antibiotics, many wounded soldiers, sailors and airmen were rescued and have survived. As a result there were very few extremely severely disabled St. Dunstaners of the First War, but we have a considerable number from the Second War, and now it is sad to think that after all these years five or six new St. Dunstaners should come to us from Northern Ireland, some of them doubly disabled.

Air Commodore Dacre and Mr. Peter Nye, who was our Engineer, did a great deal over the years to invent gadgets and apparatus and promote ideas to help our doubly handicapped comrades, and to-day Mr. Norman French continues this special work.

I have the greatest admiration for these St. Dunstaners. It is serious enough to be blind, especially totally blind, but ever so much more difficult to go through life without a limb, especially without hands, or with defective hearing. Let us always think of these men and their families and praise them for their example and their courage.

This is particularly in my mind after listening to an hour's television the other day in which Raymond Hazan, a young Officer recently blinded in Ireland, told how he had got on in his first few months in hospital, at home and in St. Dunstan's itself. I imagine many readers will have heard his broadcast and will wish to join me in congratulating him and his wife and wishing them good luck.

Mrs. Avis Spurway, M.B.E.

On another page readers will find an article on the 1974 St. Dunstan's Camp at which the Royal Navy repeated its generous hospitality. A feature of this gathering was that it was 50 years—with the exception of the War years—during which Mrs. Avis Spurway, whom early St. Dunstaners would have known as the Sports Sister, Avis Hodgson, had organised

such events. Unfortunately, I could not go to visit the Camp, but I sent a special message and, as readers will learn, a presentation was made, recognising Mrs. Spurway's outstanding service.

All St. Dunstaners who read this will join Lady Fraser and me in expressing our affectionate regard and thanks to Mrs. Spurway.

Fraser of Lonsdale

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Thomas Connolly of Co. Wexford, Eire, joined St. Dunstan's in August 1974. He served in the First World War and is now a widower.

Percy Jennings, D.C.M., M.M. of Watford, Herts., joined St. Dunstan's in July 1974. He served in the First World War in the Army with distinction and then transferred to the R.A.F. in 1918. Following his discharge he was the Manager of an Estate Agent's business until the final deterioration of his sight made it necessary for him to retire. He is a widower and has a married daughter.

Wilfred Sydney John Mead of London E.6, joined St. Dunstan's in June 1974. He served in the Royal Artillery in the Second World War and was injured in the battle of Dunkirk. He is married. Wilfred is employed in the Municipal Workshops and his wife is engaged in voluntary work for Old People's Homes in the locality.

Edward Threlfall Mercer of Blackpool, joined St. Dunstan's in August 1974. He served in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War and was a P.O.W. in the Far East. He is married with one son.

Sidney Clarence Latham of Worcester, who came to St. Dunstan's in July, 1974. He is married and served in the Royal Navy in mine sweepers, during the First World War.

From the Chairman's Postbag

Extract from a letter received from Alva Tucker, Banwell, Somerset

I was very interested in the news of "Fraser House" and I am sure we are all looking forward to the opening. I hope there will be pictures in the *Review* of the alterations, so that our wives can describe it to us. You must be very glad it is nearing completion and anxious for the final results.

LOST AND FOUND

After the London Reunion at the Hotel Russell on 20th July a Kodacolor X colour negative film No. CX 135-36 was picked up in the Dining Room. Would the owner please get in touch with the *Review* at Headquarters and we will be pleased to forward it to him.

CAMPERS—LOST PROPERTY

To all campers who left property behind at H.M.S. Daedalus, it has all been collected. Would you please write and claim from: **Mrs. Spurway, Mount House, Halse, Taunton, Somerset.**

WELCOME—*continued*

John James Smith of Bolton, joined us in August 1974. He served during the First World War in three Regiments—the Royal Fusiliers, the Queen's Royal West Surreys, and the Middlesex Regiment. He was wounded in France. He is married with two married daughters.

Thomas Williams of Brynmawr, Gwent, who came to us in July, 1974. He is married and served in the South Wales Borderers during the First World War and was wounded on the Somme.



IT STRIKES ME

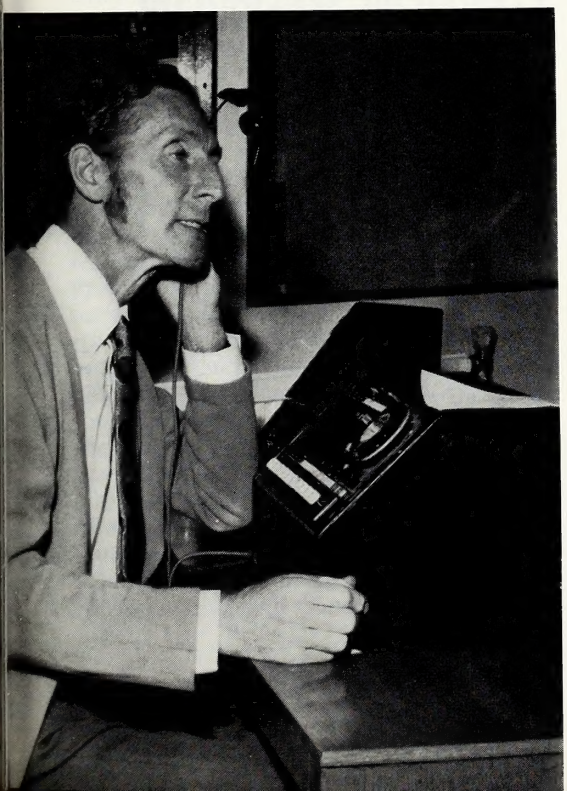
by Magog

Telephonists in the News

It is nice to be appreciated and two of our telephonists at almost opposite ends of the country have recently received tributes in print in their companies' house journals. In Norwich, **Percy Stubbs** works for Eastern Counties Farmers Ltd., and in the West Country, **Jim Blackwell** works for Shell-Mex and BP, at their Bridgwater terminal in Somerset.

Coincidentally, both their house journals are called the "News"—*E.C.F. News* describes Percy as the link man for farmers enquiring about agricultural feeds fertilisers, seeds—in fact everything except machinery which is dealt with at other branches. The article concludes with a quote from Percy. "I'm very fond of the country and like talking to people about agricultural affairs." The right man in the right job, obviously.

Jim Blackwell at his switchboard.



From down in Somerset the *Shell-Mex and BP News* feature writer reported on his visit, "It's hard to believe that Jim Blackwell the owner of the cheerful voice that you hear when you telephone Bridgwater, is blind. Even more amazing is the dexterity with which he handles his switchboard".



George Hewett chats with Mr. Heath after presenting his rug. *photo: Evening Argus, Brighton.*

Mr. Heath's new rug

I have mentioned **George Hewett's** generosity with the rugs he makes before. In the past he has presented rugs of special design to a Boy Scout Troop, the Red Cross, and among others, to the sailing club in his home town of Holyhead. That one must have set George thinking, for his latest rug is another yacht design and he presented it to no less a yachtsman than the Rt. Hon. Edward Heath. Our photo shows George with the Leader of the Opposition and Mr. Tim Sainsbury, M.P. for Hove at the Houses of Parliament where he presented the rug. Mr. Heath said the rug was splendid and would be used in his home in Belgravia, London.

A birthday toast to Alfred Osmond, 82 on the day of the Reunion. (l. to r.) Mrs. Osmond, Mrs. O'Kelly, Frank O'Kelly and Alfred Osmond.

Mr. Wills presents Robert Pringle to Mrs. Garnett-Orme.



LONDON REUNION

It was almost a pity to enter the Hotel Russell on 20th July, so beautiful was the day outside. The gardens in Russell Square, basking in one of our rare Summer days this year, were most inviting but having shunned temptation a similar warmth was found in the good fellowship of the final reunion of 1974.

88 St. Dunstaners—19 from the 1st World War and 69 from the second or later—were there with their wives or escorts and with guests and staff members the company at table numbered some 200. Presiding over it all was Mr. Ion Garnett-Orme, St. Dunstan's Vice-Chairman, accompanied by Mrs. Garnett-Orme. Later in the afternoon came some extra and most welcome visitors to the Reunion. Lord and Lady Fraser with Lady Ellerman. The Welfare Visitor responsible for the arrangement of the Reunion was Miss B. Davis assisted by Miss I. Newbold.

After luncheon, Mr. Garnett-Orme rose to welcome St. Dunstaners and guests, mentioning particularly Mr. J. Carr, Senior Welfare Officer London Borough of Ealing, who was accompanied by Mrs. Carr. He also named members of staff and helpers present and went on, "We give a specially warm welcome to six Dunstaners who are attending a reunion for the first time. They are William Charity, Gomer John Hopkins, Samuel Leggett, Alexander McLeod, Arthur Watkins-Grafton and Francis White. I hope they will feel very much at home here, and that they will enjoy themselves and come to many other reunions.

"Mrs. Thompson, as many of you know, is our Welfare Visitor in Ireland. Now, her work in these troubled times is most difficult and often dangerous, and I would like to express our sincere gratitude to her, to welcome her here to-day, also the five St. Dunstaners who have made the journey from the Emerald Isle to be with us to-day.

Important Part

"These reunions are an important part of St. Dunstan's family life, bringing us all together again once a year, to meet each other, to renew old acquaintances, and make new friends. With the passing of time our number naturally becomes less, but the name of St. Dunstan's is still held in the highest repute because of the example set by all of you, and the fact that so many of you have led, and are now leading lives of great service to the community in all sorts of ways. Every year we have new St. Dunstaners joining us and it is the greatest help and very important to them that our name should remain well-known and highly regarded. On behalf of future St. Dunstaners, I should like to thank you for seeing that this remains the case."

Mr. Garnett-Orme's speech then took a humourous slant, no doubt relished by Colin Johnston, a St. Dunstaner visiting us from Australia. "Now some of you here." said Mr. Garnett-Orme, "may have had legal training like our Chairman, who, amongst many other things, has found time to become a Barrister of the Inner Temple, but I regret to say I have no legal training. The other day I had the opportunity of meeting one of our really great legal experts, and I asked him the difference between slander and libel. 'Slander,' he said, 'is when someone says something really nasty about someone else, while libel is the tag an Australian puts on his luggage.' "

Mr. Garnett-Orme concluded with a birthday greeting, "We have one young St. Dunstaner here to-day, who is Alfred Osmond, and I am told that this is his 82nd birthday. Well, we all wish him many happy returns, and now I wish you all a happy afternoon and a meeting with many friends."

William MacPherson replied on behalf of St. Dunstaners: "Ladies and Gentlemen, when I was a little kid, many years ago, I was always told, when I went to a party, before I left, I was to say thank you very much, and how wonderful the party was, even if I hated every minute of it. To-day, it comes very easily for me to thank the Council of St. Dunstan's for to-day's party. I don't have to pretend that it was a wonderful day, because it really is a wonderful luncheon and I thank the hotel for having provided such a menu. Before I really say a vote of thanks to the Council, I would rather like to repeat our Vice-Chairman's remarks of thanks to our Welfare Visitors. They come and see us and they work jolly hard for the success of to-day. So raise your glasses to them and to St. Dunstan's."

After lunch there was dancing to the music of the resident orchestra.

Lord and Lady Fraser

Shortly before tea Lord and Lady Fraser arrived with Lady Ellerman and Lord Fraser spoke informally. "There are just three people I want to say a word about, if I may. One is a lady who came with us this afternoon, and she and her husband are amongst the very best friends St. Dunstan's has ever had in the last 25 or 30 years, and that is Lady Ellerman. Then there is another lady who came with me. Some of the old sweats might remember her as Miss Mace, others will remember her better as Mrs. Fraser and in more recent years as what she is now. Anyway, no person, man or woman, had more to do with the history and success of St. Dunstan's than has Lady Fraser.

"But I also want to thank somebody else, and that is to pay tribute to your Chairman

GROCERS' OUTING

It would seem that no summer day in this country is complete without some rain so it was on the afternoon of Wednesday, 17th June that 186 of us converged on the car park on the Congress Theatre, Eastbourne as the guests of the Sussex Grocers' Association for their last Summer Outing.

We all tucked in to a delicious high tea beautifully served at 4.30 p.m. in the restaurant, after which we made our way to the theatre above for the performance of "Startime 74", and what a show it was!

It is hard to say which pleased us most, the delightful dancing and singing of the chorus in superb costumes and settings, particularly the Porcelain scene; Ronnie Corbett had numerous jokes to tell and as a flat-footed ballerina made our sides ache with laughter, he being followed by Rod Hull and his outrageous "Emu". One can hardly believe that this creation is not a live bird with its long neck, enormous beak, bulging eyes and gangling legs performing all sorts of hilarious gyrations at the will of its owner.

As usual Kenneth McKellar gave of his best with all types of songs and the Scottish scene was breathtaking in reality with members of the cast in kilts etc. and finishing with three men in Stuart tartan as in a picture frame set high above the stage drinking to the success of their "cause" for Bonnie Prince Charlie.

There was also beautiful singing by musical star Jean Bayless and the whole show was wonderfully presented and worthy of any London theatre.

After this feast of delight we came downstairs back to the restaurant for freshly cut sandwiches, coffee and beers etc. during which time Mr. Scott of Rottingdean voiced the thanks of all St. Dunstaners to Mr. Phillips and the Entertainment Committee of the Sussex Grocers' Association for the splendid afternoon and evening they had given St. Dunstaners.

Just after 9 p.m. we started on our various homeward journeys with a farewell wave from Ronnie Corbett who was looking out of his dressing room window.

MARGARET LILLIE

P.S. Will St. Dunstaners please note that the Grocers' final Dinner and Dance will be held at the **Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday 4th December, at 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m.**

REUNION—*continued*

of to-day. I would like to tell you that we owe Mr. Garnett-Orme and his wife, particularly in his capacity as one of London's principal Merchant Bankers, a very deep debt for the fact that for many years now he has been our Honorary Treasurer and has been the greatest possible help to the whole of St. Dunstan's.

"Now I've no more to say because you have had your speeches and this is the time for talk rather than for speeches, except to say that Lady Fraser and I are delighted to come and join you for a cup of tea and we wish you, whether you come from near or far, the very best of happiness and good luck."

LOYAL SERVICE

Albert Mitchell of Guildford, Surrey, has given 25 years of loyal service to Nelco Ltd., of Shalford, Surrey. To commemorate this a Braille Gold Wrist Watch was presented by Mr. G. Warrington, the Managing Director at the Staff Dinner and Dance held at the Manor Hotel, Farncombe on Saturday, 6th July.

CORRECTION

The July *Review* carried the obituary of our St. Dunstaner *Alfred T. Wigglesworth* and we said that he left a widow and five children. Mrs. Wigglesworth has asked us to explain that Mr. Wigglesworth left three children and two grandchildren. The two other children, both girls, were hers by a previous marriage.

ODE TO "BILL SYKES"

by Tom Wood

Whilst I softly creep on!
Sleep on gently, sleep on.
The well deserved sleep of the just,
And if I must, tip-toe through your room
In deep and darkest gloom.
In silence so profound,
No sign, no sound, no word,
Except the trill of the early bird,
Heralding the Dawn,
And like the Shadows . . I am gone!

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 221
The Secret of Santa Vittoria
by Robert Crichton
Read by Robert Gladwell
Reading Time 15¼ hours

Everybody in the little poverty-stricken town of Santa Vittoria rejoices at their liberation when young Fabio brings the news of Mussolini's death. Their joy turns to horror when they learn that a party of German soldiers is coming to take away their wine.

The vineyards are their only source of income, the wine represents their very life's blood. Without it they will starve. By a miracle of superhuman effort, they hide three-quarters of a million bottles in an old Roman cellar deep in the mountain-side.

The Germans find only the wine which has been left for them to find. Captain von Prum is convinced there is more—much more.

He tries cajolery, threats, enlists the services of two torturers from the SS, he shoots a hostage. The Santa Vittorians steadfastly keep their secret.

It becomes a running battle of wits between the little fat Mayor, Italo Bomboulini, and the German officer. To von Prum, finding the wine develops in to an all-consuming obsession which threatens to destroy him.

This is a well-written and absorbing book. It tells not only of the cat-and-mouse struggles between the simple(?) peasant, "the Sicilian boob", Bomboulini and the educated and aristocratic von Prum. It is also a searching character-study of their two races.

Cat. No. 574
The Spike
by Peter Forster
Read by David Geary
Reading Time 8¼ hours

A splendid tale of jealousy and backbiting and downright ungentlemanly conduct on a mass-circulation daily.

The central character is the editor and the story opens on the day he takes up his new appointment. As the plot develops, the pressures and tensions mount as "they" set out to topple him from his lofty perch. To add to his troubles, his wife is divorcing him and his upper-crust mistress leaves him for foreign climes. Through it all the millionaire owner is happily playing God somewhere in the background.

I found it very refreshing to read about a newspaper where nobody wears a green eye-shield, no sleazy-hatted newsman slides off his bar-stool to keep an appointment with the Branch Secretary of the local Mafia and nobody, but nobody, yells "Hold the Front Page!"

This is all about the *real* Fleet Street, the hard - working, hard - drinking, violent, gossipy, abusive tough twilight world where if a man slaps you on the back—beware the knife in his hand. Everyone has one thing in common, from the newest copy-boy to the all-powerful Editor—they are all expendable.

A most enjoyable book.

Cat. No. 861
Am I Too Loud?
by Gerald Moore
Read by Robin Holmes
Reading Time 11¼ hours

I had looked forward to reading this autobiography of the celebrated accompanist. I was a little disappointed.

The anecdotes, the pen-pictures of the great artists, were interesting enough. But far too much of the book is taken up with long and abstruse dissertations on voice-production techniques—a subject about which the average layman-reader knows little, and cares even less.

Moreover, the author has an all-abiding passion for German *Lieder* and he does rather tend to push this down the reader's throat.

The style is fluent, even elegant, though at times a little pretentious—I found the constant use of the words "pianoforte" and "violoncello" very irritating. The more homely "piano" and "cello" would have done quite nicely, I felt.

Sadly, it must be confessed—something of a "curate's egg" of a book.

Daedalus 1974

by Robert Pringle



Prize winner Joe Humphrey with Ben Mills and Eddie Simms, a member of the Field Gun Crew.

An old friend, Bob Young, presents a clock to Mrs. Avis Spurway.

The camp at Daedalus this year was a dual purpose camp in that the first two days contained the St. Dunstan's sports, a very serious affair, as well as being two-sevenths of a programme of continuous entertainment and pleasure.

A very small number of those who went to Daedalus spent a fair proportion of the week kicking themselves because they had never been before. I am sure that no-one who goes once would willingly forgo the opportunity of repeating his visit. Let me tell you very briefly what we all did, but let me warn you that so much was going on throughout the week that I am certain to miss something out. I apologise in advance if the unavoidable omission should concern something that some of my readers might regard as the highlight of the week.

We arrived on Friday and were provided with "Guide Dogs" from the Field Gun Crew by their trainer, Fleet Chief George Gilholme. To see, or hear of, these young men in action at The Royal Tournament would certainly prove that they were tough and efficient, but better two-footed "Guide dogs" and friends, do not exist. The Social Evening in the C.P.O's mess consisted chiefly of re-unions between St. Dunstaner's and their friends, both in St. Dunstans and the Crew.



Robert Pringle and Kathleen Riley leaving the hovercraft.

Gift of Money

Many of you will be aware that one of the factors that help to make camp possible is the very generous gift of money which is voted to us annually by the members of the C.P.O.'s mess, and will wish me to thank the President of the mess for the £130 which he presented to us on behalf of the members of the mess in 1973 and the £100 which he presented to us this year.

The sports day organised by Jock Carnochan and P.O. Fox is reported by a more competent hand elsewhere in this issue. The day ended with a dance in the C.P.O.'s mess with a new band, because our old friend, Teddy Rowe, unfortunately died during the winter. During the evening Sports prizes were presented by Captain Corrie of Daedalus.

A very important function also took place on Saturday evening. In an atmosphere of deepest gratitude and goodwill Bob Young, after a short but very obviously sincere speech, presented a clock to Mrs. Spurway, as a token of the respect, affection and appreciation, from those St. Dunstaner's who over 50 years have benefited by Mrs. Spurway's continuous active interest and hard work in the furtherance of St. Dunstan's sporting activities. During his speech he drew attention to the very long series of camps at which Mrs. Spurway was the presiding genius.

A message from Lord Fraser, containing thanks to Mrs. Spurway and good wishes for the success of the camp and future sporting occasions was read out and applauded.

A presentation was then made to Charles Stafford, for collecting about a million Green Shield Stamps for the B.S.A.D. International Sports.

The Sunday service was conducted by the Rev. F. E. Spurway followed by coffee and drinks in the Wardroom, in the absence of our swimmers who were competing at the baths. The Field Gun Crew gave a social in the P.O.'s mess, which

was a pleasant way to end the day after the strain of competitive sports.

On Monday we had a trip on a Motor Torpedo Vessel across the Solent to Cowes.

During this trip the ashes of our late St. Dunstaner, Harry Foster, were committed to the sea after a short Committal Service, and the Last Post blown by two Marine Buglers.

At Cowes, most people repaired to the British Legion and sat in the sunshine on the balcony. On the return trip, the skipper allowed several of us to steer the vessel whose wake took on some extraordinary shapes as a result, including several perfect circles by Gran Waterworth. In the evening there was a concert in the C.P.O.'s mess which was much enjoyed.

Hovercraft Trip

On Tuesday, some of us enjoyed a Hovercraft trip on the Solent, which was very smooth going. The pilot allowed us to feel the difference as he ran her over a sand spit. On our return there was a wine tasting party in the Wardroom arranged by Commander Rouse. We regarded this as a delicate compliment as well as a treat. In the evening there was a party in the Eagle canteen with a folk group and some local talent.

Wednesday saw another trip to the Island for those who wanted a second helping—about half the party. In the evening there was a dance in Titchfield Drill Hall with excellent refreshments arranged by Kath Riley assisted by Mrs. Marjorie Freeman and a band of Titchfield ladies. During the interval music was provided by the St. Dunstan's trio—Paddy Humphrey, Ernie Cookson and myself.

On Thursday, a small party had a tour of H.M.S. Victory, which was most interesting. In the afternoon, St. Dunstan's bridge players, some of whom had been playing on most days in the C.P.O.'s mess, played a tournament against the Field Gunners, in the Wardroom. At the evening Social in the C.P.O.'s mess, the swimming prizes were presented by Sir Alec Rose, with a short speech.

In the early evening, there was also a Car Rally. Some splendid cars, including two Saabs appeared, but the winner was Bill Shea, in Avis Spurway's well known Morris Minor. The clues were carefully thought out, but many people failed to solve them.

Friday, was a free day, except for the final Dance in the evening. A small party was entertained to lunch on board H.M.S. Tiger.

Throughout the week, Sea Fishing, arranged by C.P.O. Bill Reid took place on most days. Swimming from the slipway was much enjoyed. Captain Geoffrey Bird, a retired soldier, threw open his garden for us to dry off and relax in while Mrs. Bird plied us with tea. Less energetic people sat happliy on the lawn by the P.O.'s mess ripening in the August sun.

Our complete freedom to do as we liked was due, as usual, to our excellent "Guide Dogs". Their trainer, our old friend, George Gilholme, has just become a Fleet Chief, an exalted, but well deserved rank. St. Dunstaner's who were at the camp, would like me to thank Lieut. Parrack, our liasion officer, and this I do with sincerity.

A list of all those who helped to make this week a continuous joy would cover many pages, but, on behalf of my fellow campers, I would like to record here our sincere thanks to each and everyone of this band, for his or her generous contribution of time and effort.

CAMP COMPANY 1924-1974

As this is the 50th year of Daedalus camps you may be interested to learn, as I was, something of the back-up team which has helped Mrs. Spurway to run the camp.

There must be something very special about camp to arouse such loyal and continuous voluntary help. Here is a thumb-nail sketch of some personalities, many of whom you will doubtless recall.

Doctor Parkes who came to all camps from 1924 to 1936 and was joined by his wife Isabel; after a break of a few years, he has returned and is now a regular helper.

Helen Cordell came to many camps in the 1930's and has been to many at Lee-on-Solent.

Diana Hoare who started coming in 1933 and has been to no less than 26 at Lee-on-Solent.



The start of the 2½ mile walk.

Maisie Street came first in 1945 and after a 10 year break has been coming since the 1960's.

Kathleen Riley, ex Chief Wren, has been to a total of 21 camps.

Then there is the lady who has valiantly coped with the finance of the camps, the Honorary Treasurer, Sheila Macleod, who from 1945 to 1974 has kept tabs on the money which is spent on camp. Before taking on this arduous task she was the secretary during the 1940's; no mean task in itself.

Having mentioned mostly lady helpers so far, we must not forget the men who have helped over the years. Many of you will remember Ben Mills at one or other of the 22 camps he has attended.

Then there is Bill Harris who has been at 12 camps.

The Padre—Rev. F. Spurway

The Padre has conducted all the services since 1926 and nobly assisted Mrs. Spurway in every capacity to make the camps the successes they have so obviously been.

Last but not least, recent comers in the shape of recruits Jandy Paton and Elspeth Grant.

'Thank you' barely seems adequate in covering such a span of continuous help and interest but nevertheless I must try to convey the deep sense of gratitude we have towards these friends of so many St. Dunstaners.

"THANK YOU"

Dear Campers Past and Present,

I am so delighted with my lovely clock given in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the first Camp. Bob Young did the presentation. I was quite over-come by all he said.

In replying there was something I could not trust myself to say—that I feel the clock is from all campers, those who are not with us and old campers who can no longer come. This makes my present doubly precious. Thank you all.

The other thing I want to stress is that the camp is very much a team effort. All the helpers are involved.

They are such a faithful band. Someone once said "Does no-one ever retire from this organisation?" They don't. But it's all of you who keep them coming. They enjoy being with you as much as I do.

There are many important people in the history of the camp who are no longer with us. Bill Tovell, Dennis Deacon especially also Bridget Talbot and Ruth Scott, who had their own camp. I must add the camp Padre—my husband without whose help I could never have carried on.

Camp has depended so much on all the wonderful people who have helped. Now we have the Royal Navy. Words fail me about all they put into it.

AVIS SPURWAY.

PRIZE CHART

FIELD EVENTS

Winning Team **Southall Stompers**	S. Southall, A. Wortley, J. Humphrey, N. Perry G. Waterworth	**52**
Runners up Bretts Bulldozers	R. Brett, D. Purches, J. Simpson, R. Peart C. Johnston	41
3rd Bell's Boffins		38
4th Griffith's Giants		37
TB Field Events winner	**J. Simpson**	**66**
TB Field Events Runner Up	P. Spencer	62
SS Field Events Winner	**A. Wortley**	**40**
SS Field Events Runner Up	F. Barratt	37
DH Field Events Winner	**S. Southall**	**26**
DH Field Events Runner Up	D. Bell	20
Camp Victor Ludorum Field Events	**J. Humphrey**	**56**
Veteran Field Events	**C. Stafford**	**25**
Best Beginner	**R. Peart**	**57**

SWIMMING AWARDS

TB Winner	**R. Peart**	**27**
TB Runner Up	P. Spencer	25
SS Winner	**D. Purches**	**13**
SS Runner Up	A. Wortley	12
DH Winner	**W. Griffiths**	**4**

LEE-ON-SOLENT 2½ Mile Walk — **Results Actual Time** — **Handicap Times**

Dennis Deacon Trophy	1st Veteran	R. Young	1st D. Bell 2nd W. Smith
Bridget Talbot Trophy	1st Novice	A. Wortley	3rd S. Southall
1st Semi-Sighted		W. Miller	
1st Totally Blinded		J. Simpson	
1st Doubly Handicapped		R. Young	

Name Order of Finish	*Handicap Time*	*Allowance*	*Actual Time*
D. Bell	20.20	11.30	31.50
W. Smith	21.11	7.45	28.56
S. Southall	22.35	11.30	34.05
N. Perry	22.45	2.55	25.40
J. Simpson	22.53	1.30	24.23
J. Cope	22.56	2.55	25.51
W. Griffiths	22.59	5.30	28.29
C. Stafford	23.00	3.55	26.55
R. Young	23.30	2.55	26.25
R. Pringle	23.34	5.30	29.04
J. Wright	23.40	3.55	27.35
D. Purches	23.42	0.30	24.12
T. Tatchell	23.44	3.45	27.29
E. Cookson	23.53	13.30	37.23
G. Waterworth	23.55	7.45	31.40
W. Miller	24.18	—	24.18*
F. Barratt	24.21	2.20	26.41
W. Shea	24.21	5.45	30.06
P. Spencer	24.33	5.00	29.33
R. Peart	24.40	3.05	27.45
A. Wortley	25.34	1.30	27.04
C. E. Johnston	25.56	5.30	31.26
A. Carter	27.09	3.55	31.04
D. Howard	36.07	7.45	43.52

* Held up by Gliding Club, less 30 secs. 23.48.

BRIDGE NOTES

BRIGHTON

The Sixth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on 3rd August. The results were as follows:

W. Scott and W. Lethbridge	71
R. Fullard and A. Smith	69
F. Griffee and M. Clements	63
A. Dodgson and R. Bickley	63
W. Claydon and J. Whitcombe	58
S. Webster and W. Burnett	54

The Seventh Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 7th September. The results are as follows:

R. Fullard and F. Griffee	73
W. Scott and S. Webster	63
W. Lethbridge and R. Goding	62
C. Walters and J. Whitcombe	59
A. Smith and M. Clements	58
W. Claydon and Partner	53
R. Bickley and E. Bedford	48

Cumulative positions with two sessions to play. The best five results out of seven up to date are:

R. Fullard	359	
M. Clements	348	
S. Webster	342	
W. Lethbridge	340	
F. Griffee	328	
A. Dodgson	327	
W. Scott	321	
C. Walters	312	
R. Bickley	308	
A. Smith	297	
J. Whitcombe	284	
W. Burnett	278	
F. Rhodes	270	After 4 games
R. Goding	261	After 4 games
W. Claydon	154	After 3 games
E. Bedford	99	After 2 games
F. Mathewman	56	After 1 game

LONDON

The Seventh Individual Competition of the London Section was held on 3rd August. The results were as follows:

J. Lynch and Partner	67
W. Miller and W. Phillips	66
J. Huk and F. Dickerson	64
P. Nuyens and R. Evans	64
W. Allen and H. Meleson	60
J. Padley and J. Majchrowicz	57

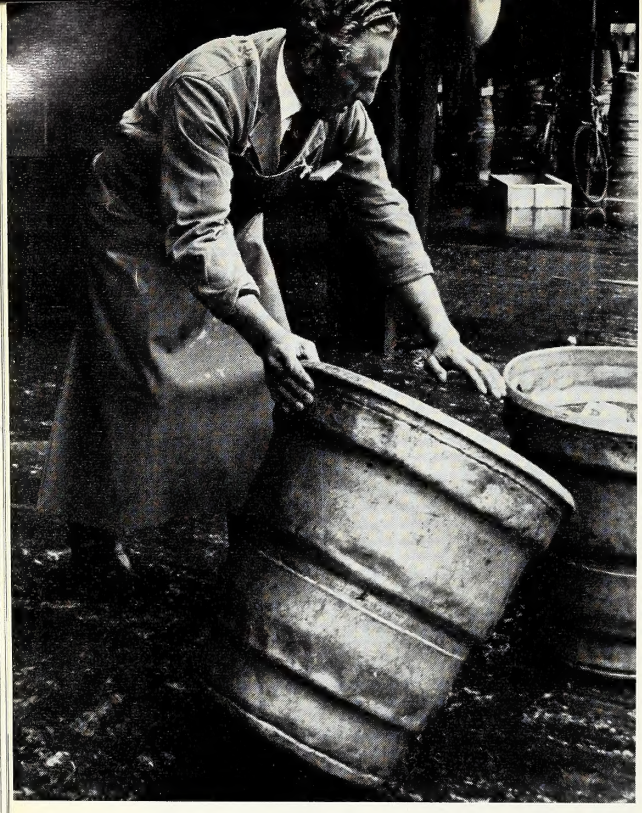
The Eighth Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 7th September. The results were as follows:

J. Huk and J. Lynch	71
R. Evans and J. Majchrowicz	65
W. Miller and W. Allen	62
W. Phillips and H. Meleson	56
P. Nuyens and J. Padley	53

Cumulative positions with one session to play. The best five results from eight games up to date are:

W. Allen	361	
J. Lynch	360	
W. Phillips	349	
R. Evans	346	
W. Miller	335	
J. Huk	330	
H. Meleson	326	
P. Nuyens	322	
F. Dickerson	313	
J. Padley	309	
J. Majchrowicz	306	
Miss V. Kemmish	246	After 4 games
A. Caldwell	196	After 3 games
H. King	125	After 2 games
R. Stanners	55	After 1 game

P. Nuyens,
Secretary.



WAYS OF LIFE 24

YOU CAN STILL FEEL T

Talking to David Castleton

Sorting fish by touch on the dock-side.



ALITY—George Allen

"It's hard—I get up at four o'clock in the morning. I give the wife a call at ten to five and she's up by five to drive me to the fish dock. Then i get changed and go down to the market to buy the fish. You take them out of the boxes and the people you've bought them from weigh them off and then you start to barrel them up. I can be working until five o'clock in the afternoon, a twelve hour day, with about ten minutes break for breakfast and about twenty minutes break for your dinner." This is George Allen talking about what must be one of the hardest Ways of Life of any St. Dunstaner—and it gets harder!

"It's an old dock, and it has got past the stage of being able to cleanse it. You can only take the top surface off, and it's very slippery." In fact, even with metal studs in wellington boots, or wearing clogs, George has come to grief: "I've fallen quite a few times. Your feet just go literally from under you. You hit the deck and, of course, with all the water being about, you're wet from your shoulders to your ankles. It's not such fun in winter. Actually you just go into the office and stick some grease proof paper in the back of your trousers to keep the wet off your skin."

Just going into the office entails climbing a vertical ladder. In fact, a fish dock seems about the most unlikely place to find a totally blind man working, and in the winter it can be a place where one could say the environment is hostile to any man!

"We have an electric kettle in the office, and we have a drip tray—just a little square tin. I came in one Monday morning and went to fill the kettle, I picked it up and the drip tray came up with it. The water had frozen to the kettle, and a part bottle of milk left over was frozen solid—that was in the office!—where you hang your clothes. You have oilskins and instead of drying they are iced up. You just bang them on the wall to knock off the thin layer of ice."

Iced up

"The fish is iced up. You have to scrape the ice off with your hands. You get a lot of cracks in your thumbs and your fingers. If you've been sorting fish, you've a lot of slime, and the ice grips to the slime on your hands. You get very cold, and you get hot-aches. You put them under the cold tap and it feels warm. It actually does warm your hands." Hot-aches?—"It's a pain in your fingers through being excessively cold and that goes away, and your hands feel nice and warm. You see the little bairns crying when they've been playing in the snow because their hands hurt. Well, that's what we call hot-aches—it isn't very nice actually."

All this sounds more like a form of punishment than a job. What is there in it that made George Allen choose to return to it with the handicap of blindness as well?

"It's my living. I started in that game. I like the open-air side of it. I get a kick out of being able to do deals—buy fish and sell it at a nice profit. You do some deals and get a kick out of making your business pay."

George was only fifteen when he decided he would like to follow his brother's example, and work on the trawlers. "I went on the trawler as a pleasure trip, intending to be a fisherman same as he was, but I were sea-sick five days out of fourteen. I was wishing I were dead. So I got a job on the fish dock."



George Allen can cope with each stage of packing the fish.

He learned filleting, a tough, fast job, in which the skill is to get the razor-sharp knife as close to the bone as possible. "To get the weight, fish being so dear, even in those days, you liked to get the weight." A job where sight is essential, and when George returned from the Army he was blind.

He served with the East Yorkshire Regiment and was taken prisoner of war, to become one of Lord Normanby's pupils. He treasures an inscribed gold cigarette case, "It says inside, 'For your achievement in Germany '40-'43. Normanby'." That he can instantly recall those words is an indication of what those days in Lord Normanby's "little St. Dunstan's" meant to George and his fellow blinded P.O.W.s. "I was repatriated under an exchange in 1943. I came home and thought, 'Well, the fish dock has finished with me'." One person who had not finished with George was his wife, Mollie, "We were engaged to be married before I went away, and the wife waited for me and we got married as soon as I came home."

George had to find new work, "I've got to use my hands, and I was trained by St. Dunstan's in upholstery at Church Stretton and got my own job in Hull." He did well there until the end of the war, when his firm had to take back their men from the forces, and he had to make way for them. He turned to industrial work, "On drills, drilling shock absorbers for cars at Armstrongs, Beverley."

Then in 1948 he decided to go back to the fish dock. "I got fed up and I thought, 'Well I want to get back into things.' I applied for an allocation. Sighted people only got a quarter of a kit for every thousand kit of fish that was landed—a kit being ten stone of fish. I went in front of Board, and I proved to them that with my disability I couldn't do it on a quarter of a kit. They maintained that if a person had a quarter of a kit, and he did everything himself, he could earn a living. I had to have somebody to do my office work and filleting so they granted me a kit of fish to every thousand kit landed." Some fast talking on George's part? "Not really, because Bob Coupland had started before I had." Bob and George and their families are fast friends although Bob has now left the dock and, going the opposite way to George, has entered industry.

Blind Men on the Dockside

But there must have been doubts about blind men on the dockside? "Well, you've been there since you were fifteen years of age, you've been brought up there. You know the way about and everything. You know what's what. In the morning there's only a gap of six feet between the pillars and the foreshore, the open part of the dock. Beyond that they start selling the fish in boxes off the small trawlers, which has been transported from Scotland by lorries. I go down to buy the stuff.

"It isn't auctioned. You ask them how much, and they tell you a price. There's different sizes, and different qualities. They tell you a price, and you have them or leave them. You can do a bit of barter-ing: If you take twenty boxes, knock 5p off, or something like that—all right, get 'em."

But having "got 'em" there is that six foot way to negotiate between the pillars and the water, but the sighted men on the

dock all help: "I fetch my barrow over and I go and I just keep on shouting, 'Watch your legs', 'Excuse me', 'Thank you'. They get out of my way and say 'Left a bit', 'right a bit' and so on. Mind you, one or two of them have me on a bit, 'Turn right, and you'll go straight in the dock', and that sort of thing. I've never fallen in the dock, naturally. They are rough diamonds, and they are hard workers. If everybody worked as hard as they do, this country would be on its feet in no time."

George judges his fish by touch, "People who can see tell by the shininess of the eyes, the colour of the gills, or the inside of the fish. I feel the stiffness of the fish, the slime that's on it. If it is coarse and sort of gritty, or limp, then you can tell the quality is going off. If it's fresh, it's still stiff, and a nice shiny smooth feel—sort of like feeling silk. Yes, you can still feel the quality."

He has a sighted partner, and employs a filleter, but he still pulls his weight. He packs the fish in boxes marked Geo. Allen Fisheries Ltd. and shovels in the ice which keeps them in good condition. He can sort species of fish by touch: "I can tell a plaice, a lemon sole, a turbot, or a brill. Every fish has its different characteristics, size, shape, shape of head. I had some salmon and someone put in a coley, which is the same shape as a salmon. I spotted it straight away, as soon as I touched it, just by the feel of it. Texture, feel, it's experience built up over forty years' service."

Skinning a Dogfish

Although he cannot fillet by touch, George can still skin a dogfish blind, "You've seen a dogfish haven't you? It's like a shark only small. They come in gutted, and what I do, I feel the neck bone and I get the point of the knife through that and cut upwards. You do the same the other side and just nick that part where there is a fin on the bottom of the stomach. You turn it over, flick the back fins off, cut the tail off and then you hang it on a hook —pull one flap, then the other, and you pull it straight off and it skins. Only the skin is like sandpaper. If you don't have something on your thumbs, it just takes the skin completely off them too, so you have a glove on." George makes it sound easy, but he does admit to cutting himself, "Unfortunately, one day I forgot to shift my finger!"

There is no romance in the trawlers for George and his fellow fish merchants, but when a trawler goes missing, depression hits the whole docks, "It's depressing because you understand the sea, and how much they must suffer. We help in every way that's possible—any funds come up we willingly give to."

Now George is considering leaving the docks finally to go into retirement, and grow perpetual carnations in his new greenhouse. He has already won prizes for his blooms, and looks forward to a busy time. What will he miss most of the docks he worked so hard to get back to?

"It won't be getting up early that's a certainty, but I shall miss friendship as much as anything. The fellowship on the dock, that is the difference. They help one another, and they'll work with one another. You just give and take. You work together."

GARDENING NEWS

The news of prizes won at local shows has started to come in giving the results of the hard work that St. Dunstaners have carried out in their gardens during the past year.

Gordon Watts, of Norwich, has had a great deal of success at his annual local show by the blind held at the Vauxhall Centre, Norwich. He exhibited in the Horticultural Section and obtained 22 Firsts, 5 Seconds and also won a large silver cup—the City Blind Gardeners' Cup.

Thomas Wilson, of Barnsley, entered exhibits at the Grimethorpe Horticultural Society show and obtained 2 Firsts, 2 Seconds and 2 Thirds.

We have to report a prize won for gardening that we have not known about until now. *Henry Haskey,* of Harrow, has won the 6th prize for his front garden lay-out and the 7th prize for the back garden lay-out in his district. It was a very colourful display in red, white and blue, with lobelia, alyssum and salvias, roses in the borders and another bed of silver leaf and all colour geraniums.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

The weather was not too kind in July with a great deal of rain, most disappointing for the holiday makers, and it must have marred the sightseeing of the many foreign students in the town.

Apart from the Drives and Races, the weather does not affect our weekly entertainments and Sunday Concerts in the Winter Garden.

We had a most welcome return of the "Palm Court Trio", which had grown into a quartet, plus the pianist and Bob Riley, a fine bass baritone. He sang one or two really old ballads and some Gilbert and Sullivan songs which were very appropriate as the D'Oyly Carte were at the Theatre Royal for three weeks. What a test of ability they are with their tongue twisters and speed! Nancy Lynn is an excellent accompanist, and they make a fine team. The quartet was led by Mr. Watson, violin, and his wife was on the cello; as he remarked, although she is a tiny person she lets the big instrument know who's boss! Mr. Pocock played the violin and Miss Barbara Gibbs gave a solo on her viola, an unusual tone. Everyone commented on the grand selection of music, light classical, ballads and excerpts from musicals. We were encouraged to 'la la' or join in when we knew the words, so it was an evening enjoyed by all.

Last Outing

The last Grocers' Summer Outing took place one Wednesday afternoon in July, and it turned out to be a really grand time. All remarked on the excellent show at the Eastbourne Congress Theatre, also all the refreshments before and after the performance. I know one or two St. Dunstaners had never been before and had high praise for the entire outing, indeed, sorry that it was their first and last.

The "Optimists" gave a grand entertainment with plenty of variety. We had unusual duets with two harmonicas—one a normal size, and the other about 18 inches long, and a twin key board. What a pleasant change to hear the ukulele played in real George Formby style, and jokes by Pat Alder, the husband of the producer. Mrs. Alder has a company of Young Optimists whom we hope will come and give a concert shortly.

We had a surprise visitor one afternoon, Mr. Plumb from South Africa, a great friend of St. Dunstaners out there, where he has a dance band. He played the piano and sang and had everyone singing lustily after tea—we had a very congenial half hour.

The Trainees had an end of term outing to the Goodwood Nature Trail. Unfortunately it was a day not of showers—but downpours! The party were lucky to escape a soaking, but it was slippery underfoot in places.

Shortly afterwards Ron Smith came and talked about the trail and played his recordings of the birds they would have heard earlier in the year, also an introduction to bird recording as a hobby.

We made two trips to Goodwood Races —we are able to fill a coach on these popular race days.

Mr. Michael Hayes

All who have visited Ovingdean will have heard the excellent record programmes by Mr. Michael Hayes. He made a long awaited return and we had a varied and entertaining evening.

We welcomed the Deaf Blind, Wally Thomas and Ron Ellis, for their Reunion about which there will be a report next month. Ted Porter of Saltdean has joined the number although not able to take part in the whole day outings, we enjoyed having him and his wife with us at the Dinners.

There was a play reading of three one-act plays, with Miss Feaver presiding, which turned into the sort of evening one dreads! Poor Miss King lost her voice the day before, so a new member of staff, Mrs. McMaster stepped into the breach. Les Harris rang ten minutes before the start, to say he was still at Newhaven, waiting for a 'bus! I think it was Mr. John Bingham, one of our liftmen, who showed his talent by reading two parts in one play! Apart from other staff, the guest readers were Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Williams —it was his first time, and he brought Mrs. Williams with him. She, bless her

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

There was a definite holiday atmosphere in the Club Rooms when we met again on the first Thursday in the month. It was good to see our members looking so fit and well. There were many reminiscences of happy August days, picturesque countryside, sunny beaches, promenades alongside seas of blue, walks through green valleys as well as climbs in the distant hills.

We were pleased to see that Pat had landed back safely after the strain of a Tour Company's monetary difficulties. Bill and Norman, for once, were in agreement—that the water in the Laich of Moray was more soft and more smooth than any other that they had known. We are indebted to Nancy and Flora for all the news of our mutual friends, the Pacittis, from their new home in Elgin. All in all, everyone seemed to have had a wonderful time.

The Domino winners in July were as follows:

4th July
1 W. Phillips
C. Hancock

11th July
1 C. Hancock
2 J. Padley

18th July
1 W. Miller
2 J. Padley
P. Sheehan

25th July
1 C. Hancock
J. Padley

W. MILLER

KEMP TOWN NOTES—(*continued*)

heart, volunteered on the spot to read a part. You can imagine our St. Dunstaners rose to the occasion, and applauded the effort under such trying circumstances —oh well, the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley ! !

Prior to the Bank Holiday weekend the weather had improved with many hot, sunny days, and it is nice to see folk enjoying the garden and acquiring a tan without much effort. A few had a couple of days at Brighton Races with exceptional weather—normally there's always a breeze on the hill but not this time. They couldn't find the winners, but at least it was a pleasant trip.

Small numbers took part in the Bank Holiday Whist and Domino Drive, but we had a good turn out for the Dance, and had to fling wide the doors, as the tempo increased and brows needed mopping. In the confines of the Winter Garden it's difficult to avoid the chairs and feet of onlookers ! We had a bar, so thirsts could be quenched, and energies renewed with the buffet. The band was in good form to add to the success.

Tom Eales continues to give an occasional stereo programme. He prepares it meticulously on tape, and puts it through the amplifier and two speakers, so it is a really first class evening.

MIDLAND

Our August meeting held on Sunday, 11th although well attended the activities were quiet and therefore there is not much to report. Mrs. Barbara Kibbler arranged the tea for us and we all thanked her for an excellent spread.

Our meeting held on Sunday, September, 8th was rather different. It was the date arranged for our annual general meeting, also another of our "Bring and Buy" sales.

We held our A.G.M. before tea and we were all very pleased to hear from Louis Androlia how well the club funds were standing. After having paid for an evening meal earlier in the year and having had a very good outing to Southport, a very good financial balance was still in hand.

It was, therefore, decided to have another evening outing, sometime in November for which details will be given at a later meeting.

The present committee were, once again, re-elected for another year.

The tea had been arranged for us at this meeting by Mrs. Elizabeth Tomporowski and we all thanked her for the delicious meal.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Sydney Scroggie, Kirkton of Strathmartine, by Dundee, Angus

I was interested in Bob Fullard's article on a recent ascent of Cader Idris, partly because I go in for hill-climbing myself, partly because Tommy Lukes and his wife, Peggy, were pals of mine in the old days, and partly because Cader Idris is a hill which I saw once in such a remarkable setting that it has stuck in my mind ever since.

It was in 1943, when the Lovat Scouts were messing about in North Wales in the name of military training, that two of us in climbing the Grooved Arete on Tryfan (3,010 feet) emerged from the gloom and hoar frost of a December day below into an upper world of sunshine and blue skies which was completely cut off from the lower by a white, level floor of cloud. Out of this protruded the summits of the Welsh hills uncharted sea, Y Wyfdda, Crib Goch and so forth, and red and sinister to the south the bulk of Cader Idris had a strangely baleful appearance, as if its resident giant was away on some bloodthirsty foray, but would not be long in coming back.

Others may have had equally striking views of this hill; nobody more so: and when we descended again into the gloom and hoar-frost below it was not only exhilarated but also a little awed.

On the same day that Bob Fullard and his friends made their ascent, on 8th June, myself and two others, as it happens, were climbing a hill called Craig Mellon (2,815 feet) in the Glen Clova area of Angus. It was sunny but with an airy breeze; a cuckoo called in the pine woods below; there were meadow pipits, wheatears, golden plovers and ptarmigan around; and we took quite a sporting route, steep pitches of sphagnum moss, deer grass and heather, abrupt, dripping gullies, and scraggy buttresses of rock, to the summit plateau where a dozen or so hinds made off at our approach. There was no repetition of my ancient experience on Tryfan, no faery archipelago here on a bright sea of cloud, but Lochnagar stood up to the East, round Ghlas Maol to the West, and the massive Cairngorms to the North, all striped with white snow in the sharp air and sunshine.

When I climbed Cairn Gorm itself, (4,084 feet) only this past week-end it was my twenty-fourth summit this year, and the two-hundred and ninety-eighth trip of my blind climbing career, and I could wish no greater joy to Bob Fullard and his friends in what subsequent adventures they have of this kind than I myself have had, as much with regard to hardships as friendships, these last sixteen years in the hills.

CLUB NEWS *continued*

After tea came the "Bring and Buy" sale and once more the response was very good and we raised a very nice amount towards club funds.

This meeting terminated a very good year for the club not only financially but also socially and we look forward to another good year.

We shall start off with an outing on Sunday, 6th October to Stratford-on-Avon, where we shall be meeting our old friends at the Stratford Royal British Legion. All details of this outing have now been given out and we look forward to yet another good outing.

We are always looking for new members and any St. Dunstaner living in the Birmingham area is very welcome, once again, I say to you, "Come and Join Us".

DOUG CASHMORE,
Secretary.

From George Coote, Thornton Cleveleys, Blackpool

My First Camp

I have attended my first camp at Lee-on-Solent and had a little idea of what to expect but it turned out to be far more exciting.

The ladies were wonderful—always patient and cheerful. I met more of our fellows than I had ever met before and they were great lads—good comrades all.

Our "guide dogs" did excellent work looking after us.

There are not sufficient words in our language to be able to express all I want to say in thankfulness for such a wonderful time but I think the workers will understand and accept my grateful thanks to all who helped me to enjoy the camp and if I am lucky to go again I shall have the benefit of this experience and not be a new boy.

From Joe Humphrey, Belfast

As no doubt it will have been reported on other pages, the St. Dunstan's sports took place this year, at the 50th Lee-on-Solent Camp. Although in no way wishing to detract any limelight from Mrs. Spurway, without whom St. Dunstan's Sports may never have come about, it should by no means be underestimated how much of the success of the events is due to Jock Carnochan, St. Dunstan's Sport's Officer.

All competitors were divided into teams each captained by a doubly handicapped St. Dunstaner, and comprising three totally blind and one semi-sighted member. All field events were dovetailed in a most efficient manner. This coupled with the capable management of each event by members of the Field Gun Crew with escorting done by members of the Camp Committee ensured that no-one had to wait about—interest was maintained at a very high level and since the points scheme was so ingeniously devised that everyone got at least one point for trying, everybody was extremely keen, and the team spirit tremendous; after each event the anxious enquiries as to who had been best —who was not first, and how everyone was placed were most readily answered by the Scorers. Even the weather was superb—Jock Carnochan thinks of everything!

Similarly well-organised, the swimming events at H.M.S. Vernon attracted a big entry.

Next year should see the Sports returning to Ovingdean, with the new swimming pool available, and with so many St. Dunstaners living in this area, a healthy Sports Club could be centred there.

I hope our Sports Officer would help the venture by becoming the secretary! If any one is interested please write to me, I should be pleased to try to arrange it, but the emphasis must rest on people living within easy travelling distance of Ovingdean. In this way, St. Dunstaners could make use to the full, of available facilities and be responsible for running the Sports Section themselves. Would any of St. Dunstan's retired Sportsmen consider taking down their boots and returning to the fold even once more?

Our Sports Officer, Jock Carnochan, has achieved International recognition many times, and it has been reported in the *Review* when he has accompanied our teams to International events in Vienna, Berlin, Poland and the French Alps. Exploratory enquiries are afoot at present for more of these expeditions, and I should like to appeal to every single St. Dunstaner who has not ever 'had a go' to start now, particularly the younger ones—you may be surprised at how much better you feel for it.

From Leslie Constable, Elizabeth South, South Australia

Extract

I have just returned from a tour of the garden, whence I was summoned by Mrs. Constable, and it occurred to me that it would be of some interest to our gardening friends in England.

The size of this country means that weather conditions vary from state to state and South Australia is most fortunate in having the best climate of all. Naturally it gets hot in summer but the winter is the period when most work is done in the garden, if you wish for the best results later. Unlike England, growth does not stop at this time of year, in fact, in many respects it is most prolific.

My wife has just cleared a patch and planted carnations with the result that the garden smells delightful with the mixture of freshly turned earth, newly cut lawns and the fruit trees with their rapidly maturing grapefruit, lemons and oranges.

We have been at this address for about eighteen months and the previous owners left it somewhat neglected so there has been much to do, still it is showing the results of our labours now. The soft fruits have had a good pruning after the battle with the various blights and pests had been fought and won. Now the new buds are beginning to form the question of

blight sprays must be considered. For it is in the young buds that the trouble begins. Ants are now our major enemy as they carry the spores of blight into the trees so we have prepared our armoury for them when they reappear in the spring.

The peach tree has come along well and shows great promise for next season's crop but the nectarine is under suspended sentence as I do not think it will readily come to much and it will probably be replaced by an apricot which we all greatly prefer.

Moderate Climate

The moderate climate we enjoy gives us sufficient rain during the autumn, winter and spring, but we also have the benefit of a pleasantly warming sun to promote the growth I mentioned, while the early mornings have that crisp frosty feeling that finishes off the citrus fruits which would not fully ripen without it. The pleasantest time of any week-day at this time of the year is walking home with my guide dog through the relaxing smell of freshly cut grass and flowering shrubs dampened by a recent shower of rain. In the summer, when it is very hot I am always glad to get indoors to the air conditioner, but at this time of year I really enjoy it.

Five Times Larger

South Australia is five times larger than the U.K. with a population of only one and a half million, therefore, it can be imagined that there are great areas of rugged open spaces but it also means that in suburbia we still have sufficient freedom from the effects of industrialisation and its attendant problems, so we make what we can of our gardens for two reasons. The first is that without plenty of trees and grass it would be a dust bowl during the warmer weather, and, of course, trees and grass help to keep the air around the house quite a bit cooler during the very hot weather.

From the Rev. Dennis Pettitt of New Duston, Northampton

"To Catch an Angel" by Robert Russell—in Braille, the National Library for the Blind—the finest book by a blind man (with respect to others) I have ever read.

The author is an American, blinded as a little boy of four to five years when playing with a hockey-stick, the shaft of which splintered into his eyes. His early years as a blind boy in an Institute for the Blind is fascinating reading, particularly the way he learns to move around, no stick, no long cane or radar.

Victory

This book is a wonderful living tale of Victory over Blindness. Here is a boy, then a young man, who is determined to get out of the Institute for the Blind and to make his way into the sighted world. We are told of how he fares as a sole blind student at the College in Hamilton, and from thence at Yale University. At the latter against all odds he wins his M.A.

For me Mr. Russell's courage and indomitable spirit is an echo of personal experience and battles fought and won. His "break through" into the sighted world of the professions; his securing of his first job; his skill as an English Master, in taking a class of sighted students in College. Advancement in his profession, he is told, demands more than a Yale M.A. So he gets a scholarship and aims at Oxford.

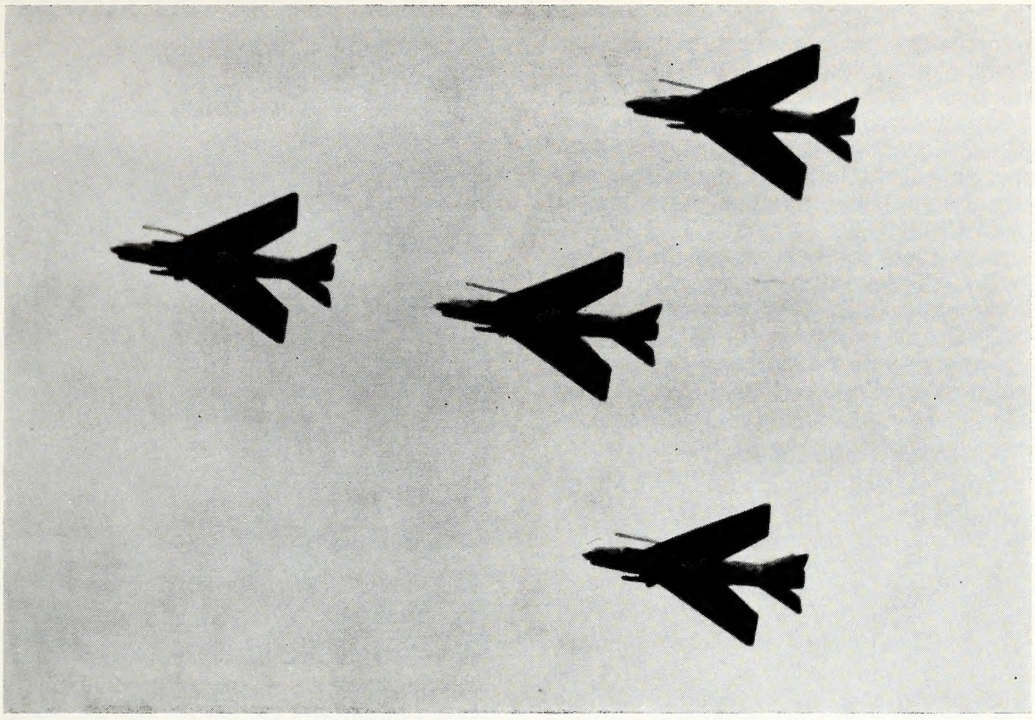
Picture this situation: he, totally blind, is left by a friend in an hotel in Oxford. A strange hotel, in a strange city, in a strange country and without a stick. His task is to obtain entry into one of the Oxford Colleges, from all of which he has already been informed by letter that they are full up. He wins. To use his own words "he breaks in and enters".

And there is romance . . . He has a reservoir of readers from Lady Margaret Hall!

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to *Professor K. H .C. McIntyre* of Natal University who has been elected Dean of the Faculty of Arts for two years.

Arthur Simpson of Doncaster is pleased to announce that his youngest son John started a four year course in Industrial Technology and Management at Bradford University in September.



Fly-past by a formation of Lightnings.

Dacre Trophy Presentation—

by Bill Griffiths

On 18th July, Alice and I travelled to the R.A.F. Station, Wattisham, Suffolk, where we were to be the guests of No. 29 Fighter Squadron, winners of the Dacre Trophy for 1973-74. This Trophy is awarded to the most efficient fighter squadron in the R.A.F. and is a tremendous achievement, demanding a degree of technical skill, enthusiasm, and discipline which reflects enormous credit upon every member of the squadron.

Visit to 29 Squadron

On arrival we were met by our host for the 24 hour visit Flt. Lieut. David Cyster, an entertaining, interesting young man, typical of all the pilots in No. 29 Squadron. He escorted us to our extremely comfortable suite in the Officers Quarters and a little later introduced us to his fellow pilots in the convivial atmosphere of the bar. They were a truly fascinating group of Officers, completely relaxed, full of fun and amusing anecdotes.

One of them I thought was most inappropriately named Bob Lightfoot, a young Flt. Lieut. hobbling about on crutches with a broken ankle acquired by falling off a bar stool. He, like the rest of them, was quite happy and enjoyed being involved in the preparations of the Trophy Presentation, V.I.P. Lunch and Flying Display the following day; for example Bob Lightfoot was to give a commentary on the Flying Display, Sqdn. Ldr. Sam Lucas had to type the place cards for the V.I.P. Lunch, Flt. Lieut. David Cyster was to look after Alice and I, whilst the others were allocated innumerable little chores that I never thought would be the lot of our pilots in this modern jet age of the R.A.F.

Mrs. Dacre arrives

The next day started with the arrival of Mrs. Dacre accompanied by Air Vice-Marshal Freer, A.O.C. No. 11 Group, and Mrs. Freer. They inspected the parade of

No. 29 Squadron, and A.V.M. Freer immediately gave a short address explaining the origin, aims and objects of the Dacre Trophy including the fact that it perpetuated the name and memory of Pilot Officer Kenneth Fraser Dacre, D.F.C., only son of the late Air Commodore and Mrs. Dacre, killed in action at the age of 21 in 1943.

Mrs. Dacre then presented the Trophy to No. 29 Squadron Commander, Wing Commander J. D. C. Hawtin, after which all 350 guests retired for refreshments, and the opportunity of meeting present and past members of No. 29 Squadron.

Plaque from Squadron

Later we all assembled in a huge marquee on the edge of the airfield for a delicious lunch completely provided and prepared by the Squadron members and wives, after which Wing Commander Hawtin presented to Mrs. Dacre, a plaque bearing No. 29 Squadron crest, and in a warm address expressed his gratitude to Mrs. Dacre, adding that the Dacre Trophy was a highly coveted award that created a great deal of keen healthy competition and excitement amongst the fighter squadrons.

Mrs. Dacre in an eloquent and witty response said, that this was the 18th presentation of the Trophy, and in an oblique reference to her own alleged advancing years, she quoted the elderly lady who said, "I've got my dentures, I've got my bi-focals, I've got my hearing aid, but oh how I miss my mind!"

I was then invited to address the guests, and I made a point of stressing how the late Air Commodore Dacre, during his period as head of rehabilitation and training at St. Dunstan's, had set so many of my war blinded colleagues and I along the avenues of learning and pleasure, and that we still enjoyed the unquenchable "go-getter" spirit and loyalty of our own indefatigable Mrs. Dacre.

Prior to the flying display in the afternoon I was shown all the aircraft taking part, four Lightnings, one Spitfire, Hurrican, Mosquito, Meteor, Javelin and Phantom. My escort, Flt. Lieut. David Cyster enlightened me upon the technical aspects of the aircraft, particularly regarding the Lightning which he flew regularly. He imparted such little snippits



Mrs. Dacre and Bill Griffiths with pilots of No. 29 Squadron.

of information as, the Lightning could travel at 1,400 knots about twice the speed of sound, could burn 82 gallons of fuel per minute, and required a minimum distance of 7,500 ft. to land.

However, as I sat listening to the flying display, the jets flashing by with their deafening roars, the attractive little Spitfire and Hurricane, relatively gently purring to and fro and the voice of Flt. Lieut. David Cyster keeping me in touch with every conceivable intrepidity of the activity, my mind drifted back to war time, when our nation was so proud of the Spitfire and Hurricane, and grateful to the men who flew them, men like Pilot Officer Kenneth Fraser Dacre, and I knew instinctively that this young pilot by my side and his fellow pilots of No. 29 Squadron, and the jet aircraft of which they were so proud, would render precisely the same magnificent service if ever called upon.

Harold D. Coupe of Preston, Lancs., is delighted to announce that his son, Barry, who is studying Architecture, has passed Part 1 of the Royal Institute of British Architects Examinations and is now a Bachelor of Architecture.

On 6th and 7th July trials were held at Stoke Mandeville Sports Stadium for the Disabled to select a team of Blind, Paraplegic and Amputees to represent Great Britain in an International Sports Meeting to be held at Stoke Mandeville on 14th-21st September. Representing St. Dunstan's in these trials were : *Peter Spencer, John Simpson, Stan Tutton, Mike Tetley, Charles Stafford, Norman Perry* and *Bill Griffiths,* and also competing for places were a dozen or more from other blind organisations. The final selection of a team of 8 included *Mike Tetley, Norman Perry* and *John Simpson,* and we wish them and the rest of the team every success.

Berlin

Our next Sports Meeting was in Berlin on 28th and 29th July where we had been invited to compete in a week-end of sport which would be running in conjunction with an International Congress for the Blind, in all there were over 500 delegates attending from all over the world.

Our team of 7 was selected from those sportsmen who had the most favourable results over the past 3 years and resulted in the following representing St. Dunstan's, *Bill Smith, Mike Tetley, Norman Perry, Peter Spencer, Harry Cope, Ted Bunting* and *Alan Wortley,* very ably escorted by *Jock Scott* and *Ben Mills.*

Other countries represented at the sports meeting were, West Germany, Austria, Belgium, and France. Unfortunately, with no reason given, several of the field events were cancelled as was the complete swimming programme on the Sunday. Saturday saw us competing in the 60 metres sprint, Shot-Put, Medicine Ball and Long Jump.

In the evening we attended a banquet given by the organisers of the International Congress, this gave us an opportunity to discuss with the other delegates the many aspects of interest to the blind and those who work for the blind. We were also fortunate to have the company of our old friend Willi Hohm from Austria who many St. Dunstaners will recall was our host last year when we attended a Sports Meeting in Vienna. Willi asked us to convey both his and his wife's good wishes to all at St. Dunstan's, and we also met Fritz Kosmehl of West Berlin who attended our own International Sports in 1968 at Ovingdean, he too wished to be remembered to all at St. Dunstan's.

Sunday forenoon we were involved in a Torball competition, this is a very popular game for the blind in Europe. It is a type of "Hand Football" played by teams of 3 players, and it is hoped this will be introduced as a new event once we move back to Ovingdean.

Representing us in the competition were : *Bill Smith, Mike Tetley* and *Norman Perry* who did us proud, despite their bruises and, of course, we were given a lot of help by the Austrian team coach Günther Stärker who had our team playing as well as the others after one game.

From a sports point of view it was a disappointing week-end as everyone had trained very hard for the occasion, however, the cancellations gave us a chance to see a bit of West Berlin on Sunday afternoon, and despite the disappointment we did manage to liven up the local 'beer kellar'.

BERLIN SPORTS RESULTS

Results out of a Maximum of 5,000 points.

Totally Blind. Group of 26

P. Spencer 9th 3,254 pts.
N. Perry 11th 3,121 pts.
W. Smith 12th 3,101 pts.
M. Tetley 13th 3,032 pts.

Semi-Sighted. Group of 20

E. Bunting 6th 3,233 pts. (Prize Winner)
H. Cope 7th 3,163 pts.
A. Wortley 9th 2,909 pts.

Torball Competition 'B' Group

Hanover 7 St. Dunstan's 0
Munchen 5 St. Dunstan's 4
Belgium 3 St. Dunstan's 5

Munchen went on to win the final, which shows credit to our team who were complete beginners.

Our next Sports Meeting was our own Annual and Camp Sports week-end at H.M.S. Daedalus on 17th and 18th

August. This year competitors were divided into teams, each team comprising 1 Double Handicapped, 1 Semi-Sighted and 3 Totally Blind members. This proved to be popular and seemed to create more interest as the teams progressed through the events.

Sunday morning after Church the swimming events took place at St. Vincent Baths. Field Sports Trophies and Prizes were presented on Saturday evening in the C.P.O's mess by the Captain and on completion of this, two special presentations were made, one to Charles Stafford for his wonderful effort of collecting over £1,000 worth of Green Shield Stamps, the money going towards the upkeep of the Sports Stadium at Stoke Mandeville. Charles was presented with a very nice set of Onyx cuff links and tie pin, and the other presentation to *Mrs. A. Spurway,* who has been responsible for the past 50 years for organising camps and encouraging St. Dunstaners throughout this time to take part in sports. A letter of congratulation from Lord Fraser was read by Commandant and the presentation of a beautiful anniversary clock was made by Bob Young.

I would like to congratulate all those who took part and thank all helpers who contributed to the success of the weekend.

J. CARNOCHAN,
Sports Organiser.

PRESENTATION TO MRS. LILLIE

St. Dunstaners who have attended the Grocers' Summer Outing and/or Christmas Dinner/Dance may like to subscribe to a fund with a view to making a presentation to Mrs. M. G. Lillie who has for many years acted in a voluntary capacity as secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Committee.

This suggestion is made by W. T. (Ginger) Scott of Rottingdean who is forming a small Committee to select an appropriate gift with a view to making the presentation at the final Grocers' Dinner/Dance to be held at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday, 4th December.

Would interested St. Dunstaners please send donations to the Editor, *St. Dunstan's Review,* from whom receipts will be posted to donors.

STAFF OBITUARY

Mr. George White

We are sorry to have to report the death of Mr. George White of Hampstead, London, N.W.3. He passed away peacefully on 22nd July 1974, aged 88 years and was managing his affairs right up until the last few days of his life.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1919 and retired after 32 years service in 1951. He was Basket Superintendent and St. Dunstaners who made baskets will remember the good work he undertook for them. After his retirement Mr. White attended the London Reunion for many years and enjoyed keeping in touch with old friends.

He was elected a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Basket Makers and a Freeman of the City of London in 1947.

His old colleague, Mr. P. Townsend, attended the funeral on behalf of St. Dunstan's at the Hampstead Cemetery on 26th July and a wreath was sent from the staff and St. Dunstaner friends.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. White, and their son, Mr. G. E. Bertram White.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

POINTON - COLBROOK. Alfred C. Pointon of Bexhill-on-Sea, married Miss Jean Colbrook on 23rd July, 1974. We wish them every happiness in their life together.

Silver Weddings

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. John Cruse* of Longbenton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 24th August, 1974. They gave a dinner party for fourteen members of their family. John is a telephonist at the Department of Health in Newcastle and his daughter, Rosalyn, is just about to take up her training as a State Registered Nurse at the York City Hospital.

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lynch* of Wimbledon, S.W.20, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 20th August, 1974.

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pennells* of Brighton, Sussex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 10th September, 1974. They were married at St. Mark's Church, Brighton, 25 years ago.

Ruby Wedding

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waters,* of Sevenoaks, Kent, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding on 15th September, 1974. Arthur has been a member of St. Dunstan's since 1944 and makes rugs for stores. He is also a keen gardener.

Golden Wedding

Many congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Fletcher of Billingham, Cleveland, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 5th August, 1974. They had a celebration in their daughter's home in Devon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Muir of High Heaton, Newcastle - upon - Tyne, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 26th July, 1974.

Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Webster of East Saltdean, Brighton, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on 23rd August, 1974.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

George Baldwin of East Molesey, Surrey, has pleasure in announcing that his daughter Gillian has presented him with another grandchild—a boy—who is to be called Lee.

Frederick Dickerson of Bristol, who is pleased to announce the birth of his first grandchild, when his daughter Honor, gave birth to a daughter on 8th August 1974. She is to be called Kara Elizabeth.

William Glover of Bristol who is delighted to announce that his elder son and his daughter-in-law, presented him with a grand-daughter, born on 9th August 1974, and is to be called Lyndsey. This is his fourth grandchild.

Harold Holden who is pleased to announce that his daughter, Carol, gave birth to a girl on 28th June, 1974, who is to be christened Ruth Louise. She is a sister for Geoffrey.

Richard Taylor of Wolverhampton, who is delighted to announce the birth of a grand-daughter, Zoe Anne, born to his daughter Yvonne on 31st August 1974.

Great Grandfather

Many congratulations to:

Robert Chandler of Richmond, North Yorkshire, who is happy to announce the safe arrival of another great grandson, born on 26th July, 1974. He has 13 great grandchildren—11 boys and 2 girls.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Colin, son of *Alfred Franklin* of Edmonton, N.9 who married Christine Youens on 21st September, 1974.

Richard, son of *Daniel McCarthy* of Northampton, who married Margaret Venus on 3rd August 1974, at Northfleet, Kent. The young couple will be making their home in Northampton.

Patricia, daughter of *Henry McCartney* of Belfast, who married Walter Lord on 28th June, 1974.

Patricia Ann, only daughter of *Francis Nicholson,* who married Colin Cave, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cave of Colville, Leicestershire, at Beeston Parish Church, on 7th September, 1974. After spending their honeymoon in the South West of England the young couple are going to live in Whitwick, Leicestershire.

Maurice, son of *Donald Slee* of Edenhall, Penrith, Cumbria, who married Ann Lawson at St. Aidens Church, on 29th June, 1974. Ann is a nurse at a hospital in Carlisle.

Albert Woolen of Watford, Herts., is pleased to announce the marriage of his grand-daughter, Teresa Lett, who married Anthony Perrett on 20th July, 1974, at St. George's Church, Methwold, Nr. Thetford, Norfolk. They were married by the Bishop of Hulme, Manchester. We wish the young couple all happiness in their married life together.

Deaths

We offer our very sincere sympathy to:

Harry Boseley of Wallasey, Cheshire, who lost his mother very suddenly on 16th August, 1974.

Richard Joseph Stinson of Wolverhampton, who mourns the death of his Mother who passed away on 4th June, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Henry Bachell. *Royal Artillery*

Henry Bachell of London E.14, died at the Royal Sussex County Hospital on 21st August 1974, at the age of 80. He had been living at Northgate House, Rottingdean, for the last few months.

He enlisted in the Royal Artillery and served with them from 1914 until his discharge in 1922. Henry had just passed his 80th birthday and was living in London when his sight failed and he joined St. Dunstan's. He was invited to reside at Northgate House, Rottingdean, which he accepted and was able to spend the remaining months of his life with fellow St. Dunstaners. It was unfortunate that as a result of a fall he was admitted to the Royal Sussex County Hospital where he died the following day.

He was a bachelor and leaves a nephew, Mr. A. Lewis and a niece, Mrs. Gladys Swaine.

George Henry Hawes. *King's Royal Rifles*

George Henry Hawes of Walthamstow, London E.17, died on 2nd September 1974, at the age of 77 years.

He enlisted in the King's Royal Rifles and served with them from 1915 until his discharge in 1919. George did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1970 and had already retired from his work in the London Docks as a clerk where he worked until he was 68 years of age. Unfortunately when he joined St. Dunstan's his health gave cause for concern and he was unable to undertake any hobby training but with the help of his wife and son who nursed him continually, George enjoyed listening to his talking book and other quiet occupations.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. May Hawes and their son, Mr. Leslie Hawes who lives at home.

William Edward Blackmore. *Royal Field Artillery*

William Edward Blackmore of Shirehampton, Bristol, died on 8th September, 1974, at the age of 82.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He did not come to St. Dunstan's until May 1974. After his discharge from the Army he worked as a mason and in later years was a gardener on several well-known estates in the Bristol area.

In recent years he has enjoyed a happy retirement and has lived with his sister, Mrs. Jones, since the death of his second wife three years ago.

He leaves his sister, Mrs. Jones and other members of his family.

Cyril Patrick Cooke. *Royal Engineers*

Cyril Patrick (Paddy) Cooke, Peacehaven, Sussex, died on 19th August, 1974 at the age of 69 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1939 and served with them until his discharge in 1946. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1945 and his health needed special care but in due course he was trained for industry and during his life-time, has successfully worked in several industrial jobs. In 1964 due to ill health it was necessary for him to spend some time in hospital and he retired from industrial work. He became actively engaged in a considerable amount of voluntary social work. Unfortunately during the past year or so, Mr. Cooke's health made it difficult for him to be as active as he wished and although his voluntary work had to be limited he has carried on to the best of his ability.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dorothy Cooke, their son and daughter and four children of Mr. Cooke's earlier marriage.

Stanley Frank Loram. *10th Duke of Wellington Regiment, 10th Dragoon Guards and 6th Gloucester Regiment*

Stanley Frank Loram who formerly lived in Bristol and recently at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex, died on 20th August 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in May 1915 and served with the 10th Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the 10th Dragoon Guards and 6th Gloucester Regiment. He was discharged in 1918.

On discharge from the Services, he carried on with manual employment until his retirement when he lived with a younger sister and other relatives. When they died and his half sister Ella was too ill to look after him he went to live at Northgate House in July 1973, where he made many friends.

He leaves a sister, Mrs. B. Neath and his nephew, Mr. David Neath.

James Dunn Paton McGinnis. *Royal Engineers*

James Dunn Paton McGinnis of Liff by Dundee, Scotland, died very suddenly on 4th August, 1974 at the age of 55 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Engineers in September 1936 and served with them until his discharge in 1945, having been wounded by a shell in Germany early in that year. On coming to St. Dunstan's he trained as a physiotherapist and took up a full-time appointment at a hospital in Ayrshire in 1950 and in due course he worked in private practice as well.

In 1959 he took up a senior appointment at the Dundee Royal Infirmary and did excellent work in the Cardiac and Chest Unit when this was formed at the Infirmary in 1966. He was truly dedicated to his profession and much respected by his colleagues and all with whom he met through his work.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Alice McGinnis and their son, Jimmy.

James Roy McKinley. *8th Middlesex Regiment*

James Roy McKinley of Hounslow, Middlesex, died on 24th July, 1974, at the Moorfields Eye Hospital, at the age of 79 years.

He enlisted in the 8th Middlesex Regiment in 1911 and served with them until his discharge in 1921. Although he was gassed in 1917, it was not until later in life that his sight began to fail and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1958. He was employed as a Clerical Officer in the Civil Service until 1953 and had retired by the time he joined St. Dunstan's.

In spite of poor health he was able to undertake a little hobby training at Ovingdean and from time to time he went to Brighton for convalescent holidays. He had a small greenhouse and enjoyed working in this and his garden when his health permitted.

In 1972 he was able to make a six week visit to Australia with his wife to visit their son who had emigrated some six years earlier and our St. Dunstaner much enjoyed this experience and returned home feeling so much better for a stay in a warmer climate.

He was advised to undergo an eye operation and he entered Moorfields Eye Hospital for this on 23rd July. Unfortunately he became very ill before the operation could be undertaken and he passed away in the hospital the day after his admission.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith McKinley and their two sons and their respective families.

John Newland. *Machine Gun Corps.*

John Newland of London, S.E.15, died on 15th July, 1974, whilst on a period of convalescence at Northgate House, Rottingdean, Sussex. He was 75 years of age.

He enlisted in the Machine Gun Corps in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in January 1974 and had already retired from his work in a Brewery where he had worked for many years. During the few months John Newland was a member of St. Dunstan's his health gave rise for concern and it was whilst convalescing at Northgate House that it deteriorated.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Hannah Newland and their daughter Violet.

Richard Noble. *8th Yorkshire Regiment*

Richard Noble of Middlesbrough, Cleveland, died in Hemlington Hospital, Middlesbrough, on 13th July, 1974, ten days before his 79th birthday.

He enlisted in the 8th Yorkshire Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916. He joined St. Dunstan's in September 1920.

He trained as a mat-maker but he did not enjoy good health and had to give up this occupation after a few years. Mrs. Noble also did not enjoy good health but nevertheless both he and his wife later opened a small shop. However, due to Mrs. Noble's illness and the difficult conditions prevailing during the 2nd World War, the business was later given up.

Mrs. Noble passed away in 1951 and since then Mr. Noble lived with his bachelor son, Dick, who cared for his father devotedly over the years despite his own poor health.

Mr. Noble and his son moved into a new flat in Middlesbrough last January and were settling there very happily when Mr. Noble became very ill and was admitted to hospital on 4th July where sadly he died on 13th July.

He leaves his son Dick, and married daughter, Mrs. Florence Sheiling.

William Robinson. *7th Lincolnshire Regiment*

William Robinson of Oasby, Grantham, Lincolnshire, died on 16th August 1974, at his home. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the 7th Lincolnshire Regiment in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in May of that year. He had been wounded at Ypres in February 1916.

William trained in boot-repairing and mat-making together with poultry-keeping and he was very interested in his garden. He won prizes at

local shows for his garden produce and he took an interest in local affairs.

He retired from mat-making in 1946 and kept himself occupied with his garden and greenhouse and also made some string bags.

Unfortunately his wife passed away in 1966 but his daughter and son-in-law came to live with him and they were always a most devoted family. William was very proud of the fact that his granddaughter, Mrs. Brenda Taylor, had recently qualified as an Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

William enjoyed good health for his years and his death occurred very suddenly just after returning from holiday with relatives.

He leaves his daughter, Mrs. Beatrice Smith and family.

Alfred Bennett. *Royal Field Artillery*

Alfred Bennett, Dover, Kent, died at Northgate House, Rottingdean, on 17th August, 1974. He was 90 years of age.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in February 1917 and served with them until his discharge in October 1917 when he came to St. Dunstan's

He trained as a masseur and obtained a post at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Dover and later on created his own private practice.

During the 2nd World War, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett moved to Buckinghamshire and his physiotherapy work was unfortunately seriously interrupted. On returning to his home in Dover after the war it was found that his house had suffered a good deal of war damage but in due course Mr. Bennett was able to recreate his practice as a physiotherapist and in addition was able to assist in a part-time capacity at Buckland Hospital, Dover.

He retired in 1951 and during the next twenty years or so he and his wife led a quiet and happy life and were able to celebrate their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in April, 1969.

Unfortunately Mr. Bennett's health has given cause for concern in recent years and he was admitted to Northgate House in January 1974 where sadly he died in August.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Alice Mary Bennett and their son, Mr. Alfred James Bennett.

William (Jock) Waddell. *1st Scots Guards Regiment*

William (Jock) Waddell late of Stenhousemuir, Sterlingshire, and latterly residing at Pearson House, Brighton, died at Northgate House, Rottingdean, on 11th August, 1974. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the 1st Scots Guards Regiment and served with them from January 1914 until July 1915. He was wounded at La Bassee in January 1915 and came to St. Dunstan's in the following May.

After training he returned to his home in Stenhousemuir, Sterlingshire, and made mats, carried out some basket work and kept poultry. Unfortunately his health was never very strong and he later gave up these occupations in favour of rug-making and netting. He was a very good Braillist.

After the death of his Mother in 1941 he made his home with his sister and brother-in-law and he enjoyed frequent holidays with us at our homes in Blackpool and Brighton. His sister passed away in 1963 and very shortly afterwards he came to stay permanently in Brighton.

William Waddell suffered a stroke in May and sadly he did not recover from this. During his illness he was much comforted to receive a visit from his relatives in Scotland and they were able to come South again to see him just before he passed away.

He leaves a niece, Mrs. T. Young and her family.

Robert White. *85th Training Reserve*

Robert White, late of King's Lynn, and latterly of Pearson House, Brighton, died at Northgate House, Rottingdean, on 14th July, 1974, after a short illness. He was 75 years of age.

He enlisted in the 85th Training Reserve in 1917 and served with them until his discharge in May 1918. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1920.

He trained as a basket maker and although he was never in robust health, he continued with this occupation until he was 65 years of age. After the death of his wife in 1940 he remained in his own home, being cared for by his daughters, and in 1955 he moved with one of his daughters and her husband to King's Lynn.

In 1970 he went to live at Pearson House, Brighton, and it was at Northgate House he died after a short illness.

He leaves four daughters and their families.

Sydney Wood. *South Staffordshire Regiment*

Sydney Wood of Northborough, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire, died on 7th August, 1974, at his home. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the South Staffordshire Regiment in 1913 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Although Sydney Wood was wounded at Ypres in November 1914 when he suffered injuries to his right eye and right hand, it was not until 1973 that his sight failed completely and he came to St. Dunstan's. After he was wounded at Ypres, he was a prisoner of war for three and a half years until he was repatriated.

He had already retired when he joined St. Dunstan's but his occupation had been that of maintenance worker in a brewery.

Due to the failing health of both Mr. and Mrs. Wood, they made their home some twelve years ago with their daughter, Mrs. Norah Davies and her husband.

Unfortunately Sydney Wood became seriously ill some three months ago and was nursed devotedly at home by his daughter; Mrs. Wood, herself, is in rather frail health.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Ethel Wood, her daughter Mrs. Norah Davies and her son Kenneth, who lives in Birmingham.

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St Dunstans REVIEW NOVEMBER



St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

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CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

They also serve

We were certainly not the first to do outstanding things in spite of blindness. There was Homer, the Greek philosopher and writer; there was Milton, the classic English writer; there was Louis Braille—and there have been others all over the world.

But without claiming too much, I think I can say that the first time a large body of blinded men was able to take part in the active world was when St. Dunstan's first sent its sons out to their own homes, many of them highly skilled, all more normal than they ever expected to be. Their example over more than 50 years has influenced the whole blind world.

The majority of us are ordinary chaps who would not claim distinction, but who nevertheless set an extraordinarily good example in the communities in which we live by coping from day to day with a severe disability. It sometimes falls to my lot to introduce a group of St. Dunstaners to a stranger at a Reunion or some other gathering and I am astonished and proud at the number who have proved to be very able and adaptable, and perhaps very lucky, and have done all kinds of things which are exceptional and praiseworthy. I call to mind introducing during the last few months a first-class actor, a number of physiotherapists (some of them continuing to practise well on into old age), a telephone operator who has worked for a famous firm for a lifetime, a professor who reminded me of four other St. Dunstan's professors the world over, business men including a most successful fish buyer and retailer, an adventurous traveller, a scientific writer, many Officers of Royal British Legion units and elected representatives in Local Authorities, including Mayors. Every one of these is a man in whom his family and St. Dunstan's take pride.

At the same time I am not only thinking of the man who has been fortunate enough to hold down a notable job, but also of every St. Dunstaner. Lady Fraser has often told me at a Reunion how strong and fit and well the St. Dunstaners look and this alone stamps us as a corps d'elite which bears comparison with the Guards and even the Marines.

Practise what you preach?

The Editor tells me that he has heard from George Fallowfield, who writes: "I have read with much interest the Chairman's notes about what other blind people have told him of the great advantage of the 'long cane' but what has prevented Lord Fraser from adopting this wonderful device himself?".

I have said before how delighted I am that one or two older St. Dunstaners, including one who was in his 80's, have found a long cane really useful, so much so that it has given them great pleasure. I therefore repeat my commendation of its use.

It is a fair enough question—indeed a good joke—for George Fallowfield to ask why

COVER PICTURE: *Surrounded by his dogs, Vic Davies begins a training session.* *(See "Ways of Life" on centre pages).*

I do not practise what I preach. The reason is that I am not willing to spare the time to go on a course of training and one should not use the long cane without training. Also, I happen to be in the fortunate position in which I do not have to walk alone and, when I want a little exercise entirely by myself, I have a small garden to walk in. It is one of those cases where the individual must choose for himself what suits him.

Fraser of Lonsdale

WAR PENSIONS

Method of Payment

The War Pensions Department is now prepared to sanction monthly payments direct to a banking account for those who prefer not to have to call at the Post Office. These payments would consist of one week in advance and three weeks in arrear so that there would be a gap of one month between the cashing of the last weekly order and the first monthly payment.

To take advantage of the scheme an addressed envelope should be obtained from the Post Office when the last order is cashed. Return the book to the Controller, Department of Health and Social Security, Norcross, Blackpool FY5 3TA marking the envelope at the top "For the attention of Mr. G. H. Warren, N4A, Room 401B" and including a note of the address of the Bank and the Account No. with a request that payment should be made monthly direct to that Account. Three monthly payments in arrear can be arranged but this would mean that the War Pensions Department would be holding this money for a longer period without interest.

The War Pensions Department is considering the possibility of changing the present method of payment of war pensions by introducing a computer produced pension order book consisting of twelve weekly vouchers. The changeover which appears to be a strong possibility may commence in November and continue over a period of three months. There would, of course, be no break in payment during the period of exchange and an explanation would be issued to each pensioner with his new book.

L. A. SLADE,
Pensions Officer

Donations Please

St. Dunstaner's who have attended the Grocers' Summer Outing and/or Christmas Dinner/Dance may like to subscribe to a fund with a view to making a presentation to Mrs. M. G. Lillie who has for many years acted in a voluntary capacity as secretary of the Sussex Grocers' Association Entertainment Committee.

This suggestion is made by W. T. (Ginger) Scott of Rottingdean who has formed a small Committee (himself, Mrs. Gover, and John Whitcombe) to select an appropriate gift with a view to making the presentation at the final Grocers' Dinner/Dance to be held at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on Wednesday, 4th December.

Would interested St. Dunstaners please send donations to the *Editor, St. Dunstan's Review,* from whom receipts will be posted to donors.

A number of gifts have already been acknowledged.

GARDENING NEWS

News of prizes won at various shows around the countryside continue to come in and St. Dunstaners have done very well in spite of the generally bad weather everywhere.

At the Headstone Horticultural Society's 26th show held in Harrow Weald, *Henry Haskey* obtained a 2nd prize for his sweet peas and a 3rd for his Fuchsias. Mrs. R. Haskey obtained a 3rd for miniature arrangements in the Floral Art Section.

Fred Lipscombe of Exeter, Devon, has done extremely well this Autumn and has won a 1st, 2nd and 3rd for pot plants at the local Hortocola Gardening Club Autumn Show. Fred has not done anything like this before so is to be congratulated on his success as the standard is high in Devon.

DEAF REUNION 1974

by Ron Ellis



Left: *Helped by Mrs. Ellis, Ron Ellis examines a model of the Brighton Marina.*

Below: *"You just capsized" Wally Thomas gets the message on the sailing trainer.*





Off for a voyage in the Palace Pier speedboat.

A most happy and enjoyable time was had by the Deaf lads at their Reunion this year and we were very pleased to welcome Ted Porter and his wife. Ted, who lost his hearing a few years ago, decided to join the Muffled Drums this year.

The Reunion was held from the 12th to the 17th of August and was given a rousing start with a delicious dinner on the evening of our arrival at Pearson House, after a greeting from Commandant and Matron. Our Guests this year at the Dinner were Mrs. MacDonald and Dr. O'Hara. Miss Kay Smith, who did such a grand job of organising the Reunion and making it such a great success was also there. Dinner over, and feeling wonderfully full, we sat back, lit our fags, and over a black coffee the Commandant welcomed Ted and his wife to the Reunion. Off to the Committee Room now for a round or two of drinks and a good old chat up all round. It was such a pleasure to see Mrs. MacDonald again and to talk over old times, for we have had many a happy Reunion together, and, of course, it is always great to see our old friend, Dr. O'Hara. He was unable to get to the Dinner, but, as always, he just popped in for a night-cap and a chat with the lads.

Tuesday the 13th. Everybody up with the early bird. 7.45 a.m., with our wives as escorts, we boarded the transport which whisked us away to Shoreham Airport. This was to be our great day, an air trip to Jersey, but, alas, it was not to be, for on arrival at the airport we were told that the trip could not be made, as the weather in Jersey was too bad for the aircraft to land. Wally and I thought about a swim over but then someone mentioned a cuppa in the Cafe and the idea was soon forgotten. After about a quarter of an hour the Captain of our aircraft came over to us and said that the weather over there was still bad, and that we should have to make the trip on the following day.

Now Miss Smith turned on her think-

tank and came up with a grand idea—that we should visit Michelham Priory, Nr. Hailsham. On arrival at the Priory our wives began to give us the full treatment, explaining to us all about the building and answering all our questions. It is a magnificent Priory which was founded in 1229 and we were told that there is hardly a brick out of place—or should I say stone blocks. 1 o'clock saw us making a bee-line for the restaurant for a much-needed body refill. An excellent lunch was had by all and feeling very refreshed the lads sat outside the restaurant and had a puff at their cigs, while our ever-faithful friend, Bill Webster, kept his wary eye on us. Having seen most of the interesting things, we were now waiting for our escorts to have a look round the gift shop. After having waited what seemed a life time—you know what these ladies are—they emerged with their gifts and we then boarded the transport and away to Pearson House just in time for supper.

Shoreham—Again

Wednesday the 14th saw us off once again to Shoreham Airport. On arrival the Captain of our aircraft had much better news for us this time, it was all systems go as the weather had changed for the better. All aboard now, seat belts tightened, we were off, the time approximately 9.20 a.m. Five minutes later we were all sat back in our seats enjoying a very comfortable and smooth flight. We arrived in Jersey about 10.45 a.m. and a mini-bus was waiting for us at the Airport which whisked us away to St. Helier. The driver took us to a nice cafe for a much wanted cuppa and then we were off again to do a little sight-seeing. Time soon flew by and then it was all aboard the transport and away to the Shakespeare Restaurant, St. Clement's Bay for lunch. The service was excellent and the lunch superb, I would recommend this Hotel and Restaurant to anyone visiting Jersey.

The time now 2 o'clock, lunch over and everybody feeling fine, we were off to Gorey for a tour of the Jersey Pottery. The first thing to catch the eye of our wives and escorts were the beautifully laid out gardens. They took no time in explaining everything to us, it is a wonder they did not wear their fingers to the bone; I said to Wally, we shall have to pay them over-time. Walking slowly through the gardens, we came to the gift shop and pottery and by the feel and touch of the articles which are made here, they must have been really beautiful. The tour over, we had another slow walk through the gardens and made our way back to the mini-bus. The driver then took us for a little spin through some of the lovely villages which abound in Jersey and then on to St. Brelades where we did a bit of quick shopping before it was time to catch the 'plane home. It is a pity they do not allow you to take a wheelbarrow over with you, for there is so much one would like to buy, but not to worry, we just bought and kept our fingers crossed that we had bought the right kind of stuff they would let you take through the Customs. Shopping over, we were just in time to get to the airport, have a nice cuppa, then we were called to the aircraft. 6.10 p.m. approximately take off and we were really thankful to sit back to rest our weary limbs. Boy, it was a go go day, but real great, a day we shall always remember. About 7 o'clock we touched down at Shoreham Airport, then a short wait for the Customs Office to open and while waiting we had a chat with the Captain. Customs open, we then thanked the Captain for a safe and comfortable flight and with fingers crossed we passed through the Customs with flying colours, then on to the transport and away to Pearson House with a great day behind us and lots to talk about. We were delighted to have Miss Carson with us on this trip and much appreciated her quick mastery of the Deaf/Blind Manual.

R.A.F. Museum

Thursday, 15th. Another early start for we were to pay a visit to the R.A.F. Museum, Hendon, where a guided tour had been arranged. It was a great pleasure to have Matron Blackford and George Rees with us for this day out and Matron proved as always, a great organiser, for everything went so smoothly. Arriving at Hendon about 11.45 a.m. we had a short chat with the two fellows who were to take us on our tour of the Museum; they were Mr. Peter Elliot and Mr. Harold of the Art and Design Department.

At 12 o'clock we made our way to the Museum's fine restaurant, where Matron

ordered us an excellent lunch. Lunch taken, we were off on our tour of the Museum ; our two guides were great, they were masters, there was nothing they left out and everything we wanted to know was explained to us in detail. It gave us all a real thrill to be able to touch the great aircraft of World War Two, and it gave us thought for the brave men who flew them. It is a great Museum and worthy of its cause. The tour over and feeling a lot wiser, we made our way back to Victoria Station to catch the train back to Brighton with another exciting day behind us. I think our escorts must have been glad of a rest for they had done a splendid job of translating all the information to us.

Owing to the Annual visit to Northgate House for tea having to be cancelled Wednesday, Matron Hallett accompanied Ted and Mrs. Porter to tea at St. Peter's Cottage, Cowfold on Thursday, as Ted hasn't the stamina to enjoy the whole day outings at present.

Last Day

Friday, 16th. The last day and a very busy one too. At 10.30 a.m. we were all aboard the transport once again, which took us to Marina House, Brighton, to inspect the models etc. of the Marina project. After running our hands lightly over the models and having numerous questions answered by Mr. Fulsham, we were able to form a picture in our minds of just how vast a project this is. When completed, Brighton, I am sure, will be the proudest resort in Europe, for it is not being built only for the few but for everybody, and will be in use the whole year through. We wish Brighton every success in their new project, for we are sure it will attract thousands of visitors and holiday makers when it is completed. After the model inspection we were taken to the middle of a large showroom where a sailing boat was mounted on a platform. It is called a training boat and is remote controlled and it gives one the feeling of being at sea when sat in. It will pitch, roll, and do a full turn, and Wally and I were invited to get in and have a go. After a quick spin round the showroom, a few full turns and a few rolls Wally and I agreed that boating on dry land is far safer for us.

Our sincere thanks to all the staff at Marina House for their kind understanding and all the information they gave us.

From here, straight to the Palace Pier for a speed boat trip. The sea being a little rough made it quite tricky jumping from the landing-stage to the boat, however, all went well. The trip which lasted about eight minutes was very enjoyable, with the wind and spray hitting our faces. On arriving back to the landing-stage and making a safe jump back, poor old Wally had found it not so dry a trip, for it looked as if he had been sitting in a pool of water ! I thought I would give him a word of comfort and told him we would change his nappy as soon as we got back to Pearson House.

Tea with Staff

The afternoon was pleasantly spent in the Committee Room where we had tea with Mr. C. D. Wills, Commandant, Matron and Miss Mosley, Welfare Staff. It was a great pleasure to us all to meet Mr. Wills and have a good chat with him, I think everyone would agree that a Reunion would not be the same if we did not have our great friend, Mr. Wills, with us. It was also a pleasure to see Miss Mosley again, there was lots to talk about and the time flew by. Then the time came round for us all to beat a hasty retreat so as to give ourselves plenty of time to wash and brush up ready for the Farewell Dinner that evening.

At 6.30 p.m. we were whisked away to the Gold Room, Eaton Restaurant, for the Farewell Dinner. Cocktails were served at 7 until 7.30 p.m. then into the Gold Room where a superb Dinner was served to all. Among those present were Mr. C. D. Wills, Commandant, Matron Hallett and Matron Blackford. Dinner over then Wally stood and gave a nice speech of thanks, the signal of the end of yet another wonderful Reunion, one that we shall always remember. Our sincere thanks to all those responsible for making it such a happy occasion and for all the hard work it must have involved.

Through the whole of the Reunion, the Muffies, their wives, everyone missed their very dear friend, Miss Dagnall, who this year could not be with us owing to ill health. Let us all hope and pray that she will soon be on the road to recovery.



Joan, Alan, Dennis and Ken on the Lyke Wake Walk from start . . . . .

LYKE WAKE WALK

by A. F. Wortley

When my wife has an idea she doesn't let it lie fallow, but keeps kicking it around until it becomes reality. Thus it happened that four walkers, comparative strangers to each other sat at breakfast with two support party, in Osmotherly at the Western end of the North Yorkshire Moors preparing to start the Lyke Wake Walk. The walk, forty miles in length across the moor tops to Ravenscar on the coast, has to be completed in twenty four hours to qualify for a coffin badge. The route was said to be taken by coffin bearers of ancient times.

Dennis, Ken, my wife Joan and myself set off at eleven a.m. at a cracking pace over the hills towards Hasty Bank, and within half an hour, after steep ascents, we realised we had taken the wrong route ! To correct this we dropped down into a valley to gain a more Northern ridge. Jumping a stream, Ken saw a rabbit stupified with myxomatosis and he raised his foot to put the creature out of its misery. "No", cried my wife in alarm.

"Why not, the poor thing's blind", said Ken.

I grinned and remarked that I was glad I had been spared annihilation because of my disability and so we left the rabbit to chance.

We made Hasty Bank after a few scrambles making up a couple of extra miles and meeting Pop and Audrey, our support party, for beer and cheese, right on time. However, we realised with dismay, that our schedule did not allow for rest periods.

Still keen we pressed on towards beautiful Rosedale Head. How preciously guarded is the silence of the high moors. We passed but few people in the whole of



. . . . . to finish

our walk and a raised forefinger was all that there was in the way of greeting. A light rain was falling, most refreshing on sweating faces but I think it was here that my knee first started to hurt. We crossed bogs. Smelly water oozed over my boots filling them. Eventually I limped down to Hamer, twenty five miles completed, and collapsed by the side of the road.

Support Party?

Where was our support party? Joan flagged down a passing car . . . Luckily for us the driver located Pop and Audrey emerging from a pub a couple of miles down the road and told them that there were four walkers dying of thirst back up the track. . . .

By dark we had reached Wheeldale, God's own country that I know so well. . . The descent down rocks to a tent not far from the village almost finished me. I felt I could go no farther, not without a knee replacement operation anyway. . . . I lay on a camp bed too miserable to sleep, almost too tired to open my mouth for delicious stew.

The rain poured down on the tent, and I longed for my comfortable Lincoln home.

At four in the morning we were up again, I hadn't been able to bend my knees sufficiently to take off my wet socks . . . After we had limped a few miles, I confided to Dennis that I had been ready to give up at Wheeldale and as his feet were a mass of blisters, he said that he would have gladly given up also if I had done so. . . Joan put elastoplast on our bleeding feet and we struggled on. She and Ken were faring well.

BLEATING SHEEP

Sheep bleated and I hated them . . . I tripped over stones and muttered obscenities . . . I heard Ken whistling up ahead and felt like weeping . . . Years later, or so it seemed, we hit a metalled road near the coast and the hard surface

BRIDGE NOTES

BRIGHTON

The Eighth Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 5th October. The results are as follows:

S. Webster and M. Clements	66
C. Walters and A. Smith	62
R. Fullard and W. Lethbridge	61
A. Dodgson and F. Griffee	58
E. Bedford and W. Burnett	52

Cumulative positions with one session to play.

R. Fullard	359
M. Clements	352
S. Webster	345
W. Lethbridge	342
F. Griffee	328
A. Dodgson	327
W. T. Scott	321
C. Walters	316
A. Smith	308
R. Bickley	308
W. Burnett	286
J. Whitcombe	284
F. Rhodes after 4 games	270
R. Goding after 4 games	261
W. Claydon after 3 games	151
E. Bedford after 3 games	151
F. Mathewman after 1 game	56

P. Nuyens,
Secretary

LONDON

The ninth and final Individual Competition of the London Section for the Gover Cup for 1974 came to its final conclusion on Saturday, 5th October. The results are as follows:

W. Allen and J. Majchrowicz	69
J. Lynch and H. King	68
W. Phillips and R. Evans	65
J. Huk and J. Padley	61
H. Meleson and W. Miller	58
P. Nuyens and Miss Vera Kemmish	57

Best five cumulative results

W. Allen	364
J. Lynch	360
W. Phillips	349
R. Evans	347
W. Miller	335
J. Huk	330
H. Meleson	327
P. Nuyens	323
J. Majchrowicz	320
J. Padley	313
F. Dickerson	313
Miss Vera Kemmish 5 games only	303
A. Caldwell 3 games only	196
H. King 3 games only	193
R. Stanners 1 game only	55

LYKE WAKE WALK

—continued

was like red heat to my inflamed feet. Somehow, and I'll never know how, I reached the finishing post at Ravenscar with thirty minutes to spare. I fell into a trembling heap on the roadside to hear my darling wife say, "Who is ready for the walk back? . . ."!

We were very pleased to achieve what we had set out to do as none of us had done much training. Despite some discomfort it was voted a most successful project. . . .

Harrogate Bridge Week

by Bob Fullard

On Saturday 21st September a party of 16 St. Dunstaners, together with invaluable escorts such as Messrs. N. Smith, J. Kennedy, and John Rhodes in attendance, arrived at Harrogate for the annual bridge week. Our first fixture was on the evening of our arrival when we played at St. George's Road Club (formerly the Civil Service Club). Through

the unavoidable absence of our old friend Mr. Wally Burgess, the lady in charge decided to run a pairs competition whereby all St. Dunstaner pairs played North and South and did not move.

The results for St. Dunstan's side were as follows:

1st	**R. Evans and W. Phillips**
2nd	W. Allen and R. Freer
3rd	Mrs. V. Delaney and P. Nuyens

St. Dunstan's Cup

The St. Dunstan's cup competition for teams of four was played off on the evening of Sunday, 22nd September, at the Harrogate Club. Out of a total of 9 teams, 4 represented St. Dunstan's. The result was a win for Harrogate Bridge Club captained by Mrs. M. Green, but the St. Dunstan's team captained by Bill Allen were only 9 points behind in 2nd place.

Monday left us free to go for a walk during the morning after a visit to the "stables" i.e. the bedroom in our hotel where Mr. Joe Kennedy read out to those interested all the form, weights, etc. of current race meetings. A few of us went down to the Oakdale Golf Club in the afternoon at the invitation of some lady members and altogether a very happy afternoon was spent there. That same evening, we played against the Oakdale Golf Club where Mr. Norman Green was tournament director. We were defeated but not downhearted.

Tuesday afternoon was a very special afternoon because for the first time since St. Dunstan's have been visiting Harrogate, the Ripon Bridge Club invited us to play them in the sun lounge of the Ripon Spa hotel. We found it a pleasing innovation when, because the expected tournament director was unable to be present, the lady president decided to play Progressive Bridge. Our best pairs were:

1st	**J. Whitcombe and F. Griffee**
2nd	Mrs. V. Delaney and P. Nuyens
3rd	R. Evans and W. Phillips

and these pairs were delighted when they were given prizes. We were narrowly beaten by about 300 aggregate points on the evening of Tuesday when we played against the I.C.I. in their own clubrooms.

Wednesday afternoon is an afternoon best overlooked by those who take bridge seriously for Bradford Bridge Club heavily defeated us by over 12,000 points but the high tea there laid on for us helped us to forget that defeat. Without returning to our own hotel, we proceeded to meet Knaresborough Bridge Club who were unable on this occasion to receive us on their own premises. Although we have recorded some wins in the past, this year I am afraid we recorded a defeat.

Drovers Roadhouse

Another memorable day for us was Thursday when we proceeded by coach to the Drovers roadhouse, Bishop's Thornton for lunch. We were happy to see Mr. Wills, Secretary of St. Dunstan's and he spoke for us all when on our behalf, he expressed our thanks to the many friends in and around Harrogate who for so many years had combined to give us such an enjoyable week. That same evening we met I.C.I. members of the Crimple House where I.C.I. staff welcomed us with their usual warmth and hospitality. Another defeat for us too.

After a bout of shopping for souvenirs to take back and a visit to the George Hotel to have a quick glass with some of our Harrogate friends, after lunch a few of us who had arranged for a quiet game down at the Oakdale Golf Club spent another enjoyable afternoon.

The finale

The finale of our week is, of course, Friday evening, when each St. Dunstaner partnered a member of one of the various clubs they had visited during the week. This year there were 16 tables for the bridge drive and Mr. P. Nuyens and Mr. N. Green acted jointly as directors. A special mention was made of the wonderful co-operation of the Dirlton Hotel staff who contrived to give us all the evening meal and then within a very short time to have the same dining room ready to hold the bridge drive. We were very pleased when it was announced that Mrs. Monica Campbell and her partner, Mr. D. Raynor won first prize and selected wool rugs made by St. Dunstaners.

Saturday, 28th September, saw us once more on our way back home, tired but happy and looking forward next year to renewing friendships.



Margaret Stanway.

CAMPING— the easy way

by Margaret Stanway

When it was suggested to the Macclesfield Handicapped Club that we should spend a week at a holiday camp – we looked at each other in surprise. A holiday camp with its noise, its masses of people, piped music and bugle calls to summon us to the dining hall? Not to mention the rows and rows of chalets whose doorsteps would be an impossibility to manoeuvre for those of us in wheelchairs. Oh, no! Not a holiday camp, thank you! But we DID have a holiday at a Holiday Camp and we all enjoyed it.

A party of thirty left Macclesfield for the five-hour journey to Skegness. Most of us had an escort, either a relative or a friend – and there were three people in charge, Barbara, June and David, who did all the donkey work.

We were soon to find out how wrong we had been about life in a Camp when bedtime came – no piped music or any bugle calls but only the noise to be expected from a few hundred adults and children all bent on enjoying themselves.

The chalets consisted of a bed or beds, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe and one chair. The decor was white and blue with attractive blue floral curtains. The bathroom was quite large and there was always lots of very hot water. The chalets were all painted a different colour and there were gardens with flower beds and shrubs between each row.

Naturally we were all gasping for a cup of tea so that when we went to the dining room for our first meal we were thankful to see milk jugs and pots of tea on the table. The food was good and very plentiful and varied, always well cooked and served attractively on hot plates.

Ramps were placed outside some of the chalets for the people who could not get out of their chairs and we were allowed to go into the dining hall ahead of the other holidaymakers who had to queue outside.

Unfortunately many of the places of entertainment had stairs and the pavements generally were not sloped to allow chairs of all descriptions to overcome them without a great deal of difficulty.

There was entertainment to suit all tastes – dancing both to modern and old tyme music, horse riding, bingo, swimming, just to name a few. There were shops and a supermarket and the Chapel. A small train ran around the camp constantly.

We went on the Chair Lift one day, and had a beautiful aerial view of the camp. It looked like a small town with its

KEMP TOWN NOTES

I'm sitting here awaiting inspiration to compose this monthly Kemp Town saga—outside it's bucketing with rain. I thought of quoting "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness"—mists, yes, but I feel the fruit will be soggy!

During the month our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lilley from Seaford, with their group, read "The Late Christopher Bean" by Emlyn Williams, a most interesting and entertaining reading.

Mrs. Dennis gave a welcome stereo programme. When there's no Dome Variety, we put on a Record Evening, and Mrs. Dantinne did this one Tuesday.

We had a world premiere at the Theatre Royal of "The Male of the Species", after a spate of farce and modern day trite plays this had an excellent reception and Edward Woodward, well known on TV, played at least three characters. The few that went were impressed and enjoyed the evening.

Tape Recording Club

The Brighton Tape Recording Club made their promised return visit and gave a very varied programme. One item was a recording of "plug holes"—so to speak, taken at different hotels up and down the country. Apparently the variety of sound was amazing and caused much laughter. One member contributed bird recordings, others the history of the organ from barrel to Church, with a commentary. Mr. and Mrs. Bannister were in the group and Mr. Bannister, a blind piano tuner, had recorded the modern organ.

Mr. Carey, the joint secretary with his wife, who comperes, is the important man in the background who operates the tape machines.

Young Optimists

We have now had the visit of the "Young Optimists". The group consists of 20 entertainers, we had 6—3 boys and 3 girls. As one of them jokingly said, "The Cream". I'm sure they were right, as the standard of singing and tap dancing, which was a welcome change, was very high. One or two hope to make the stage their career, in fact Clive Bull has had offers for his accordion playing, and no wonder, he was excellent. I think the oldest member was fourteen. Mrs. Alden, the Producer, herself a performer with the "Optimists", should be justly proud. As she remarked, they'd be lost without Maureen, the first rate accompanist for the two groups.

When we return to Ovingdean and have more space, we shall hope to have the larger party as everyone enjoyed the evening immensely.

CAMPING—*continued*

gardens and roads around the chalets but with a difference that only pedestrians were on them.

Our three helpers arranged for us to have a 'cuppa' in bed in the mornings and we were very pleased about this. (It makes a holiday, doesn't it?) They also fitted our bath stools and mats for us. I am afraid it was a "working holiday" for them with the accent on work!

Our waitress was quite a character and could easily have been taken for Lucille Ball's younger sister, with her half inch eye lashes and 2 inch soled shoes with heels of about 5 inches. She moved around those tables as if tiptoeing through the tulips! But we had fun with the staff and if there were any difficulties the Redcoats were always on hand to give help and advice.

A holiday camp will hold no terrors for us again and no doubt, we shall spend a similar holiday at one. But there was a fly in the ointment! The weather!! The brochure states..... 'known as one of the driest areas in Britain Skegness is blessed with long hours of sunshine'. Yes, it was dry, but where, oh where, were the long hours of sunshine? Not in the holiday camp for sure, as the sight of people muffled up in coats and scarves and cardigans proclaimed otherwise but everything else was so good we could hardly complain about that could we?

I entered for the 'Glamourous Grandmother competition but got nowhere!



Vic sends Rita on a retrieve.

I WANT TO THINK LIKE Y(

Talking to David Castleton

Latchetts stands on a steep hillside overlooking the West Country town of Braunton. It is hard to imagine a house in a lovelier setting. In front is the view across a typical North Devon valley and behind, the hillside climbs on up as the garden merges into a wood. Latchetts is the home of St. Dunstaner Vic Davies. The beauty of its setting is matched by its suitability as a home and training place for a rollicking team of six labrador retrievers, all trained as gun-dogs by Vic.

Being introduced to Vic's dogs is like being engulfed in a genial tidal wave as he opens the gate of their run in the garden, where they are warmly and comfortably housed in large kennels. There is Joe, Bess, Bran, Rita, Jano and Sarah, they tumbled out to make my acquaintance, leaping and bounding, almost knocking me over in their exuberance. All, that is, except the youngest, Sarah, who viewed me and my camera with considerable caution, but more of her later. At one blast from Vic's whistle all the dogs sat still where they were, an impressive example of their training.

"After the initial training all the work is done on the whistle", Vic told me. "In some tests two or three dummies are thrown and the judge tells you after you have sent the dog out which one he wants you to take. So you've got to stop your dog on the whistle and then you direct him by hand signals to whichever dummy should be picked".

The tests Vic mentioned are a whole world of organised sport in which trainers of retrievers pit their dogs in competition in difficult trials. There are clubs all over the country. Vic and his wife, Mary, belong to the United Retriever Club, a national organisation, West of England Labrador Club and the Exeter and County Canine Society, among others.

ic Davies



Rita places the pigeon in his hand.

Vic has a sideboard full of trophies. All his six dogs have won competitions in the six years he and Mary have been competing. "I've been lucky with my dogs and, of course, I have been lucky with my wife. It would be very awkward if you had a wife who didn't even like dogs and wasn't interested in this kind of work. We have a bit of competition between each other. We both think we're better handlers than the other. There's quite a lot of back-seat driving in it. We have inquests after but without her I wouldn't be able to get to a test or anything. It would be awful if Mary had to drive and then sit there and be bored".

They may travel fifty or sixty miles to take part in a trial and Vic described a typical day: "Although they are artificial, the tests are usually made to look and seem to dogs as if they are really in a shooting field. We go to some field. There is usually plenty of rough ground there, brambles, bracken, woodland; there might be a water test in a pond. Dummies are used; they are usually canvas, the basis is often a plastic Fairy liquid container filled with sand, weighing anything from 1 to 3 lb.

"These things are thrown and a gun is fired to give the dog the sight and sound of a gun. When the judge tells you, you send your dog to retrieve this. Sometimes there is a diversion. When the dog is coming back with the dummy another one is hurled across, in front of it. He must ignore it. All the dogs have the same hazards and in a working test there might be four different exercises and the judge may award 10 pts. for each exercise. Perhaps you would get eight out of ten or if your dog did something really wilful you get nothing out of ten".

Vic cannot see his dogs more than a few feet away from him but he finds judges and other competitors helpful.



Sarah, on a long leash, learning the signal to move to Vic's right.

"Once they've realised the sight is not so good they all help. Very often when a dog is a long way out and it's in doubt, I whistle for it to stop. The dog might be looking at me, waiting for a signal, and I don't know. Fellow competitors will very often say, "He's looking at you, send him to the right". Judges, I find, have been very good. When he's got to the area where the dummy falls they usually say "he's there" and I just give the dog a command blast and he picks it up and brings it back".

The foundation for success in the trials lays in the training and here Vic is at no disadvantage, "I started training seriously nine years ago. I was given my first labrador about 20 years ago, Jet. He lived until he was about 13, then I had another dog, Joe. Somebody suggested that I joined a gun-dog training club. I was helped along by my wife and other people interested. Joe proved to be a bit of a devil and he still is at 9 years of age. He is a very good dog actually.

"Then we had another one that was really for my wife. We had one each and so it went on. I think the thing is that you are always thinking that you are going to find a better dog. Of course you are learning all the time because no two dogs are the same. They have different temperaments. Some are boisterous and they can take a real telling off. Others might be nervous and you've got to be very, very careful what you do with them. You can't expect a dog to think like we do. We must try and think like a dog and until you do this I don't think you can get anywhere".

Dog psychologist

Aside from those cups and rosettes, Vic has one outstanding success for his expertise as a "dog psychologist"—Sarah. "A lady brought a bitch here to be mated with Joe and they had eight pups. She sold them all and after a while I met her and she told me one of the dogs had come back. A bloke brought her back saying "do what you like with her, she's no good, she's frightened of me". We found out that he'd kicked ruddy hell out of this little pup. They couldn't do anything with it because it was terrified of men, it was terrified of feet. I was afraid it would go to another similar home so I bought it and brought it home here".

Happily settled in with the other dogs Sarah's rehabilitation began: "The first thing I did was change her name. She was called Sheba and I thought she mustn't have any association with that at all. I took a name off her paternal grandmother, Sarah, which was near enough and yet didn't sound the same. She loved being with the other dogs but she was very, very wary of me and she was watching your feet all the time. Instead of stroking her with my hand I used to stroke her with my feet with slippers on until she got used to that.

"I took her with me on a lead every time I trained the other dogs. I didn't let her do anything until I could see she was really getting anxious to have a go. So, on the long lead one day, I threw a dummy for her and she picked it up and brought it back. About two days afterwards I threw a pigeon for her and she brought that back. She's getting on very well now. Everyone that saw her, gun-dog people in the club, thought I was being a bit of a crackpot buying a dog like that. This is the one thing that you don't want in a gun-dog, nervousness of any kind but I think this nervousness wasn't basic; it wasn't

there, it was made. I don't think she'll look back now".

All Vic's dogs begin their training on a leash because, otherwise, they would be out of his visual range. "It is easier for a dog to learn a bad habit than something he should be doing. When I get a young puppy, I study it for a while. The thing is to try and get the dog to want to do something to please you, not because it is a duty. When it's a small puppy you let it carry anything that's about the house. If it is a real retriever it will anyway.

Commands

"When he carries your slipper or your tobacco pouch about you might give him a short retrieve on a lead. Throw something into some rough grass. Then you carry on with your training by word of mouth. You get the dog to learn the commands. The first word I use is 'sit'. That is the most essential thing, to get a dog to sit. You can say anything you like really as long as the dog knows what you mean. I say sit because eventually I can bring this to a 'sss' and the dog knows what I mean and that can later be dropped and the whistle can be introduced. You are bringing in your stop whistle which is one long blast.

"One of the best weapons you've got to train a dog is your voice because I don't think there is ever any need to hit a dog. If you've got to hit a dog you've failed. If you speak sternly enough to a dog in a voice like a Sergeant Major, he's going to stop and take notice of you. When he's done whatever you want him to do, for God's sake praise him in a nice kindly voice and I think that's all you need".

Vic builds up a bond with each of his dogs. "They're kennelled but they come in the house as well. I think dogs should live with you then you've got a better chance of knowing the dog. You must get to know a dog and the more he's with you the more he gets to know you. He knows you in all your moods".

The time it takes to teach a dog basic obedience varies with the character of the dog. The boisterous Joe took 12 months, "It isn't that he's stupid, he just takes a bit of handling". Bess, on the other hand, took very little time: "You only had to show her to start with and she had it straight away. I taught her obedience in a month. She is a lot quieter and she is very,



Above, Mary throws the dummy, seen in the air on the left, whole Vic fires a blank cartridge before sending Bess to retrieve.

Below, In the woods Bran leaps a hurdle while carrying the dummy.





"They know we are their *people".*

very brainy. She figures things out for herself very quickly".

Bess is six, just about the best age for a working dog, according to Vic. "I think from about three to eight. They do say a dog can work in a shooting field until it is ten years of age and then it is time to retire it, but I don't think this always answers. Joe is nine now and there's no sign of him slowing up or anything yet".

Training never really stops for an individual dog, but only in small doses. "I usually give them a matter of minutes because you have got to be very careful with this business of dummies—that you don't sicken the dog of it. Because once a gun-dog becomes bored with any of this, well, you might as well pack up. Once you come to the stage where they have picked a shot bird up, from then on you must try and get that balance. If you want to have a bit of fun with them in the summer in tests on dummies, they might make fun of the whole idea, because they are not real birds".

Vic's dogs are real working dogs in that he takes them to shoots up on Exmoor at Bampton. "It may sound a bit dangerous in a shoot but most of the people who belong to a big shoot are pretty well disciplined. The dogs go in front of the guns because they don't shoot any ground game. They're told off severely—a gamekeeper has been known to send a gun off a shoot for doing this. I remain behind the guns.

"Most of the guns have got their own dogs with them. They pick up anything that's fallen near at hand. If we can we usually try to cover the guns that haven't their own dogs and then we're able to help out all round. We're the people that have to pick up the ones that have fallen a long way back or may be wounded and they're running. A bird mustn't be left wounded anywhere. It has to be picked up and killed as quickly as possible.This is where you want a really good dog to bring it in as quickly as you can. He may have to run mile after mile before he finds it. Maybe he hasn't seen it and is just following a scent".

Serious crime

Gun-dogs must be soft-mouthed : "It is a serious crime on the shooting field if a bird is damaged by a dog actually biting it. You cannot teach it to be soft-mouthed but you can make it hard-mouthed. You have to be careful in your choice of dummies. If you used hard pieces of wood they might have to bite into them to hold them. Of course, the thing that will make a dog bite more than anything is if you or your children try and take anything away from him. Having a tug-of-war with your dog, that's fatal. The dog must bring the thing to you willingly and then let you have it in your hand. You train the dog to give it in your hand not on the ground because if it were a wounded bird it would just get up and run away".

Among Vic's training ploys is to let live rabbits out in the dog run and work his puppies there on the lead. "One of the big temptations in the shooting field is a hare running across their path. Well, the natural tendency for any dog is to chase it. This is the sort of thing they mustn't do. Some of the professional trainers have a big rabbit pen where the rabbits are running loose all the time and they do

their basic training in there so that the dog will work quite happily picking up a dummy covered in rabbit skin from a couple of live rabbits. It's sufficient for my purpose to have the rabbits in a run and work the dogs near there to start with. They don't take long, you know, to realise that they mustn't touch them. There again the sharp voice comes in useful. You give them the command 'leave' ".

Shooting season

The grouse season starts in August; pheasants on 1st October and the shooting season goes on to the end of January. "The weather never stops a shoot or a test. It is essential that you have wet weather clothing because nothing stops these tests and as for the dogs, certainly it wouldn't stop them. They soon dry off you know. They're lovely dogs to bring up, they've got very smooth coats. If one gets really filthy dirty, you've only got to take him to the nearest river and let him have a swim. A couple of shakes and it isn't long before he's dry again. It's because the labrador has an undercoat and this is pretty water repellent".

The labrador's love of water comes from its ancestry as Vic explains, "They were called the smooth coated Newfoundland dog. They were used by the Newfoundland fishermen to actually catch fish—catch cod in the sea and bring the fish back. These small black labradors came to this country first to Poole Harbour with some Newfoundland fishermen and they were spotted by one of the titled people in the country. He thought it would make a good gun-dog seeing it was so used to water—they're really at home in water—and this is how it all started last century".

Since then the breed has become very popular. After the war the Kennel Club created a show champion but Vic is worried by this creation of a class of labrador bred for showing. "It split the gun-dog breeds in half. I think some of the instinct has been bred out of them".

Vic works as a greensman on the nearby Saunton Golf Course—hard, open-air work, "but that is what I need". Mobility was his biggest problem when he first started. "For quite a while the vastness of the golf course took some adapting to



"The more he's with you, the more he gets to to know you"—Vic with Bran.

and, of course from the safety point of view it took some figuring out. Golfers are not always accurate. They might aim for the pin and hit the greenkeeper instead! I depend an awful lot on hearing because golfers are not the world's quietest people, you can usually hear their trolleys coming clattering along and you just get out of the way".

This is not such a problem for Vic just at present as he is working on a new, second course that is being laid out. "It will be the only club in the West of England with two eighteen hole courses", he said proudly. Strangely he is not tempted to play himself although he has heard of other St. Dunstaners who do. "I've managed to wang a few balls along and I've hit my foot once or twice! But I'm not particularly interested in the game. I'd sooner take the rough and tumble of the dog world".

These are well-chosen words recalling those dogs' boisterous welcome for me. But I also recall their instant discipline, the loving circle they made around their master. Their devotion is achieved by kindness, it is Vic's reward for the time he gives to his hobby. "If it wasn't for the time I spend on these dogs I'd have the

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Bob Murrell, London W13 ORX
The Chairman's Note in the October *Review* on the formation of the New Moorgate Trust Fund as a memorial to the late Sir John Ellerman, to promote and extend the use and technique of the Long Cane, prompts me to write this letter of appreciation on the reliability and confidence this inspires.

The Long Cane is a passport to independence, for prior to the tuition given by Jock Carnochan, the short cane had been my only method of mobility. This by virtue that there are no known training applications and thereby its use is restricted to the users own interpretation of how to apply this to suit his home and local conditions, even with a desire for some form of mobility the short cane made life hazardous to such a degree that every unaccompanied step was a venture into the unknown. Now I have no fear!

May I close this letter with a note of sincere thanks to all those whose endeavours during my recent stay and training at Pearson House, made it possible for me to leave home unaccompanied and by being taught Braille, typing, the use of Braille adapted micrometers, and audio measuring equipment makes it possible for me to look forward to a reasonably normal life and to type this letter.

WAYS OF LIFE

—continued

best looking garden in the district", he says. His attitude to his dogs is summed up in the words he used describing to me how they behaved among the crowds of people and other dogs at an event: "I took all six dogs through the line of people and dogs. If one of them stopped behind to chat with another dog or to see what was in someone's picnic basket, they still came after us. They knew we were *their* people".

From Jim Bridges, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand
We are extremely fortunate to have had a few copies of the *Review* sent to us by our friends Audrey and Reg Page of Cross-in-Hand, Sussex.

Barbara and I have enjoyed reading of the activities of your members but particularly about our tape-pal, Reg Page, with whom we correspond regularly in your Winter months and frequently when it rains during your Summer, as Reg is outdoors when the old sun shines in Sussex.

Met through Review

The *Review* has helped us get to know the Pages of Sussex better and it was in the *Review* we first saw photos of Reg and Audrey in their garden and now we have the pleasure of looking at pictures of the equipment so often talked about on tape by all of us.

It was only by chance that we met Reg and Audrey Page as, one day at work, I asked a chap who came from Sussex where he had obtained the lovely music on tape and he told me from Reg Page, and after coaxing the address out of him I wrote to Reg and Audrey. In less than three weeks we had a delightful tape from Reg and as he introduced his better half, a fanfare—fit for a Queen, was dubbed on to the tape and then the voice of Audrey was brought to us for the first time.

Share tapes

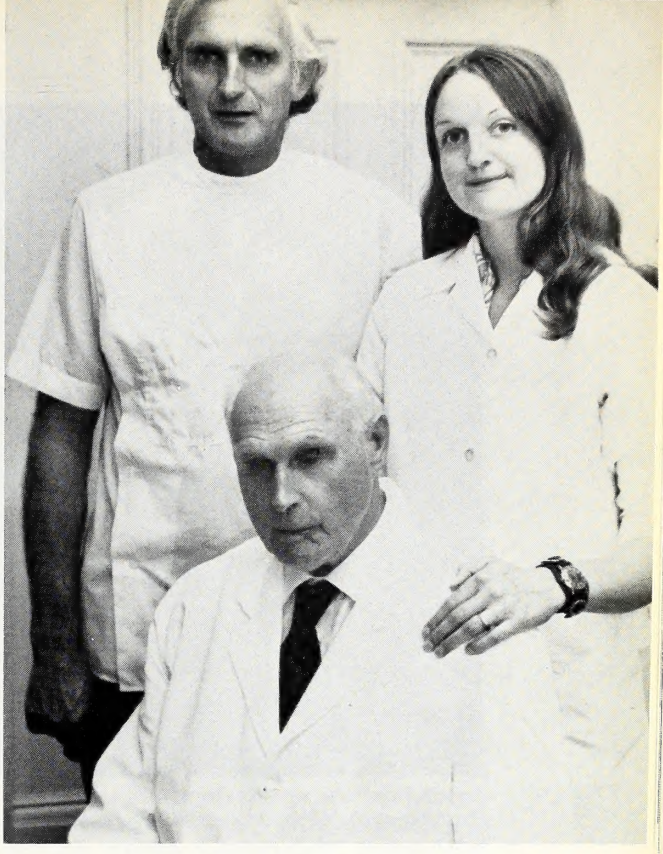
There is never a dull moment when listening to a tape made by Reg and Audrey and we in New Zealand often share parts of Reg's tape with many of our 50 odd tape friends in many countries of the world.

Perhaps this letter will do two things—1, Tell others how much fun taping is and 2, let our pals Reg and Audrey Page know how much we treasure their friendship.



IT STRIKES ME

by Magog



Photo—Mid-Sussex Times

Three Generations in Physiotherapy

Many a father hopes his son will inherit his interest in a particular business or profession and it is very rewarding when they do. **Leonard Howell,** still in practice as a physiotherapist in Haywards Heath not only has his son Bryan following in his professional footsteps but his granddaughter Julia as well!

Recently qualified, Julia makes the third generation of physiotherapists and all practising under one roof. Not for long for Julia was married in October and will be living on the Dorset/Devon border, where she hopes to continue with her profession there.

Our photograph shows Leonard, seated, with Bryan and Julia.

Then and Now

I have been looking over a 53 year old newspaper, the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of August 24th, 1921. On its front page is featured "A letter from London" rounding up news and topics. Top of the list—surprise, surprise—Ireland and Government negotiations with Sinn Fein, with bombs exploding in Belfast. Other perennial topics include criticism of young people by their elders for lack of respect for tradition and usage. Twenty thousand umbrellas were left in the Paris tube that year. At the local cinema "colossal" programmes were promised including "Alchemy of Love".

The item particularly of interest to me was in a list of St. John's Ambulance Association awards. Among the junior certificates presented by Lady Smith-Dorrien at Government House was to T. McKay. Yes, our **Tommy McKay** who was then 12 years old and living in Gibraltar with his family, his father was a regular soldier with the Royal Engineers. He still has his certificate awarded for general knowledge about minor wounds, splints and dressings. "I remember I had a job keeping a head bandage on" he told me. "It was really a lovely long holiday for us children—because of the heat we went to school only in the mornings, although we started early." Happy memories for Tommy in many ways, in what must have been a different world. Just a glance at the ads in the *Chronicle* confirms this. "Men's suits from 22/6d". The news may not have changed but the prices have.



Ernest Alexander, our St. Dunstaner from Bournemouth is presented to H.M. the Queen at the 60th Reunion of the Old Contemptibles held at Aldershot.

CLUB NEWS

LONDON

After busy campaigning days and uncertain weather, the smell of chrysanthemums and the sound of rustling leaves makes one think of our middle years. So remember when the days of Spring and youth are over, one can usually settle down to enjoy a more leisurely time. Those of us who may have other interests must give our continual support to older members who are the foundation of all our social activities within the London Club. So it may be noted that a hand of bridge can always be arranged after a game of dominoes on a Thursday evening.

Domino winners during the month of September were as follows:

5th September	1	**C. Hancock**
	2	R. Pringle
19th September	1	**C. Hancock**
	2	J. Padley
26th September	1	**J. Majchrowicz**
	2	R. Armstrong
		P. Sheehan

W. MILLER

MIDLAND

The weatherman's outlook for the day was poor but the members of the Midland Club had a good outlook as this day, Sunday, 6th October was the one chosen for our annual outing to Stratford-upon-Avon. We left Birmingham at 1.45 p.m. and unfortunately it poured with rain all the way there so we went straight to the Royal British Legion. We did this so that members could please themselves whether they stayed under cover in the clubrooms or went for a walk in the rain. Some did decide to do just this and others stayed in the British Legion and played dominoes or chatted.

At 4.30 we all sat down to tea. This had been prepared for us by the Ladies Section of the Stratford Royal British Legion and was a most excellent spread. These ladies work very hard to make sure we have a good tea each time we go and it is very much appreciated by all of our members. Later on the members of the

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Leonard Joseph Eyre, of Burton-on-Trent, who came to St. Dunstan's in September 1974. He served during the First World War with two regiments. Firstly the Sherwood Foresters and then with the Machine Gun Corps, and was wounded in Belgium. He is a widower with four children.

Leslie Gilbert of Scunthorpe, came to St. Dunstan's in September 1974. He served in the Buffs and then transferred to the Combined Service Detail Interrogation Centre after the Second World War. He is married.

Charles Hague of Liverpool joined St. Dunstan's in September 1974. He served in the Royal Navy during the Second World War and is married.

James Monaghan of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who came to us in September 1974. He served in the First World War, and was wounded on the Somme. He has also played in a professional capacity for Sheffield Wednesday Football Club. He is a bachelor.

CLUB NEWS—*continued*

Committee of the branch gave each St. Dunstaner a pint, just to wet his appetite!

We were also entertained by the Quinton Black and White Minstrels, a small group of people who are members of the Stratford branch but go around giving charity shows at various local places. They sang and danced to a piano accompaniment, singing many old songs in which everyone joined. It was first rate entertainment and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

We eventually said our goodbyes and boarded our coach for home. The singing and back-chat carried on all the way to Birmingham.

Weatherwise it had been a miserable day but clubwise it had been very enjoyable, especially during the evening, and we all look forward to our next visit to our friends at the Royal British Legion, Stratford-upon-Avon.

We were very sorry that two of our club members were not able to be with us, Eddie Hordyniec, who was just getting over an operation, and Tom O'Connor who was not too well, we wish them both a quick recovery.

Please note that our meeting in November is on the first Sunday of the month, 3rd November, so that we avoid Armistice Sunday.

DOUG CASHMORE
Secretary

STAFF OBITUARY

Miss L. M. A. Norman

We regret to announce the death of *Miss L. M. A. Norman* on Wednesday, 25th September, 1974. Miss Norman was in the Stores Department from 1920 until her retirement in 1946. She was concerned with the Boots Section which in those days was a very flourishing part of the Stores Department. Miss Norman was 87 years of age and had remained active until she had a slight stroke a year ago.

Miss Yvonne Heywood

It is with deep regret we have to announce the death, on 22nd September 1974, of *Miss Yvonne Heywood.*

Miss Heywood served in several Headquarter Sections prior to her appointment as Secretary in the Industrial Department where she served for the last eight years.

Many St. Dunstaners who have had dealing with the Department over the past years will know of her understanding and ready help.

The funeral was attended by Mrs. Brown, Mr. Barlow, Mr. Wiggins, Miss French and Mrs. Gracie. Mr. and Mrs. Owens attended the service at the Crematorium. Sprays of flowers were sent, one message read "With deepest sympathy from friends and colleagues at St. Dunstan's", the other "From close friends of her Department at St. Dunstan's.

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 471
The Bright Cantonese
by Alexander Cordell
Read by Marvin Kane
Reading Time 6¾ hours

Mei Keyling is young, beautiful and a Chinese agent. While she is in Peking having a spot of espionage tuition, there is an atomic explosion in the Canton area, with appalling devastation and loss of life.

The device proves to be a war-head fired from an American warship. A black sailor deserts from the ship in Hong Kong and is skilfully guided to Mei Keyling (who has just smuggled in, single-handed, eight hundred survivors from the holocaust). Her job is to find out just how much he knows. Instead she falls in love with the man – which is not at all the way a Red Guard (Class 2) ought to behave.

Next, she hot-foots it to the USA to track down the black-hearted villain who really did make those nasty holes in China. She finds him . . .

This book has all the necessary ingredients for the good spy-thriller, sex, violence and masses of lovely gore. But it has one very remarkable feature. It is most beautifully written. One cannot help feeling that the imagery and poetry are worthy of a more distinguished vehicle. It's rather like reading a Western – only to discover it was written by J. M. Barrie.

And here's the bad news. The story is told in the first person, (by a lovely Chinese girl agent, remember?) – it is *read* by a Man!

. . . In an American voice.

Cat. No. 529
The Midwich Cuckoos
by John Wyndham
Read by John Dunn
Reading Time 7¼ hours

Midwich is a sleepy little village where nothing has ever happened since the year dot. Then one night a UFO lands and throws an invisible, but impenetrable barrier around the place. Everyone immediately falls asleep, just like the Sleeping Beauty, awakening twenty-four hours later, apparently none the worse.

However, with the passing of time, it becomes painfully obvious that all the women are, unlike the Sleeping Beauty, pregnant—by implantation, let me hasten to add.

You've guessed it, of course. It's just a cunning wheeze by an Alien Intelligence, to colonise and eventually take over, our poor old Earth. When they arrive the babies are just like the human variety—except they all have yellow eyes, look as alike as a row of Daleks, and have the power to get all their own way, merely by willing it!

As they grow older the children begin to exhibit some not-very-nice little parlour-tricks—like having two men kill themselves, bringing down aircraft, and imprisoning everyone inside the village, by force of willpower, or hypnotism, or whatever "They" would call it.

These frightful kids have to go of course. But how? No sporting Briton could bring himself even to shoot a sitting duck!

But the hour produces the man . . . and he has the answer.

Quite a readable yarn.

If you like that sort of thing.

Cat. No. 417
To Auntie With Love
by Jack de Manio
Read by John Curle
Reading Time 5 hours

Can you possibly imagine a News-Reader on the Overseas Service of the BBC giving his all to Botswana or Uganda or wherever, only to find his script is being rapidly devoured by flames – ignited by a frolicsome colleague? Or having cold water poured over his head while he is reading the news?

Nor can I but Mr. de Manio assures us it *did* happen!

This book is about (if you haven't already guessed) fun and games down at the BBC, including the howlers, the goofs

and verbal maladroitness of some of its most illustrious employees. It also tells in detail the full story of the author's most celebrated "boob" ("The land of the nigger") – which earned him a protracted rest at home, on full pay!

Mr. de Manio calls the collection "The Authentic Folk-lore of the BBC" – whatever that means!

A very funny book but (with all due respect to John Curle) it would have been funnier in the rich fruity tones of its author.

Cat. No. 592
The Space Between The Bars
by Donald Swann
Read by Arthur Bliss
Reading Time 5¾ hours

This is not the Donald Swann of "Drop of a Hat" fame – well, it is, but wearing a very different hat.

The book is a hotch-potch of reminiscences, views and opinions, seen in the context of his Faith – the Gospel according to Donald Swann.

He is a dedicated Pacifist (a conscientious objector, he served with the Quakers in Greece during the War), a devout believer in World Citizenship and Brotherly Love.

Which is fine of course. But he so obviously sees these aims and ideals as the sole monopoly of the Christian Church – he even talks of "a Christian Peace". He takes no heed at all of the fact that such views are shared by countless thousands with differing faiths – or no faith at all.

I found this book presumptuous and humourless and at times excessively tedious.

Cat. No. 219
Point of Departure
by James Cameron
Read by David Broomfield
Reading Time 13½ hours

An alternative title might be "You name it – I've been there!" for there are very few places on earth where this most celebrated of globe-trotting journalists has not penetrated. He says, "I have been five-and-a-half times round the world."

He was present at the obscenity at Bikini and landed with an American invading force in Korea. Wherever there was disaster, natural or man-made, he was sent there. And the manner of his sending often bordered on the lunatic . . . (I was in Paris watching some Yogi when somebody told me to go to Tibet . . . !)

He has known everyone worth knowing. Pandit Nehru was a personal friend. He was once a guest of Schweitzer at Lambaréné and dined with Beaverbrook, Onassis and Churchill.

An absorbing and beautifully-written book about people and places and life, seen through the sharp and penetrating eyes of the "born" reporter.

AGINCOURT AND ROGUES AND VAGABONDS

Esmond Knight, subject of an article in our Ways of Life series last June, is acting solo in a piece written by himself, "Agincourt", at a number of theatres in the Greater Manchester Area. He tells the story of Agincourt in the character of a soldier who enlists in a contingent raised in a remote village in Wiltshire and who took part in the Battle. A shortened version was broadcast on B.B.C. Radio 4 on Sunday, 6th October, under the title "Our King Went Forth to Normandy."

Theatres and dates of Esmond Knight's performances are as follows:

Agincourt

November
2nd, 3rd: Guide Bridge Theatre, Audenshaw
5th, 6th: The Garrick Theatre, Stockport
7th, 8th & 9th: The Little Theatre, Delph
10th, 11th: The Garrick, Altrincham
12th: Derby School, Bury
14th, 15th: Festival Theatre, Hyde

Rogues and Vagabonds

November
1st: Little Theatre, Bolton
17th: University Theatre, Manchester



In 1939 Col. Sir Mike Ansell won the individual trophy in the Nations Cup at Nice. He is seen riding Teddy in this photograph which appears in "Riding High".

RIDING HIGH

by Colonel Sir Mike Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L.

"Colonel Mike", distinguished St. Dunstaner and one of our Vice-Presidents, has written a complete guide to show jumping, following his now famous autobiography "Soldier On", it is a unique book, one which his vast experience has exceptionally qualified him to write.

Here in one volume, with meticulously prepared illustrations and diagrams, are clearly explained all the principles of choosing and training the horse for show jumping; and of planning a horse show whether large or small, indoors or out-of-doors, down to the subtle details. The leading riders of the show jumping world are discussed and there is a remarkable range of photographs of them in action. The book deals also with designing a course and gives precise particulars for building the obstacles and the other features. Lastly, and significant of Colonel Sir Mike's conviction that the public must enjoy the show for it to be a success, there is an amusing and brilliantly informative dialogue on the subject of the rules.

"Riding High" is splendidly readable, at the same time it is rich in facts and stimulating in its precision.

Published by Peter Davies Ltd., price £3.90.

EXAMINATION SUCCESS

Leslie, son of *Ernest Bugbee* of Harefield, Middlesex, is to be congratulated on obtaining four passes with distinction in the finals of the Institute of Export Diploma Examinations including a first place in the subject Finance of Overseas Trade. He has also completed a three year course to gain membership of the Institute of Marketing.

STOKE MANDEVILLE DISABLED GAMES

St. Dunstaners present:

B. Miller	M. Tetley	B. Griffiths
D. Purches	T. Tatchell	R. Peart
J. Simpson	N. Perry	F. Lea
P. Spencer		

Escorts

B. Harris G. Brown J. Scott

Prizes gained:

SS 100m Walk
1st B. Miller 2nd D. Purches

TB 100m Walk
1st J. Simpson 2nd R. Peart

TB 60m Sprint
1st J. Simpson 2nd P. Spencer

60m Walk
1st P. Spencer

TB Javelin
2nd Fred Lea

Winning Relay Team. 100m Walk Relay
1st St. Dunstan's
Team: Fred Lea, Peter Spencer, Trevor Tatchell and Tom Daborn.

Congratulations to Fred Lea on his success at his first attendance at the disabled sports meeting since his injuries in Northern Ireland. There were approximately 40-45 blind competitors and the other organisations there taking part, besides St. Dunstan's, were the Royal National Institute for the Blind and the Metro Club.

FAMILY NEWS

Marriage

BOARDMAN – ALLEN. *Anthony J. Boardman* of London, W.3, married *Mrs. Joan Mary Allen* of Wiltshire, on 7th September, 1974. We wish them every happiness in their life together.

Ruby Weddings

Many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carney* of Bournemouth, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 6th October, 1974.

Very many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Scott* of Belfast, who celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary on 17th October, 1974.

Golden Wedding

Very many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gosney* of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in October 1974. They both also celebrated their 71st birthday in the same month, and we send them our best wishes.

Diamond Wedding

Very many congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cook* of Canvey Island, Essex, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 27th September, 1974. Alfred became a St. Dunstaner in January 1968. Their two married sons live near and call frequently to see them. The anniversary was celebrated very quietly at home.

Grandfather

Congratulations to:

Ernest Bugbee of Harefield, Middlesex, on the birth of a grand-daughter born to his son and daughter-in-law, Leslie and Barbara Bugbee, on 13th September, 1974.

Great Grandfather

Congratulations to:

Albert Woollen of Watford, Herts., has great pleasure in announcing the birth of his second great grandchild, born to his grand-daughter Helen and her husband, Robin Robins of Hove, a son, to be called Thomas, on 1st October, 1974.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Arthur, son of *Herbert Frost* of Manchester, married Anne Carter at Oldham, Lancs., on 28th September, 1974.

Brian, eldest son of *Walter Rundle* of Paignton, married Jacqueline Hitchings of Paignton, at the United Reform Church on 7th September, 1974.

Jean Mary, daughter of *Harold Westby* of Morecambe, Lancs., married Robert Howard Foster on 14th September, 1974.

Peter, son of *Leslie Webber* of Tewkesbury, married Miss Jane Walker in the Chapel at Worcester College, Oxford, on 28th September, 1974.

Albert Woollen of Watford, Herts, is pleased to announce the marriage of his grand-daughter, Teresa Legg, who married Anthony Perrett on 20th July, 1974, at St. George's Church, Methwold, Nr. Thetford, Norfolk. They were married by the Bishop of Hulme, Manchester. We wish the young couple all happiness in their married life together.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to :-

Ernest Brown of Whitley Bay, who mourns the death of his niece, Pauline Ann Dunn, on 30th September, 1974, after a long and painful illness.

Harry "Johnny" Cope of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who mourns the death of his father who passed away on 8th October, 1974, after a serious illness.

Herbert Pownall of Old Couldson, Surrey, who mourns the deaths of his eldest daughter and his only sister.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Percy Holmes. *The King's Liverpool Regiment*

Percy Holmes of Burgess Hill, Sussex, died at Pearson House on 19th September, 1974. He was 79 years of age.

He enlisted in the King's Liverpool Regiment and served with them from 1915 to 1917 when he was transfered to the Labour Corps and served with them until his discharge in 1919.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1951 and had already been employed in a hospital as a boot repairer but in time he had to give up this work as his wife was seriously ill. Mrs. Holmes died in January 1954 and unfortunately Mr. Holmes' own health was far from strong and shortly after his wife's death he was admitted into hospital in Sussex. On his recovery he moved to Burgess Hill, Sussex, where he has lived for the past twenty years.

He married again and he and his wife enjoyed a long period of retirement neither of them enjoyed the best of health and sadly Mrs. Holmes died earlier this year.

Mr. Holmes then went to stay at Pearson House and he settled in well with his fellow St. Dunstaners. Although his health had given cause for concern over many years his death was unexpected.

He leaves a son Mr. R. A. Holmes, his wife, his step-daughter, Mrs. Brenchley and step-son, Mr. D. Bennett and their respective families.

Alfred Thomas Hedger. *Civil Defence*

Alfred Thomas Hedger of Herne Bay, Kent, died on 3rd October, 1974, at the age of 70 years.

He was wounded whilst serving with the Civil Defence in the Second World War and came to St. Dunstan's in October 1941. He trained as a shop keeper. As the war was still in progress he settled out of London at Englefield Green, Surrey. Alfred started as a manager of a St. Dunstan's controlled shop but conditions of war-time business became difficult so that after a while the first business had to be given up.

In 1945 Alfred and his wife moved to Herne Bay and started another business running a kiosk for confectionery and tobacco. All went well until floods damaged the building in 1953 and a few months later Mr. and Mrs. Hedger moved to another part of Herne Bay where they have lived ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedger together then ran a very successful business with newspapers and Post Office for many years until Mr. Hedger's retirement in 1964.

During their years of retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Hedger made several visits to America to stay with their married daughter and family. They enjoyed travelling and spent some holidays abroad and it was whilst staying in Spain last year that Alfred's health gave cause for concern. On his return home he was very ill.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Hedger and his son and daughter and their respective families.

Osmond Windridge. *9th Leicester Regiment*

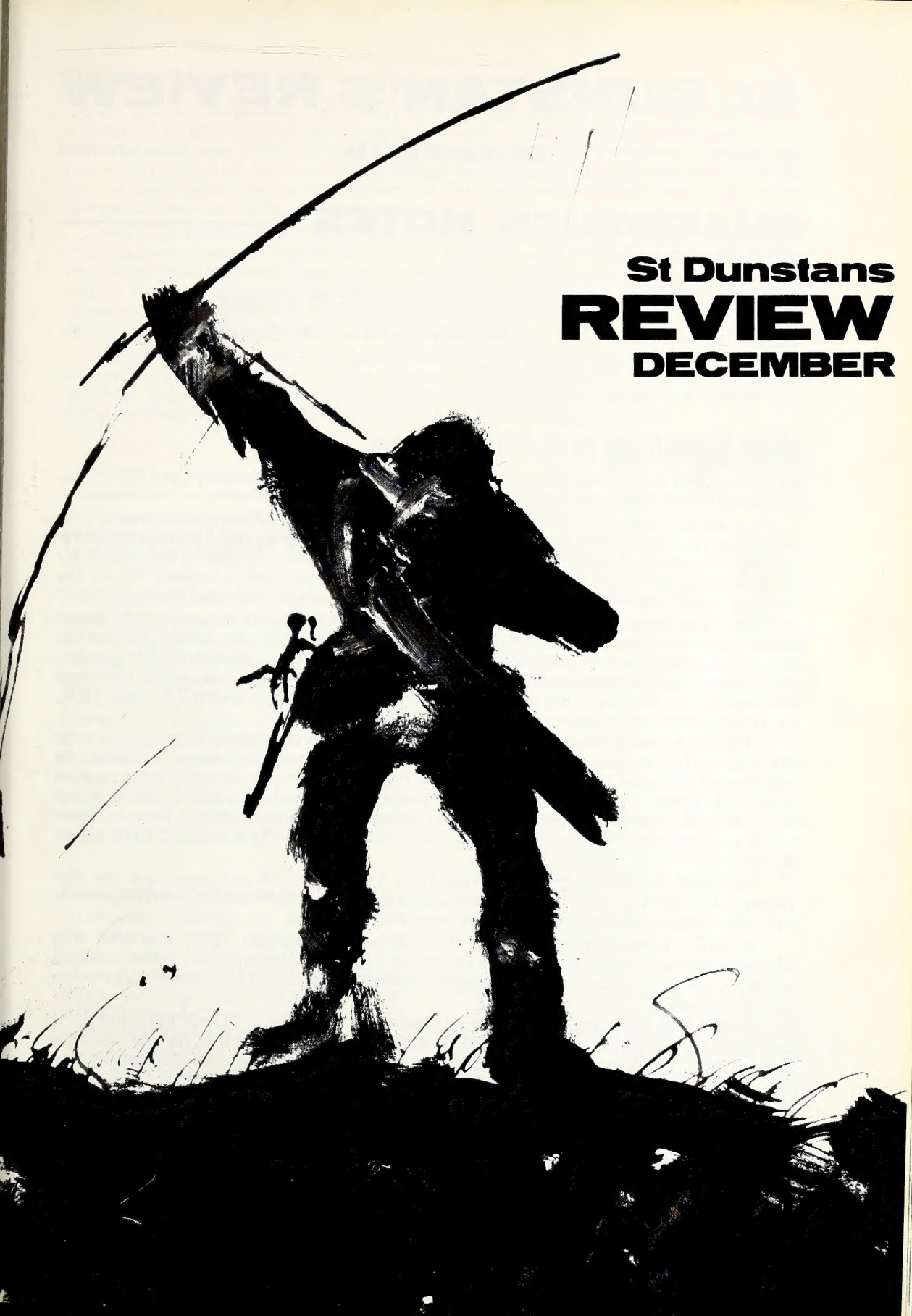
Osmond Windridge of Wigston Magna, Leicester, died suddenly at his home on 22nd September, 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 9th Leicester Regiment in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in June 1917 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He was wounded in France.

On joining St. Dunstan's he trained as a picture framer and joiner and eventually set up his own small shop. He ran the shop for many years and became a well-known figure in the district. He eventually gave up business in 1954, but he still kept busy and took up joinery at home and made goods for sale through the Stores Department of St. Dunstan's. He also had a garden in which he enjoyed working and he grew a lot of vegetables.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. E. Windridge.

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St Dunstans
REVIEW
DECEMBER

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 658 **DECEMBER 1974** 5p MONTHLY

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Lady Fraser and I send our affectionate wishes for a happy Christmas and good luck in the New Year to all St. Dunstaners and their families the world over.

War Pensions and Allowances

As soon as the new Government had settled down early in November, I put down two questions in the House of Lords.

One related to the £10 Christmas Bonus which was this year being extended to new categories and I asked what these categories would be. As I write this Parliament is in the process of passing a Bill which will, I understand, give this payment to virtually every St. Dunstaner, all War Widows and some St. Dunstaners' wives. I believe that by the time you read these words many of you will already have received your Bonus.

The other Question related to War Pensions and Allowances generally and I asked the Government when they intended to review these and upon what factors they would base the awards. You will now have heard that the Secretary of State for Social Services has recently in a statement in the House of Commons given particulars of the proposed changes in War Pensions and Allowances which will take effect on the 7th April, 1975, i.e. three months earlier than originally planned.

The overall increase in benefits is in the region of $15\frac{1}{2}\%$ and this is in accordance with the undertaking which the Minister gave me earlier this year that Pensions would be adjusted on the basis of average earnings or a rise in the cost of living whichever was the more favourable to the Pensioner. In the period between July, 1974 (when the last changes were made) and April, 1975, it is expected that prices will have risen by some $12\frac{1}{2}\%$ and earnings by about $15\frac{1}{2}\%$ and the increase in benefits is based on the higher figure.

The basic War Pension will increase from £16.40 to £19 per week and the War Widow's Pension from £13 to £15. There will be proportionate increases in all Allowances and fuller details will be given in a later issue of the *Review.*

A further increase is planned to take place in December, 1975, and after that adjustments will be made annually "as inflation is brought under control" (in Mrs. Castle's words). It remains to be seen whether the Government's hopes of controlling inflation can be realised.

After the Minister had replied to my Question in the House of Lords the other day I expressed my thanks to the Government for continuing the tradition that, notwithstanding party politics, War Pensioners would be given special consideration. St. Dunstaners may rely upon me to follow this up, but of course, we must all remember that the national finances are in a pretty bad way and it may be that things will be more difficult as the months pass.

COVER PICTURE: An archer lets loose the first of the arrows at Agincourt, October 25th, 1415., one of Esmond Knight's drawings for 'Agincourt', featured on centre pages.

Remembrance

On the 10th November, I led a party of St. Dunstaners past the Cenotaph and we did a smart "eyes left" to show our respect. We were the largest single contingent of old soldiers, sailors and airmen at this parade, being nearly 50 St. Dunstaners, making with their escorts about 80. As we marched through the Westminster streets after the Cenotaph Service, there were considerable crowds on the pavements and they gave us a number of hearty cheers as we passed them.

The party came to lunch with Lady Fraser and me at the Great Western Royal Hotel after the parade and it was interesting to note that there were 9 First War men and 39 from the Second War and later. Sitting next to me on one side was Ernest Carpenter, aged 82, and on the other side Fred Lea, blinded only a few months ago in Northern Ireland. It seems to me that these two St. Dunstaners illustrated between them the history of our organisation from its foundation to the present day.

At this time of year with the approach of Founder's Day, we think especially of the life and achievements of Sir Arthur Pearson and we remember him with pride and affection. On occasions such as the Remembrance Day Parade and throughout their everyday lives, St. Dunstaners to-day continue the fine work he began.

Fraser of Lonsdale

COMING EVENTS

Founder's Day

The Founder's Day Service will be held at St. George's Church Kemp Town, on Sunday, 8th December, at 3 p.m. The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, O.B.E., M.A., R.D., will conduct the Service. Mr. Nigel Pearson, a member of St. Dunstan's Council will read the Lesson and William Scott, a St. Dunstaner, from Rottingdean will give the Address.

Sir Neville Pearson's daughter, Mrs. Hardy will be attending the Memorial Service with her daughter Justine.

Hampstead Cemetery

On the morning of Monday, 9th December, a party of St. Dunstaners, accompanied by Mr. C. D. Wills, will leave Headquarters in Old Marylebone Road, and make their way to the Hampstead Cemetery to lay a wreath on Sir Arthur Pearson's grave.

The subscription towards the cost of the wreath is 7p and St. Dunstaners who would like to contribute are asked to send two 3½p stamps to Mr. Wills at 191 Old Marylebone Road, London NW1 5QN. Receipts will not be issued unless specially requested.

Ian Fraser House

The latest report from our Architects indicates that it is unlikely that Ian Fraser House will be vacated by the Contractors before the year end and consequently there is no hope of accommodating St. Dunstaners there for Christmas.

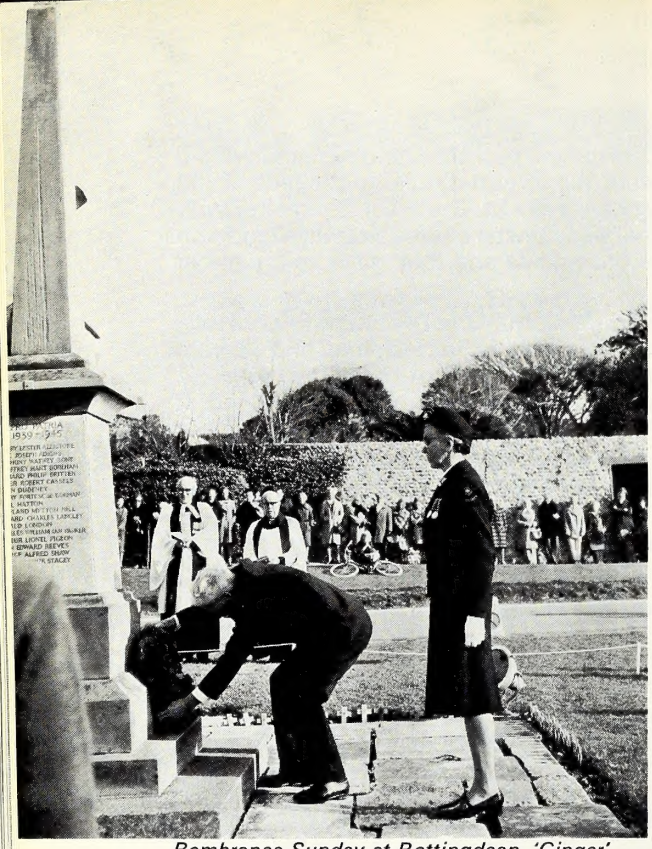
St. Dunstaners who had been given tentative bookings will be informed individually but it is intended to give single St. Dunstaners priority for Christmas bookings at Pearson House on the basis of first come first served.

Further news of the progress at Ian Fraser House will be published in the January *Review*.

Mrs. Margaret Stanway

Margaret Stanway tells us that she has been asked to serve on the Committee of the Macclesfield Blind Society and she has accepted. The area extends towards Manchester and nine small towns and villages come under this Society. As far as Margaret knows this is the first time a blind person has become a Committee member.

REMEMBRANCE DAY



Rembrance Sunday at Rottingdean. 'Ginger' Scott, accompanied by Matron Blackford, lays St. Dunstan's wreath at the war memorial.

by Robert and Joyce Pringle

Sunday, November 10th, dawned bright with a stiffish breeze which held the flags streaming out on the tall buildings along Whitehall. While in towns and villages all over Britain people were preparing to attend local ceremonies of remembrance at their own particular War Memorials, many St. Dunstaners gathered at headquarters for the march to the Cenotaph to represent our organisation.

At headquarters we were received by Mr. E. V. Stevens, St. Dunstan's Accountant, and we were plied with welcome cups of tea by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Chow.

We were pleased to see Mrs. Avis Spurway. Also that two of our people from North of the Border were present to swell our numbers in the persons of David Bell and Ralph Pacitti. Charlie Hancock, Robert Young and Ernie Carpenter were just three of the first world War men who delighted us all with their obvious fitness and eagerness to observe this day.

Eventually the coaches were filled and we moved off to Wellington Barracks where we formed up and marched off.

One aspect of the crowd which is drawn to attend the Cenotaph service which is pleasantly surprising, is the number of young people in their teens and early twenties.

When Big Ben rang out and the cannon signalled the start of the two minutes silence, over the thousands of people present fell a total silence in which it was possible to give one's thoughts entirely to the suffering and sacrifice of the servicemen of two world wars as completely as if one were standing at the Cenotaph entirely alone.

At the Great Western Royal Hotel we were received by Lord and Lady Fraser, whose presence, at any gathering, always delights St. Dunstaners.

The room here was larger than the St. Dunstan's club rooms and it became possible to find and speak to particular St. Dunstaners. We were very pleased to be able to meet two new men, Taffy Hughes and Fred Lea, who had come up from Brighton escorted by Jock Car-

nochan. Another very recent entry attending his first St. Dunstan's function was Mr. Arnold escorted by his wife. As is customary, many St. Dunstaner's made a point of having a word with the three new men and we hoped they were made to feel at ease. Among the escorts who came to help us were Jock Scott and Bomber Brown of H. M.S.Daedalus fame.

The luncheon was the usual excellent meal which we have learnt to expect from this Hotel. After the Loyal Toast and the singing of God Save the Queen, Lord Fraser rose to address us.

Lord Fraser's Speech

He began by thanking the members of St. Dunstan's staff who helped with this occasion. Particularly Mr. Stevens, Mr. Norman Smith, Mr. Jock Carnochan and Mr. Charles Lawrence.

On this occasion he would like us to cast our minds back to the origins of today's ceremony which is the celebration of the end of the 1st World War held on 11th November because that was the day the Armistice was signed.

In 1924 or thereabouts, Lord Fraser recalled, he had entered Parliament at the age of 25 and had concerned himself with the plight of ex-servicemen, among whom in those days, there was much suffering and neglect. He and his fellow parliamentarians had constantly brought the case of the ex-serviceman before one Government after another, regardless of what party. He felt we would all acknowledge that at the present time the disabled ex-serviceman received a certain amount of privilege and recognition.

He wanted us to bear in mind particularly that Members of Parliament are not sent to the House of Lords because they are finished. Whatever we might hear or read to the contrary, the House of Lords provides a senate of some 200 very active members. Lord Fraser considered himself an active parliamentarian and he said that the Government still had to listen to his opinion.

Those of us who had had the time to read the November and current issues of the *Review* would have read within its pages something concerning pensions.

Lord Fraser then turned to another subject, the horrid disease from which this country, in common with many others is suffering, namely, inflation. This simply means that, as a nation, we are spending more than we are earning.

"You may be wondering what the position of St. Dunstan's is in this condition," he continued. "We have collected from the public for many years to keep our promises to look after the welfare of the blinded ex-serviceman." Lord Fraser wanted us to know some things which might set our minds at rest. "There exist men who are called actuaries; now these men are very clever and as a result of their studies of statistics they can tell pretty accurately how long a group of people may be expected to live. They can't by looking at one particular person tell him when he is going to die, but they can make forecasts for a large number of people. It used to be said by the actuaries that the last St. Dunstaner would die in approximately the year 2007. However, that was before the terrible business in Northern Ireland. We deeply regret it has been the fate of some men to be blinded as a result of their service in Northern Ireland."

A man from this group was seated beside him as he spoke. He is Fred Lea, a man blinded at the age of 31 while serving with the Military Police in Northern Ireland.

These recent entrants vitally altered the previous figures for the projected future life of St. Dunstan's as these men could expect 40 or more years of life.

We Carry On

Lord Fraser wanted us to know that, taking all these factors into account, St. Dunstan's can still carry out all its promises to the blinded ex-serviceman. This was provided we took good care of our affairs, which we do. Mr. Wills, Mr. Stevens, and Lord Fraser, himself, regard it as their chief duty to guard St. Dunstan's resources. Unless a crisis of the magnitude which developed in pre-war Germany happens, St. Dunstan's will be all right.

Reverting to the march past at the Cenotaph, he said that the Queen, Ministers of the Government, and the public look for and appreciate the presence of the St. Dunstan's column in the march, as witnessed by the loud applause from the crowds.

Lord Fraser said he knew that Lady Fraser would like to join him in wishing us all the very best of good fortune.

Mr. Stevens introduced Tom Hart who moved the vote of thanks on behalf of St. Dunstaners.

Mr. Hart

Mr. Hart said it was not difficult to say thank you to St. Dunstan's. He felt that his fellow St. Dunstaners had come to-day for three reasons. One, to honour fallen comrades from two World Wars; two, to support St. Dunstan's and Lord Fraser, which the public appreciated, as Lord Fraser had said earlier; and three, to convince everybody that this country is still worth living in. He also believed he spoke for everybody present in expressing the wish that politicians would forget inter-party differences and get down to tackling our various problems. His sentiment was loudly applauded.

He concluded by thanking St. Dunstan's for this week-end and the hospitality which had made this occasion possible.

Lord Fraser rose again to say that we would all like to express our thanks to the hotel for the way the staff had looked after us.

Mr. Bill Harris then thanked St. Dunstan's on behalf of the escorts who regularly come to help. He said that he believed he was the only 1st World War man among the escorts. He said he wanted to thank St. Dunstan's for the luncheon but above all for the privilege of being able to take part in the day's ceremony among St. Dunstaners.

PRESENTATION ON RETIREMENT

At a party given by the Morgan Carbonite factory recently, *Sidney Tarry* O.B.E., who has been a member of the Battersea and District Local Employment Committee for 40 years, was presented by the Mayor of Wandsworth, Councillor Jimmy Hill, with an inscribed hip flask, in appreciation of his work over the years.

PAYMENT OF WAR PENSIONS

Mr. Slade's note in the last issue of the *Review* could be ambiguous. St. Dunstaners may take advantage of the switch from weekly to monthly payment at any time and may hand their book in after they have encashed their *next* voucher in the book.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's

On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review *hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.*

Frank Baxter of Bedford, came to St. Dunstan's in October 1974. He fought in France in the First World War with the 8th North Staffordshire Regiment. He is a widower and now lives with his younger daughter.

John Gwynne of Kingsthorne, Hereford, joined St. Dunstan's in October 1974. He served with the Royal Engineers in France during the First World War, and is married.

William Hopkins of Plympton, Plymouth, Devon, joined St. Dunstan's on 9th October, 1974. He served with the Royal Air Force Police Division in the 2nd World War. He is married with a grown-up daughter and he now works as a groundsman.

Peter Jones of Sheffield, came to St. Dunstan's in October 1974. He worked in Government Research during the Second World War and is a keen radio ham and in addition broadcasts on the local radio in Sheffield. He is married with one child.

Sydney Nichols of Rochford, Essex, came to St. Dunstan's in September, 1974. He served in the 1st World War, first in the 14th London Scottish Regiment and later on in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He is married and he has for many years been employed in the printing trade but he and his wife are now enjoying their retirement.

James Owen of Ton-y-Pandy, Glamorgan, came to St. Dunstan's in October 1974. He served with the Royal Engineers in the First World War, and is married.

Wilfred Parish of Norwich, joined St. Dunstan's in October 1974. He served with the Royal Air Force in the Second World War and was a prisoner-of-war in the Far East. He is married with two children.

Lincoln Robinson of Chatham, Kent, joined St. Dunstan's in October, 1974. He served in the 1st World War in the Royal Army Service Corps as a driver and following his discharge in 1925 continued with his occupation until his sight failed. In more recent years both Mr. and Mrs. Robinson have suffered with ill-health. They have two sons—both married.

Henry James Sherborne of Paulton, Bristol, joined St. Dunstan's in September, 1974. He served in the Royal Horse Artillery and was later transferred to the Royal Field Artillery in the First World War. After his discharge from the services in 1918 he worked as a butler and then for many years drove a horse for the Co-operative Society and in later years worked for an Insurance Company until his retirement. He is now 92 years of age and is quite active and enjoys steady walking. He is a widower now and lives with relations.

Thomas James Slater, of Bethnal Green, London, E.2. joined St. Dunstan's in September, 1974. He served in the Royal Artillery in the 2nd World War and since his discharge in 1945 he worked for a time in Spitalfields Market and as a City Messenger. He is married and has a grown-up son and daughter.

William Tickle of Liverpool, joined St. Dunstan's in October 1974. He was a member of the Home Guard during the Second World War and is married.

Laban David Williams of Bristol, came to St. Dunstan's in November, 1974. He served in the Royal Field Artillery in the 1st World War. After his discharge from the army in 1916 he worked in the Welsh pits and later on worked in the building trade, and was with one firm for 30 years. He is married and has a daughter who is married.

First Multi-disabled International Sports—Stoke Mandeville

The International Sports held at Stoke Mandeville from 14th to 21st September —the first international meeting to include amputees and blind people—was run by the International Sports Organisation for the Disabled.

The games were opened by the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Harold Wilson, and then followed a week of sports. Between competitions there were lots of training sessions to keep the team busy.

The events included in the games for the blind were, field sports including running, high jump, track events, bowling and swimming.

The Great Britain blind team won 6 gold medals to other countries 3. In fact, the Great Britain blind section did much better than the other two classes.

It was an interesting week and great fun. At the conclusion of the games Challenge Cups were presented by Air Chief Marshal Sir Dennis Smallwood.

Diary Notes for 1975

B.S.A.D. A.G.M.: Saturday 14th June. Delegates from St. Dunstan's are welcome.
Cheltenham B.S.A.D. Sports: Saturday 12th July.
Multi-Disabled Games: 12th -14th September.

Note for 1976

Would St. Dunstan's sportsmen please note and get into training for the Disabled Olympics which will follow the Ordinary Olympics in Toronto, Canada, in 1976. These will include the Blind, Amputees and Paraplegics.

AVIS SPURWAY

FISHING 1975

Would all St. Dunstaners who wish to take part in St. Dunstan's organised fishing trips for 1975 please apply to me for entry forms at Pearson House. Entries will close on 14th December, 1974.

J. CARNOCHAN,
Sports Organiser.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

The last Brighton Race Meeting for this season started the month and a few went to try their luck yet again; it must add to the enjoyment to hear the horses galloping and snorting by, even if they're in the wrong order!

We had a revival of "THE LITTLE HUT", the well known comedy, at the Theatre Royal, followed by the ever popular Agatha Christie's "MURDER AT THE VICARAGE" with Barbara Mullen. It must be difficult to imagine her as anything but Janet, Dr. Cameron and Dr. Finlay's housekeeper. Two new thrillers followed, "THE GENTLE HOOK" and "THE PAY OFF" with Nigel Patrick and Dulcie Gray, this prior to opening in London.

The Drives still prove popular, although one Friday was nearly a wash-out, it is not often it rains without a break as it did this day. The list of tea places to visit gets short now as some close for the Winter.

The range of musical entertainment on record was wide as we had stereo evenings from Michael Hayes, Tom Eales and V.A.D. staff. Not only music—Michael brought some humour with Max Miller who, I understand, was known to many St. Dunstaners.

Comedy play readings seem the most popular so "A MONTH OF SUNDAYS" by Gerald Savory was an agreeable choice and we had a good cast including guests Mr. R. Boorman and Mr. M. Grimshaw, a talented couple who are always keen to help if their acting commitments allow, also V.A.D.s and Mr. J. Bingham, liftman, another willing and versatile recruit.

How it started I know not, but most Sunday afternoons bring an impromptu Concert after tea in the Winter Garden with Mrs. Wright, V.A.D., accompanying solo singers. Bill Jack joins in on his saxophone, or any one of his numerous musical instruments and, of course, we have a spot of singing the old favourites that everyone knows.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From George Fallowfield, Worthing, Sussex.

May I be permitted to congratulate Alan Wortley, his wife and friends upon their achievement? I like the enthusiasm and perseverance of Mrs. Wortley. After all what would this world be like to-day had it not been for women inspiring, encouraging and even bullying men to go and do great things?

A merry Christmas to all and all you wish yourselves in the coming year.

From John Woodhead, Blackpool.

The time must be getting near for Northgate House to close and as I left there last week-end to return to my own home, I would like to say a very special thank you indeed to the wonderful staff who have looked after me, not only on this occasion, but at other times I have spent there because of my disability and illness.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD

Marian, daughter of Eric Bradshaw of Northampton, has won the Duke of Edinburgh Award at the age of twenty. She has worked for this through the Girls' Brigade which she joined when she was six. Marian is a Sub Officer and the Drum Major of the Northampton District Girls' Brigade Band.

During the last five years she has learnt many varied subjects, such as life saving, driving, dressmaking, child care, floral arranging and taken part in expeditions to achieve the Bronze, Silver and Gold Awards.

On 31st October Marian went to Buckingham Palace with her mother and father to receive her award from the Duke of Edinburgh.

Wasted effort

Heard in a Manchester hotel bar: "I learned how to crawl when I was only a few months old, but it hasn't done me any good with my bank manager."

Reading Time

by Phillip Wood

Cat. No. 499
The Eye of the Wind
by Peter Scott
Read by Roy Williamson
Reading Time 26¼ hours

The exhaustive (and sometimes exhausting) autobiography of a restless and adventurous perfectionist—painter, naturalist, skater, glider-pilot, globe-trotter.

It has to be said that he got off to a good start. Son of the famous explorer, his mother was a successful sculptor (she studied under Rodin), his godfather was J. M. Barrie and one of his christening presents was Honorary Life Fellowship of the Royal Zoological Society.

In fact he never did things by halves. As a boy he lost his appendix to a Very Distinguished Surgeon (a Noble Lord to boot). Later he scrambled about the roofs of Cambridge in the company of embryo Everest explorers, turned down an offer from a famous teacher to make him World Skating Champion in two years, played poker with Richard Strauss—and was once kissed by Elizabeth Bergner!

He also shot with King George VI asked H.M. The Queen to scrounge some Trumpeter swans during her State Visit to Canada, won an Olympic Bronze Medal for sailing and 'enjoyed' a spectacularly-dangerous War. Predictably most of the fourteen tracks are concerned with the almost obsessive adoration of ducks and geese. He named his daughter after a species of Pin-tailed duck—and you just can't get more dedicated than that!

A very interesting (if over-long and often over-detailed) book written by a most remarkable man.

Cat. No. 528
Queen Elizabeth I
by J. E. Neale
Read by Eric Gillett
Reading Time 16¾ hours

On reading this book I was struck by the enormous amount of documentary material which has survived from Elizabethan times, in the form of letters (some quite trivial), memos, diary entries, verbatim reports of speeches, Court tittle-tattle, etc.

The author has drawn exhaustively on these sources and the result is a vivid painstakingly-researched *authentic* biography of the great Queen.

The complex and highly individual character of Elizabeth is beautifully drawn and the fine (but never tedious) detail of the book gives the reader the curious impression of being an invisible observer during this most colourful and turbulent period of our history.

One of the best historical biographies I have ever read.

Cat. No. 125
Winter's Crimes
Edited by George Hardinge
Read by John Curle
Reading Time, 7½ hours

These ten crime stories are not reprints from other sources but especially written for this book.

Each tale is a little masterpiece, brilliantly executed by an acknowledged expert in the field.

The result is a thoroughly satisfying book. I was very sorry when it was finished.

Cat. No. 525
An Expensive Place To Die
by Len Deighton
Read by David Broomfield
Reading Time 7½ hours

Classic spy-thriller set in Paris. The plot is a touch involved – it lost me several times. But this doesn't seem to matter with this type of novel, or detract from the enjoyment.

It contains all the right ingredients, of course – secret files, the truth-drug, a sinister Chinese, black limousines and, naturally, a few well-chosen corpses.

Extremely well-written and satisfyingly horrific.



St. Dunstan's bowlers at the King Alfred Centre *photo—Brighton Gazette.*

Bowls win over sighted players

St. Dunstan's, Brighton, Bowls Club wound up their 1974 outdoor season with a three ends victory over Hove, Kingsway B.C.—playing *indoors* at the King Alfred Centre, Hove.

Club Captain, *Ted Frearson* reports a very successful season playing matches in Hampshire, Kent, Surrey and Sussex. "We played about 16 matches", he said, "and kept up a good average in results. Our players have a very good reputation and we have some extra fixtures for next season."

Through the winter

That end-of-season indoor match is not so Irish after all. The St. Dunstan's players will be bowling indoors every Tuesday morning through the winter. "It keeps us in practice," explained Ted. "We would welcome any new members keen to join the Bowling Club."

After the match our players and fellow members of the Social Club were entertained to dinner by the Hove, Kingsway Club. *Mrs. Elizabeth Dacre,* President of the St. Dunstan's Brighton Club spoke, as did *Ted Frearson,* in reply to speeches by the Hove Chairman, *Mr. E. Sutton,* and their Captain, *Bill Hammel.* Another guest was *Miss Frances Ramshaw,* Vice-President, St. Dunstan's Club.

The St. Dunstan's team was: *Ted Frearson,* (Capt.), *Tim Kirk, John Walker, Eddie Quinn, Stan Pike, Bill Megson, Tom Mugan and Harry Preedy.* Reserves: *Alf Smith, Bob Fearnley and Rufus Jones.*

WANTED

Kevin, son of *David Purches,* is collecting old regimental badges. Any St. Dunstaner who has any regimental badges he does not want, might like to get in touch with Kevin at 109, Tollgate Road, Colney Heath, St. Alban's, Herts.

GOLD WATCH

Alan Key of Dartford, Kent, was presented with a Gold Watch in November last, for 25 years' service with Messrs. J. and E. Hall of Dartford, Kent. Alan is a capstan operator.

CLUB NEWS

MIDLAND

Our meeting held on Sunday, 13th October, was rather a quiet one, probably because it followed immediately on our outing to Stratford, nevertheless the members had time to have a good chat together and this can be very enjoyable.

The tea for this particular meeting was arranged for us by Mrs. Androlia and we all thanked her for the enjoyable meal.

The November meeting was held on the first Sunday of the month so that members wishing to attend services on Remembrance Sunday were free to do so.

It was quite a good meeting and mostly taken up with a darts competition, many good darts were thrown and some good scores made. Mrs. Marjorie Hordyniec kept a watchful eye on the direction of each thrower so that not too many darts went astray.

At tea we discussed future programmes, such as another evening outing towards the end of November, our Christmas meeting and a brief mention was made about the Christmas dinner.

My wife, Joan, went round to each of our members wives asking them to bring some goody or other along to the Christmas meeting so that our party could be as good as ever.

Our Christmas dinner will be held on **Saturday, 21st December** at our usual venue, the Austin branch of the Royal British Legion and I am now beginning to get all the plans finalised.

Our old friend Eddie Hordyniec is in hospital once again and he was missed very much at the meeting. We send our best wishes to him and hope to see him at Club meetings before very long.

The tea for this meeting was arranged for us by Mrs. Cashmore and we all thanked her for the lovely meal.

DOUGLAS CASHMORE,
Secretary

LONDON

The Football Pontoon Sweepstake, which ended on 26th October, was shared equally by Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Meleson and W. Allen. Their teams were Manchester United, Norwich and Birmingham respectively. The 'Booby' prize went to F. Dickerson, whose team was Luton, with an incredibly low score of one goal after a run of five weeks.

Domino winners during the month of October were as follows :

3rd October	**1**	**W.Miller**
	2	J. J. Majchrowicz
10th October	**1**	**C. Hancock**
	2	R. Armstrong
17th October	**1**	**W. Miller**
	2	J. Majchrowicz
24th October	**1**	**W. Miller**
	2	W. Phillips
		R. Pringle
31st October	**1**	**G. Stanley**
	2	J. Majchrowicz

The Sir Arthur Pearson Domino Fives and Threes Competition has now got under way. Roy Armstrong and Bill Phillips have succeeded in reaching the second round after very close and exciting games against Jim Padley and Bob Pringle, respectively. In each case it was two games to one.

We were very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. George Stanley back at the Club again after a number of weeks absence, It is good to know that Mrs. Stanley continues to improve in health after her unfortunate fall some time ago. We hope she will soon be fully recovered.

Another of our popular visitors, Mrs. Spurway, accompanied by the Rev. Spurway, came to see us on Saturday afternoon, 9th November, and again on the following Sunday morning, which was Armistice Sunday. The 'boys' and their wives say 'please come again'.

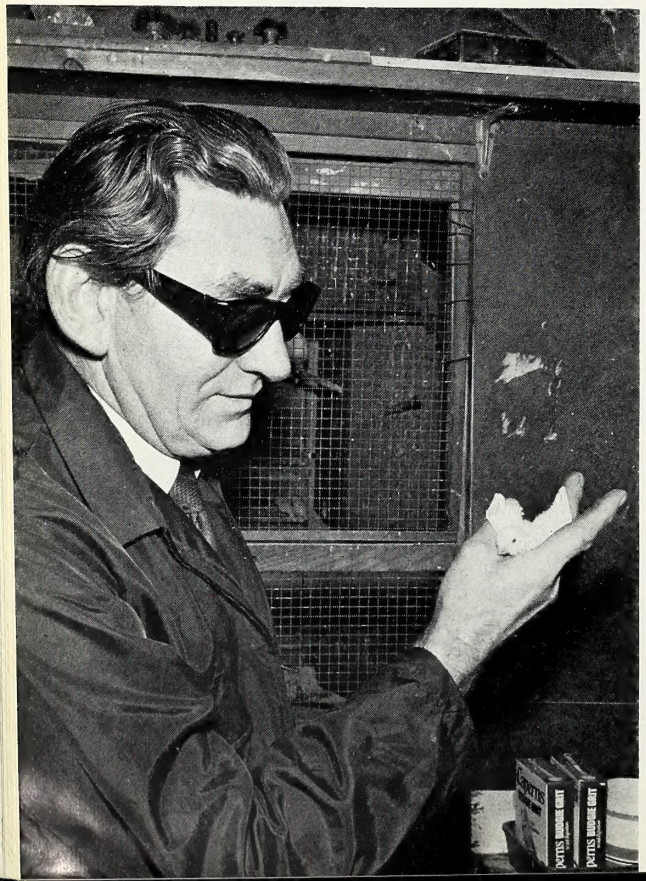
W. MILLER.



Duncan in his workshop using one of his special tools for wrought iron work.

New St. Dunstaner keeps Busy

Duncan with a fledgling albino budgerigar.



Among the more unusual crafts on display at the Corn Exchange, Maidstone, in the Kent Association for the Blind Exhibition of Handicrafts on 6th November was wrought iron work by Duncan Sutherland, of Dorrit Way, Rochester.

Duncan is a relatively new St. Dunstaner who came to us in 1972. He lost the sight of one eye during service in the Second World War with the Royal Corps of Signals. The sight of the other failed just over three years ago. At Ian Fraser House he was introduced to wrought iron work. "They had the tools there set out in the workshops and I took an interest in it," said Duncan.

So much so that he became one of the first St. Dunstaners to be set up in his own workshop with the specialised tools for working in wrought iron. His exhibit at the show was a house sign in mahogany suspended from a wrought iron wall-bracket. Duncan is specialising in this particular item although he also makes other things, including shelf brackets and flower pot holders. He is at present making seven balustrades for a staircase.

One piece of equipment St. Dunstan's did not provide is the capstan on which Duncan has mounted the metal former which shapes the iron strip into scrolls. This is Duncan's own invention made from the base of a dentist's chair. "When the metal former was fixed on the bench I found I had to swing the metal round the scroll. This was getting in the way of everything so I thought why not fix it on a capstan and turn the scroll?" The base had to be heavy so Duncan thought of a dentist's chair which had been given to him. With the chair removed he has a rotating base which can be raised or lowered to any working height.

"It is a nice hobby for an unsighted person who likes to work with his hands," says Duncan, a former engineering factory worker. "The attraction is the idea of turning out something with a certain amount of beauty in it".

Wrought iron is not Duncan's only hobby. He is a newly-qualified radio amateur—his call sign G4 DJI—having passed his examination in May. "So I am comparatively new—not new as an operator, I had about five years in the Service on the key so the question of morse in the exam was no difficulty."

Around his new 'shack' are Braille maps of the world on which he can check the whereabouts of any contact he makes. He has already worked Portugal, Sicily, Sweden, the Ukraine and Yugoslavia.

Also in his shack is another dentist's chair which makes a very comfortable operator's seat. Duncan extolled its usefulness. "It's got tilt, it revolves; you can adjust the seat back; you can raise and lower it and the head-rest is adjustable as well. In fact I suppose its the first dentist's chair where the person has gone to sleep voluntarily. You can really be comfortable in it!"

A hobby that has survived from his sighted days is Duncan's aviary in which there are some 18 species. "I breed a number of tropical finches, the Java Sparrows, the Australian Zebra Finches, they breed quite freely, cut-throat finches breed. With budgies I specialise in lutinos and albinos." Even without sight Duncan enjoys listening to his birds, "Every species of bird has its own sounds. I can't manage the cleaning of the breeding cages because I'd miss a lot. Regarding feeding and watering of the birds and mixing different types of seed that are required for the tropicals, I can manage nicely."

Another danger Duncan has found being blind in the indoor flight is that of treading unknowingly on a young bird fallen from a nest. The older birds know him and although they do not fly away they move out of his way. "When I go in I sweep my hand across the floor to see there is no youngster down there."

Another of Duncan's innovations are basket-work nesting boxes. "That's my own design," he said, "It's in the shape of a coconut, with just a hole at one end about a half inch diameter. These baskets are specially made for finches to nest in. They build their own nest in there quite happily, and they lay and raise the youngsters in there."

The cost of seed has increased 400% in 18 months and Duncan has had to reduce the numbers of his budgerigars. Instead of ten breeding pairs he only has four or five. "Up to now I've been able to carry on but we'll have to see in future," he concludes, "I would still keep the finches because they don't require much in the way of feeding. I like to have things alive around me, things which need care."



A bevy of finches greet Duncan when he visits the aviary.

Consulting a Braille map in his radio shack.



AGINCOURT

by ESMOND KNIGHT

Esmond Knight in stage costume as the archer from Agincourt



Our St. Dunstaner, Esmond Knight, who featured in the Ways of Life *series last June, has been acting in a solo performance in which he plays the part of an archer who served with Henry V's army at Agincourt. This brilliant evocation, written by Esmond Knight himself, abridged for the medium of the printed page, is reproduced, together with illustrations painted by the author.*

Well, how did it all start? Why, I suppose it must have been Christmas 1414 when we first heard, down in town in Alvediston in Wiltshire, about the young King Henry, the one time mad-cap Hal, how he'd been sending saucy messages over to France, laying claim to territories there which he said were his by right of inheritance. Now he'd been writing to the Prince Dauphin, see, no good writing to his Dad, he's stark nuts anyway, and he was claiming sovereignty over Maine, Aquitaine, Anjou, Normandy, along with the hand of young Catherine of Valois in marriage, with a dowry of two million marks. Well, the Dauphin being a boy and shallow, he thinks he's dealing with a baby so he sends a message back to our King: "Since you are a youngster, I am sending you little balls to play with and soft cushions to lie on until one day perhaps you will become a man." And he actually sends our King a box of tennis balls, tennis being a popular game amongst the wealthy in those days.

Well, that's what our King's waiting for and he sends back a message: "If God so wills and my life lasts, I shall within a few months play such a game of ball in the Frenchmen's streets that they will lose their jest and gain but grief for their game.

Well, just about the middle of April, 1415, the Governor, Sir John Turville, who lives down the Castle at the bottom, well it wasn't really a Castle, it was a ramshackle bloody affair really with a bit of the River Ebble running along one side which he called a moat. Wouldn't have kept a pussycat out. Anyway, he called us lads down, all the fellows working on his land to meet in the yard inside the gate. He climbs on to a cart and addresses us. "I call you here today to tell you that My Lord, the King, is enlisting an Army to sail for France later this year to lay claim to territories there which are his by right of inheritance. Now I propose that a contingent from Alvediston shall consist of myself and Bailiff, ten men at arms, eight archers and six boys to take care of the baggage and arrows in case of any fighting. Men at arms will be paid at the rate of 12 pence a day, archers 6 pence,"—that's me—"The rest of you must remain at home to take care of the women and the children and our farmlands."

I was in charge of the archers and I took the lads down every day for practice, down to the butts, they weren't really butts, it was a bit of fallow marshland down at the bottom, no damn good for anything else. Now our method of practice was to see how quickly and how accurately we could get off, say, ten, twelve dozen arrows. Now we reckon that a good archer can get off 15, 16 arrows in a minute. Now say you've got 5,000 archers that's 75,000 arrows coming in in a minute. And that's a terrible thing to stand up against. Now I remember my old great Grand-dad. Now he was a boy at Crécy and he told my old man when he was a very young boy that when those first arrows went into Crécy into the French it darkened the sky, like a flock of starlings coming in to roost in the evening.

Well, that was the long bow, it was a terrific weapon, about as thick as a birch tree in the middle where you hold it with your left hand, tapering off either end, made of yew and the method was you get your arrow, knotch her . . ., bring the flèches up to your right cheek and hold it, look down the shaft, then push out, push up with your left arm, stretch the muscles back in the back, open the chest, hold it, hold it, hold it, aim, ... and off they go. By God, they went hard. Now we were shooting a target, say 250, 300, 400 yards distance and the men, they get very accurate. The bodkin sharp pointed arrows, could pierce armour and the big broad headed arrows—terrible, they cut into the flesh and if a poor warhorse got one of those in his chest, by God, he was unmanageable, absolutely useless. Anyway, that was the long bow.

Goodbye . . .

Well, the time was getting on and on July 17, 17th it was, just as the Governor said, we all met together in the yard again, the young boys sitting up in the baggage cart, shouting and cheering and we was there having a last cup of wine. "Goodbye Jack, goodbye Joe, see you at Christmas".

At Southampton we were halted, every man's name was taken, we went through in single file, every man's name taken and written down on a great roll. Then through the Bargate and out into the square on the other side, coo, you never seen such a sight, hundreds and hundreds of men, all shouting and laughing. Men sitting round cooking pots, carrying great bales of straw, men carrying suits of armour and the smell of woodsmoke and the horses, lances stacked, banners flapping and flying and the King's Marshals riding about among us all, trying to tell the newcomers where to go.

I said to Ned, "Come on let's get out of this and go and look at the ships," and we pushed through all the throng down some narrow passages and out on to a little quay and there was the Armada, looking like a forest of young larches, hundreds of masts, their sails furled and the pennants flapping in the wind and a choppy sea, going smack, smack, smacking against those great blunt bows, pulling at their anchor chains and then we noticed on the quay there were two other men standing, one an enormous bearded man with a great sword hanging at his side and the other a smaller man standing three or four paces in front of him, smaller, but very well knit, very well made.

He was wearing a velvet jerkin with a little gold chain round his waist, and he was standing with arms folded looking down at the water, he wasn't looking at the ships, he was looking at the water and suddenly I nudged Ned, I said, "Cor, its him, its the King." "How do you know?" he says, "Oh, I dunno." You do know sometimes, don't you? And then as if he felt us behind him, he slowly turned round and I shall never forget that long pale face, those steady grey eyes under hooded lids, looking very steady, unblinking and he was smiling. No he wasn't, he wasn't smiling. He'd got a scar from his right ear right down to the corner of his mouth, pulling his mouth up. It was an arrow wound he had had at the Battle of Shrewsbury when he was a lad of 15, it made him look as if he was smiling. Well, we dragged off our caps, sank to our knees, of course. He told us to get up, asked us who we were, asked us what our names were, who we served under. Well, we told him and he said, "Well, we'll meet again", he said. "Be of good cheer," gave us God's Blessing, a little wave of his right hand, he turned and he was off.

We Feel Rich!

Well, we went back to our lines feeling as rich as if somebody had given us a bag of gold each. Later on that night young Ned said, "I wonder what the King was thinking about." A couple of days later we had the answer to that because it became known in the Army about this plot which had been uncovered, a plot against the King to set up the Earl of March, or somebody, while he was away and three of the main conspirators were there actually in the King's party. The Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope and Lord Grey. Well, these men were arrested, of course, summarily tried, taken out, hanged, drawn and quartered without any ceremony at all.

My Lord Grey was a close friend of the King, he was let off lightly, he was just beheaded in public. Now that's a terrible thing to see. Here's a man standing, standing in his shirt, looking round, smiling sadly and an enormous crowd of men all gathered round, in dead silence, and then



The night before the battle, "The poor condemned English, by their watchful fires, sit patiently"

the man is kneeling and s..soomph and his head's rolling in the filthy cobbles and he's dead.

Well, Ned was very silent after that. I said to him, "Take it easy son, you haven't seen nothing yet." Well, that seemed to clear the air, 'cos the next day we got the order to embark and all that army, 6,000 archers, 4,000 men at arms and lances, the knights and all their horses and baggage, the grooms and the valets, the carpenters, the farriers, the blacksmiths and waggoners, all crowding up those ramps, all laughing and jesting, off for a damn good holiday abroad.

Harfleur came into sight, looking very dark and sinister, standing in low, marshy ground under a lowering sky. Well, we finally disembarked at a little port quite near, called Quai de Caux. We were given three or four days to find our land legs and in that time the King was riding about among us on a little grey mare which he rode all through the campaign, telling us to take it easy, take our ease for soon we should have very good tidings. I suppose he meant by that he thought that Harfleur was going to open its gates to us and show us a bit of hospitality.

However, when we drew near to the town and crossed the little narrow causeway over the marsh, word came back that the Governor had no intention of opening his gates and he was going to keep them very firmly locked against us, whereupon the King sends back a message to say he's going to stay there until he opens them so order was given to lay siege to the town

and planks and pontoons and bridges were laid out over the marshes and dykes until the whole town was completely surrounded and the postern gate cut off.

It so happened at that time it was blistering hot weather and the stink from those marshes was appalling. You know how a salt marsh stinks when the tide's out. Well, this was a damn sight worse 'cos it was filled with all the sewage and muck out of that town for 200 years and very soon the men began to fall sick. Well, nothing happened for about three or four days, then they brought up these great stone throwing machines, the ballistas really from Roman times and they would fire a rock about as big as a cauldron, they pull 'un back and they would go creak pvooooooooom-pow! and crash against the wall and back into the moat the stone would fall, about as much good as spitting a cherry pip at a church door. Then they tried the great big cannons and they were no damn good, great clumsy things, did more damage to the gunners than the enemy and even the attempts to blow a breach in the walls with mines were just about as unsuccessful.

Harfleur Surrenders

Anyway, cut a nasty story short, the Governor of Harfleur sees there are no re-inforcements coming along, he's not going to get relieved, as he thought, that's why he was holding out, see. So, on word being given by us that there would be no reprisals, no damage done, the gates are opened and a garrison goes in of a thousand men, men at arms and archers.

Now it was at this time that the King's staff, Duke of Gloucester, Duke of York, one or two advisers told him about the sad condition of the English army, they were in a bad way, hundreds of men had been sent back to England, too sick to march or to fight. Hundreds had deserted over the marshes, never to be seen again, a lot of men had died and the army was in a very bad state. Why not go back to England now. Come back next Spring, it was October now, Winter's coming on, come back next year with a bigger army, make a job of it.

I can just see the King, sitting there in his tent, with the flap open, gazing out over the salt marshes towards the sea, listening, those steady eyes unblinking and then saying quite quietly, "I am possessed of a very great desire to see my territories and those places which belong to me by inheritance, nor shall I allow those inflated by pride to enjoy what belongs to us by right. My resolution, therefore, is to go on and if the enemy should attempt to hinder us on our way, we will come off with victory, triumph and very great fame."

The Road to Calais

On the 7th October we march away to the North on the old road to Calais which runs more or less parallel to the sea.

Now at Blanche-Tache great things were expected, because it was here, you see, that Edward III had crossed the Somme on his way to Crécy and his great victory there and it was here also that we were promised re-inforcements from Calais, but when we got there the next morning we could see for a start we'd never get across the river, it was far too deep, much too swift and instead of any re-inforcements waiting on the other side there was a huge body of French cavalry with lances, flanked by crossbow men, just waiting, stock still, to see what we'd do.

The army was halted, conference held, the King was advised to turn back; if the French were there, they'd be there guarding the Somme all the way up, but no, he decides to go on, so we march upstream and the French march upstream on the other side. There we are marching, gazing at each other across the water. To make matters worse it had started to rain and it rained from then on right through the campaign. Now spirits began to flag very quickly. They were very hostile at Amiens, couldn't get any food and on to Boves where the men broke open some big barns where there were great casks of wine and practically the whole army got drunk. Well, it didn't do any 'arm, we sank our sorrows for a little while.

Then the next day, on to Nesle and at that place a posse of French came dashing out of a wood on the right and seized one of the many French flags we were holding, and rode away back with it, laughing, over the stubble, whereupon a young squire named John Bromley yanks his horse out of the ranks and goes galloping after him,

seizes the leader, drags him off backwards and they were wrestling on the ground like a couple of boys, fighting in the stubble and then he stands there holding the banner aloft in his hand, to loud cheers from some of our archers, who ran out to bring him in, and the Frenchman too. Well blimey, he got knighted for that later on and the Frenchman, Lancelot Pierre, his name was, he was given a cup of wine for having put up a good fight.

He was taken to the King who gives him a few more glasses of wine and after a little more encouragement, he tells the King that there is a ford not much further up river at a place called Voyennes where we can get across and which was unguarded. Well, that seemed a bit too good to be true. However, scouts were sent off at the gallop and they came back a couple of hours later to say it was true.

Voyennes

So a forced march was made that night and on the morning of 19th October we got to Voyennes and there was this great wide river, gurgling over rocks and stones but nobody around. So, a party of about 800 archers were sent in to occupy a bit of high land on the other side to cover the crossing, 'cos we intended to go over there, you see. In we went to that water, coo it was cold, up to your knees, to your waist and then suddenly out of your depth, kicking, kicking like mad, holding our bows above our heads to try and keep them dry. Four of the chaps got taken away down stream and were drowned. But the rest of us scrambled out the other side up on to the high land, stood there panting, looking round, nothing to be seen only the fields of France, fading into the distance so we made back to say it seemed to be all clear and then the operation of getting the Army over the Somme began.

My God, what an operation. Into the flood went the horses and the carts and the men, struggling and floundering in the water, wheels came off the wagons which had to be fixed on again in mid flood. Men got carried away, pulled out again and shouting and yelling, "Come on, get on and get your backs into it, come on, move there, move, move," and after about three or four hours of this desperate floundering through the water, the Army was standing on the other side, panting and dripping and looking around them, fearful, it must be a trap, but there's nobody there. Well, we were all countrymen, we knew damn well you can't move around in another man's land without eyes watching you, eyes watching from little coppice, from farmhouses and from woods. We couldn't see them but, by God, they could see us.

We were given that day to rest and try and dry out our clothes. In that time all the archers were ordered to cut their stave, a long stave about nine foot long, sharp at both ends, the idea being that when we got to battle you stick them in the ground towards the enemy, like a spikey palisade, so as to, to try and ward off their horses, I suppose, if they came. Anyway, we cut 'em out of a larch wood nearby and at this time the king went out to spy out the land and he was met by a party of Frenchmen who came cockily riding up to him. "Which road are you going to take?" they said. "Straight to Calais," answers the King, "and if you should impede us on our way, it will not be without your very great peril." Why did they want to know which road we was going to take? Well, next day, we marched on. It was very mysterious, very eerie. The whole of that huge wide country, very quiet, no noise, all deserted.

Sir Gilbert Baxter

Now, as we came up to a little village called Maison Celles, a young knight called Sir Gilbert Baxter comes galloping back from the advanced party, pulls up in a flurry of mud and turf in front of the King, points back excitedly, "The enemy M' Lord are encamped across the road, not a mile further on."

Well, messengers are sent galloping back to our straggling ranks, "Close up, close up, close up, battle positions either side of the King behind the village. He'll be somewhere. At the double now, move, move, move, move, move." Well, that shook us out of our lethargy and as we got to our places, panting, shaking off our packs sticking in the stakes into the ground in front of us, we looked out at the scene in awe, so this was the battle ground they had chosen, this was to be the place of execution.

The road to Calais led straight down across a great wide field of winter wheat about a mile across, Wood of Trame-



The archers in action October 25th, 1415.

court on the right, Wood of Agincourt on the left and way down the road, less than a mile on was the might of France, proudly planted right across our road, in their tents and pavilions and flags and banners flying and the smoke of a thousand campfires going straight up into the rainy sky. And the din from their lines which come to us in gusts over the plain was like from a riotous horde, gathered before some tremendous tournament, filled with excitement and anticipation for the great sport and spectacle that was going to be theirs the next day.

But we needn't have bothered 'cos they certainly weren't bothering about us. No, they were preparing to sleep and to feast before the fun they were to have sometime later on, but not now. Oh, no, they weren't bothered about us now. They'd look after us when the time came. They hadn't even noticed we were there. The rain continued and the night began to creep on. The trumpet sounded Stand Easy. There wouldn't be any fighting that day. Watches were set and the men off guard moved around listlessly, looking for firewood and food.

Soon it was pitch dark and the French campfires are glowing like orange torches and in front of them you could see the little black silhouettes of men nipping back and forth, back and forth, and in front of them the larger shapes of their warhorses being marched up and down, up and down, by the grooms. Now there's no stabling for a warhorse on a battlefield, so the only way to keep them in trim is to keep them moving, keep them in fettle and that went on all night long, up and down, up and down.

As the night wore on, the sound from their lines got more and more riotous, shouting and laughing, singing, drunken

singing like a bunch of screaming gypsies. The louder they got, the more and more quiet we became, sinking lower and lower into our own thoughts and meditations.

This time last year we were in our own warm beds in Alvediston, nothing to worry about, except the sheep up on top, whether there was enough straw in the barns for the cows and now we was wondering whether we should be alive this time to-morrow and if we were, how many arms and legs and ears chopped off. Feelings of resentment began to grow up inside of us. This isn't what we signed on for. What the hell were we doing here?

I looked up and there he was, moving around among us in a cloak wrapped round him, no covering on his head and the rain pouring down his face. Now he's just speaking very quietly to the men. "Be of good cheer children, sleep while you can, the victory will be ours, to-morrow. God is with us." Words to that effect. And he moved on.

Now it's a very funny thing but when a man says things are going to be all right when you know damn well they're hopeless, you begin to think, well, perhaps he knows more than what we do. I mean how can a man ever look you in the face again if he's told you that things are going to be all right when you've got a damn disaster on your hands?

The Cocks Crow

The first cocks began to crow. Maybe the cocks would be crowing in Alvediston too. And then suddenly, starting us out of our dreadful reverie, our own trumpets, reveille, get up, standto, standto. We was on our feet, jumping about, trying to shake some warmth and strength into our poor cramped limbs and trying to shake out that terrible fear that was sitting like a black toad in our stomachs. The last bit of wine, last bit of bread and you could see the men hugging their longbows to them as if they were their womenfolk, don't let me down to-day, my darling, serve me well to-day, my love. They were the only things that stood between them and death, the longbows.

And then about 9 o'clock the sun broke through and the rain stopped. Cor, it was amazing and then about that time a little solitary horseman broke loose from the French lines and came trotting very jauntily down the road with 20,000 eyes on him and he draws up in front of the King to tell him to surrender now or face complete annihilation.

Whereupon the King replies, "Let they who serve prepare, for France is mine and I will have it and men will speak of me to the day of doom," and the herald twists his horse round on his hind legs and goes trotting back, smiling, with his arm swinging.

God Be With Us

The King gets on to his own little grey mare and he was riding among us, just waving, saying "God will be with us, God will give us the victory to-day," and he comes very close to us chaps and looks down at us and goes past and then stops, looks back again and he turns his horse and comes back and he bends down; there's young Ned standing, holding a great bundle of arrows in his arms. He says, "Can you climb a tree, Ned?" He remembered his name! "Yes, Sir," Ned says. "Then let me see how quickly you can climb that tree and tell me how many men there are beyond that wood on the left."

Well, Ned goes up that tree like a red squirrel. He looks round there for a bit and then comes slithering and sliding down and lands in front of the King. "Well," he says, "There must be a million men there Sire, but they're only Frenchmen," he says with a little smile. And the King bends down and pats him on the head. That's one of the few times I have ever seen him smile. Coo, well old Ned's going to remember that when he's sitting round the fire as an old man. Anyway, the King goes back to his tent, dismounts from the little mare, gives her a smack on the behind and back she goes into the baggage carts. He puts on a breastplate, arm pieces, no leg armour and a little helmet without the vizor.

Now at this time we saw a great fluttering and moving of flags in the centre squadrons of the French. Well, we could see what they were doing. They were handing all the flags and banners back to the rear. Now, you can't see much through a vizor when it's down over your eyes and with all that flapping in front of your face you couldn't see sweet Frances Atkinson.

Anyway, that's the moment that the King chooses, he marches forward, right out into the fields, turns to face us and lifting up his arms says, "In the name of God Almighty, in the name of Jesus and Mary, in the name of the Holy Trinity, advance bannere in the best time of the year and St. George be this day thy speed", and the whole Army lets out a great Hooray echoing backwards and forwards, across that little valley and then we started the advance. Here we go, Sir Thomas motioning us forward. "Get forward archers, get forward," so that we were moving forward like a great sickle, the archers like two protecting wings on either side. We moved forward, eight hundred yards, seven hundred, six hundred here we go boys, this is it, this is it, we are going through it, five, four, three, hold it halt, hold it.

Now we could see 'em, now we could distinguish the noblemen by their tabards, we could see 'em and there were their crossbow men already standing there on either side of them on their flanks, their bows ready, ready to shoot and at that moment, the chaps in the middle, the French knights in the middle had lowered their lances, that was a sign that they were going to charge and at that very moment more cavalry came bursting in from either side, anxious to be among the first into the field too, scattering their own crossbow men in front of them.

Shoot, Shoot, Shoot . . .

Then the King raised his sword and dropped it and that was the signal we'd been waiting for. "Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shooooooot."

In the first minute 75,000 arrows like winged furies went screaming into the leading French. The effect was like a scythe, cutting into a field of standing corn, they just crumpled and fell to the ground in wild confusion barring the way of those coming on behind but then we could see that they weren't coming on, no they were floundering, they were floundering in the morass created by the exercising horses of the night before.

It was incredible, a pattern was beginning to emerge immediately before our eyes. Here they were in the middle, caught in their own trap, while either side the French cavalry coming in were being compressed into that bottleneck between the two woods and they were being cut down in the field of their own choice. It was amazing. Only minutes before they'd been immaculate, sitting there, fresh and arrogant, glittering in the afternoon sun and now they were twisting and squirming in the mud like a nest of maggots in a decayed carcass. Yes, the starlings were going home to roost all right.

The Trumpet Sounds

And then the trumpet goes, close the ranks, get in closer, then the men at arms go in and start their deadly business of hand to hand fighting and still the arrows go reaching in and the archers behind, standing there in readiness in case we had an attack in the rear, we were ordered to shoot, right up and over the fighting men and the arrows were arcing right over and finding the French coming on from behind and finding those running away in terror. Their leaders and captains had been killed and smitten down by the arrows so now there was no order but complete confusion and we were fighting on.

How long did it go on? When you were thinking about it afterwards, you couldn't tell until in the end we were standing there sobbing for breath, exhausted, our arms hanging limply at the side, no more strength to lift the sword again. And then the trumpet sounds a retreat and we were staggering out through the dead and dying, staggering back to our own lines.

I looked round at our chaps, simple countrymen that I had known as young lads, wouldn't hurt a rabbit, mad men, with staring eyes, mad as a gate, covered in blood, like crazy men out of a madhouse walking back in a dream, couldn't believe it, laughing hysterically. And then we was back in our own lines and the sound and the fury of the battle began to fade.

Then as the sun went down behind the woods, just behind us, that same herald who'd came up in the morning, so cockily, rode up to the King to say the day was his. "What is this castle that stands hard by?" he says to the herald. "Azincourt", the herald replies, "We call this the Field of Agincourt fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus. Let there be sung Non Nobis and Te Deum."

The French couldn't be numbered, they were banked up there in piles in that

bottleneck between those two woods. This was the ground they'd picked to beat us and to crush us into the ground and there they all were seven foot high, piles of dead and dying and they've never been numbered, 10,000, 11,000, nobody ever really knew. The English: Duke of York, Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Kettley, Davy Gamm and a few others. We gathered them up, put them into a barn and burnt them.

And then the night began to come on. Some wine had been got from the village and we sat round our fires, drinking it talking stupidly, wildly of what we had seen that day. Dressed in the finery we had stolen from the French, crested helmets of gold and silver, their tabards lying aslant our filthy clothes, tabards with golden suns and stars and rampant lions on, and now and again a man would fall crash into the cinders in dead exhaustion.

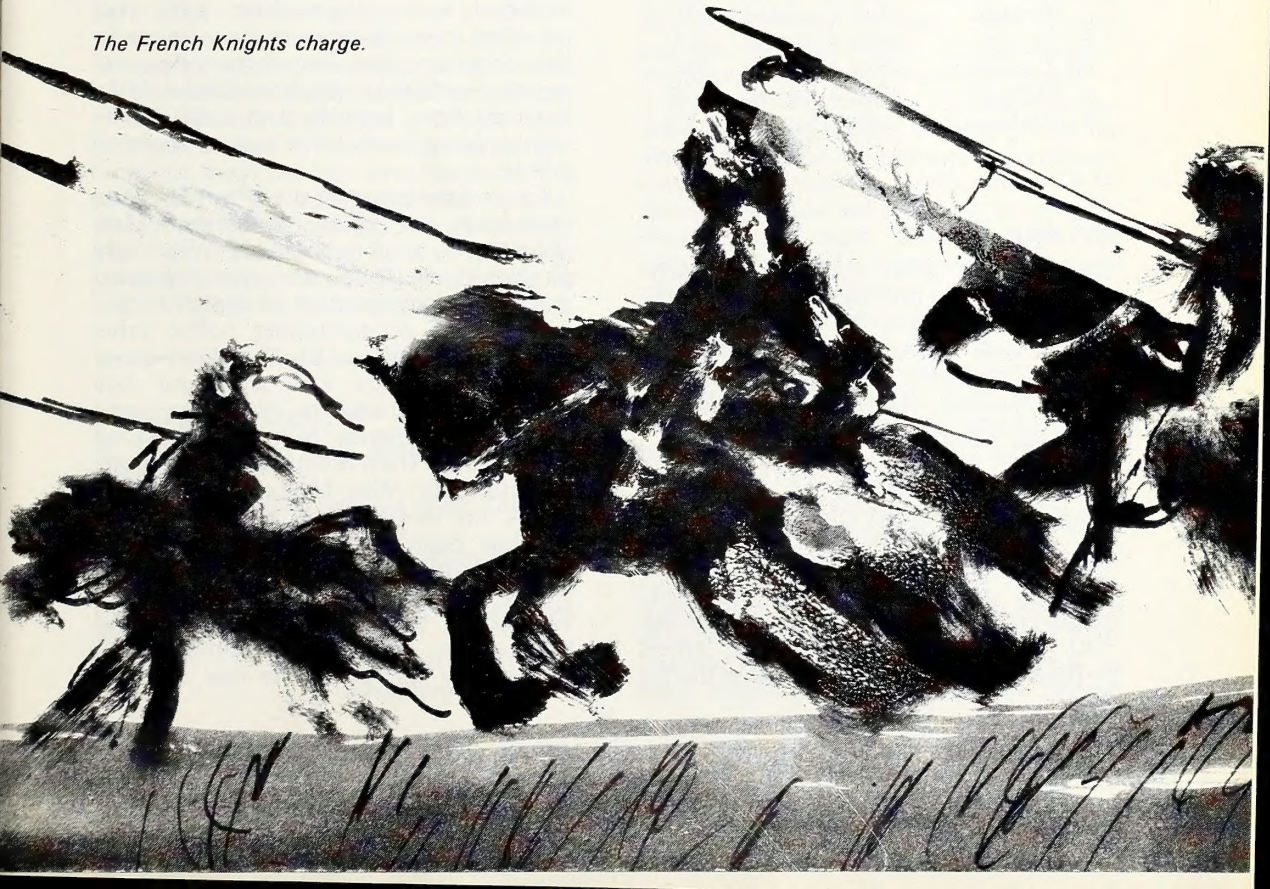
It's quiet now, only the pitiful sounds of poor souls dying there out in the darkness under the stars untended. And from the French lines, not a light, not a light to be seen. Then the cocks were crowing again for another dawn, a different dawn, then our own reveille sounds, standto, get ready to march out, as if the King was keen to get out of that place.

A way had been cleared through the French lines on our road to Calais and we marched out, scarcely daring to look at those terrible banks of dead on either side, broken lances, filthy tabards and banners besmirched with blood and filth. Fine faces, fearfully slashed, broken legs and arms, a golden helmet filled with blood. Dead horses, and the cream of French nobility, stripped naked by the scavengers, lying in a dreadful pattern of shattered vanity, a nightmare painting of the day of doom.

And we marched out, 'til the last remnant of the battle field was left behind and the fields looked fresh and clean again. On our road to Calais, filled with wonder, with gratitude for our deliverance, silenced by what we had seen and done, but filled with a sickening despair at the waste of it all.

Now the name of every man who volunteered was written down in a great book for all posterity to read. Dukes and Earls, Knights and Squires, Men at Arms and Lances who joined and sailed and marched and fought and won for Harry and the Leopards of England on the 25th October, 1415—not a single man is entered on that roll as archer. Well, that's how it goes, isn't it?

The French Knights charge.



BRIDGE NOTES

BRIGHTON

The ninth and final Individual Competition of the Brighton Section for the Gover Memorial Cup for 1974 came to its final conclusion on Saturday, 2nd November. The results are as follows:

A. Smith and R. Bickley	70
S. Webster and J. Whitcombe	69
W. Lethbridge and F. Griffee	69
R. Fullard and M. Clements	62
C. Walters and W. Burnett	56
W. Claydon and E. Bedford	52

Best five cumulative results:

R. Fullard		359
M. Clements		352
W. Lethbridge		350
S. Webster		348
F. Griffee		334
R. Bickley		329
A. Dodgson		327
A. Smith		323
W. Scott		321
C. Walters		316
J. Whitcombe		304
W. Burnett		292
F. Rhodes	after 4 games	270
R. Goding	after 4 games	261
W. Claydon	after 4 games	206
E. Bedford	after 4 games	203
F. Mathewman	after 1 game	56

P. NUYENS,
Secretary

Bridge Drive

On Saturday, 26th October, a bridge drive was held at the Saltdean Community Centre. There were 17 St. Dunstaners present with wives, friends and helpers. Mr. R. Goodlad, acted as Master of Ceremonies and checked score cards.

Prizes were won as follows:

1st	**F. Griffee and Mrs. Gover**
2nd	W. Burnett and Mrs. Negus
3rd	R. A. Fullard and Mrs. McPherson
4th	J. Whitcombe and Miss Sturdie

During the afternoon, play was suspended for us to partake of a splendid tea.

At the conclusion of the drive, Alfred Dodgson, on our behalf expressed thanks to all who were concerned in organising such an enjoyable afternoon. In particular, he mentioned Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Dickerson who had throughout the year laid on for us such a nice tea whenever we played our individual St. Dunstan's competitions. He also associated these thanks with our many friends who had acted as scorers and deputised for absent St. Dunstaners during those same individual competitions.

R.A.F.

LONDON

The attraction of last month's Bridge Drive, which was held on 12th October, was indicated by the eighteen happy St. Dunstaners, who with their wives and friends, made up nine tables for this game. This number, although somewhat smaller than we had at first anticipated included some competitors who had travelled some distance to be with us on this occasion, Joe Carney from Bournemouth, Fred Dickerson from Bristol, Mike Tybinski from Ispwich and John Whitcombe from Eastbourne, just to mention a few.

First on the prize list was **Paul Nuyens** partnered by **Miss Hessian.** Miss Hessian is a comparatively new lady partner at the Club, and was delighted and highly appreciative of the prize she had won, a contemporary coffee table made by one of our St. Dunstan's boys. The second prize was taken by Roy Armstrong partnered by Phil Power, one of our loyal friends from the Firestone Bridge Club. Third on our list was Sammy Webster and Miss Molly Byrne. Molly needs no introduction whatsoever, for she has been associated and indeed a good friend of St. Dunstan's and the Bridge Club for many, many years. Winners of the fourth prize were John Whitcombe and John Painter, who incidentally is a son-in-law of our

HARROGATE

by Paul Nuyens

This year there took place the 35th annual visit to Harrogate of members of the St. Dunstan's Bridge Club. Being the only one who attended on 34 occasions, I feel that the origin of this annual trip should be put on record.

Some time during the 1937/38 season, bridge players representing the "Mount Pleasant" G.P.O., played a match against our bridge members. Mount Pleasant won. They were using a new system, the Stern (Austrian) taught to them by their Captain, Alf Field. Those who had the privilege of knowing Harry Gover, better known to all of us as "Charlie Gover", were not surprised that after the match he invited Mr. Field to come along and teach us this new system used by Paul Stern and his team who won the European Championship in 1936. Alf accepted, a Braille copy explaining a simplified version was issued and when the War with its black-outs came along, Alf was escorted by his St. Dunstan's friends to the nearest station via the "Chester Arms". After the invasion of the lowlands and France, the German Luftwaffe raiding first by daylight and later nightly, Alf's G.P.O. department was evacuated early in November 1940 to Harrogate. On arrival he immediately made himself a member of the Oakdale Golf Club and very soon he made friends in his new surroundings, amongst them the late Jack Habisch, the proprietor of the Salisbury Hotel. A hotel, thought Alf, means bedrooms and knowing that most of the hotels had been commandeered, he timidly mentioned to Jack—"Would it be possible to put up a few of the lads for a week-end?" "Who are these lads?" asked Jack. "My friends from St. Dunstan's," replied Alf, "who could in this way have a break from the Blitz and an opportunity of a game of bridge in these peaceful surroundings," adding as an afterthought—"Just a stag party and I am sure the lads will pay their way". The effect was electrifying. Jack's reply, typical of him was, "Tell me what week-end and don't ever mention money —it's on t'house." Poor old Jack, now passed on, thereby laid the foundation stone of that Yorkshire hospitality, and doors opened everywhere.

December 1940

An invitation was sent by Alf to "Charlie" and thirteen bridge players set off to Harrogate for a week-end in December, 1940. It was only a week-end, playing bridge in the afternoon and evening, in the hotel lounge. We even had a bridge drive which enabled us to meet the people from Harrogate as well as Alf's new-made friends, amongst whom were Frank Nokes, Johnnie Morrison, Wally Burgiss and a very popular Yorkshire figure, George Nelson, the famous international billiard player.

This visit was such a success that we were invited again the following year for a long week-end which thereafter became a week. When in 1946 the G.P.O. Department and Alf returned to London, Frank Nokes took upon himself the responsibility of arranging our programmes for the future.

Beside the bridge venues, he always used to include one day for a visit to places of interest such as Fountains Abbey, York Cathedral, York Museum, Knaresborough Castle and Terry's Chocolate Factory, or a luncheon party in one of the Inns near Harrogate.

On these excursions Frank had the generous assistance of many friends such as Alf Hopkinson, Norman and Margaret Green, Miss Pauline Webster, now Mrs. Venekamp, Mrs. Angela Beaumont, now Mrs. Hunter Paterson, and latterly Mrs. Memby, who arranged bridge games at their homes. In those early days several

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LONDON—*Continued*

St. Dunstaner, Harry King from Dunstable.

Mrs. Hilda Chow of our staff canteen kindly presented the prizes.

On behalf of the St. Dunstaners, Bob Evans thanked the guests for a pleasant afternoon's play and the voluntary helpers for the tea provided.

P. NUYENS,
Secretary

of our members used to go before breakfast to the Hydro to taste the various waters of which the Kissenden was certainly the most pleasant and palatable. After breakfast and the reading of the papers we used to go for walks such as through the Valley Gardens to Birk Crag on to the Harlow Car Hotel or the "Squinting Cat" and even to Knaresborough, keeping the afternoons and evenings for bridge.

As the years went on, the bridge drives and ordinary bridge games were gradually replaced by duplicate matches with members of the Oakdale, Pannal, Knaresborough and Harrogate Golf Clubs. The Starbeck Working Men's Club played a match with us. The landlord of the New Inn, who had lost his son in the War, invited us in the early days for a social evening. Then we had I.C.I. Crimple House Club, I.C.I. Social Club and the St. George's Club, to which in latter years the Bradford Bridge Club was added and this year the newly formed Ripon Bridge Club.

Local Hospitality

From the beginning hospitality was extended to us by the local Bridge Clubs. First by Mrs. Whitsed's, to be followed by Johnnie Morrison's Stray Club, and after Johnnie's sudden death by Major and Mrs. Campbell's. On Major Campbell's retirement, the present Harrogate Bridge Club was formed carrying on the tradition of its predecessors.

In 1964 Frank Nokes, for personal reasons, was obliged to give up his wonderful work, and it almost looked as though our visits would end. A quick telephone call in July to Charlie Gover succeeded in six of our members being willing to go to Harrogate in August and he was fortunate in finding Norman and Margaret Green agreeable to carry on the arrangements for us at the Harrogate end. This remained so until 1971 after which the present Harrogate Bridge Club Secretary, Mrs. Shirley Wrigley, took over.

After Jack Habisch gave up his hotel, we stayed two years at the Clarendon then two years at the Hydro (now the Old Swan) and since 1951 at the Dirlton Hotel. It is essential to mention that during these 35 years we were privileged to have the assistance of so many kind

STUDENT LIBRARIAN

Ben Varley of Marks Tey, near Colchester, Essex, is very proud to announce the success of his eldest grandson, Robert, who has just obtained a B.Sc. Honours Degree in Biology and Social Science at the London University and has now taken a post as Student Librarian at the College Library. Robert is 21 years of age.

15th OUT OF 1,000 STUDENTS

Michael, son of *Basil Backhurst,* St. Brelade, Jersey, Channel Islands, has passed his second year Law Exam. at the Middle Temple. He was 15th out of a thousand students and naturally Mr. and Mrs. Backhurst are very proud of their son's sucess. Michael is married.

HARROGATE—*continued*

helpers from London, such as Wally Waller, Jack Callow, Aubrey Ozanne, Bob Willis, Wally Long, Norman Smith and Joe Kennedy. We could certainly not have done without them.

Kiplin Hall

Those St. Dunstaners who went to Little Gaddesden Camp will remember Miss Talbot, who also had a home in Yorkshire, Kiplin Hall. When she knew that some of her St. Dunstan's friends were included in our bridge party, she used to invite them for tea to her place. In latter years she asked as many as would like to come from our party to visit her during our stay. Besides the history of Kiplin Hall and her family these visits ended by her showing us the various items of her antique collection and by sitting down in Nelson's Chair drinking a tot of rum while the old gramophone played "Over the Ocean Waves". Such interesting visits and the rolling fresh air from the Pennines gave us a good start for our forthcoming evening bridge.

I have tried to give a brief synopsis of our annual visits to Harrogate since 1940 and trust that this may be interesting not only to our bridge members but also to readers of the *Review.*

FAMILY NEWS

Silver Weddings

Warm congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dominic Laverty* of Downpatrick, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, who are pleased to announce they celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 12th November, 1974.

Many congratulations to *Mr.* and *Mrs. James Minter* of Ruislip, Middlesex, who celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary on 29th October, 1974.

Grandfathers

Congratulations to:

Harry Foster of Farnham, Surrey, is delighted to announce the safe arrival of his fourth grandchild, born to his son and daughter-in-law, Barry and Linda on 25th September, 1974.

Stanley J. Fowler of Beeston, Notts., is pleased to announce the birth of another grand-daughter, Dawn Elizabeth, born to his daughter, Valerie on 17th September, 1974.

Edward Quinn of Peacehaven, Sussex, is delighted to announce the safe arrival of a grand-daughter, Susan Elizabeth, born on 9th October, 1974.

Percy Stubbs of Norwich is delighted to announce the birth of his fourth grandchild, Claire Victoria, born on 1st August, 1974.

Long Life and Happiness to:-

Susan, daughter of *Cecil Wilson* of Brough, East Yorkshire, who married Roland Payne at Harrow Registry Office on 2nd November, 1974. The young couple are making their home in Watford, Herts.

Deaths

We offer our sincere sympathy to:-

Mrs. Mary Davies, wife of *Vic Davies* of Braunton, North Devon, whose father, Mr. William Brayley, died recently at the age of 96.

Mrs. Dickerson, wife of *Fred Dickerson* of Bristol, who mourns the death of her brother.

David Hodgson of Hartlepool, Cleveland, who mourns the death of his mother who passed away on 10th August, 1974.

George Shepherd of Reading, Berks., on the death of his mother who died on 9th November, 1974, at the age of 87. Mrs. Shepherd lived in London and had enjoyed good health until the last six months of her life.

Mrs. Smith, wife of *Gilbert Smith,* of Guildford, Surrey, mourns the death of her mother in August at the age of 92.

Emrys Tucker of Dulwich, London, S.E.21, who mourns the death of his mother on 15th May, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Edmund Kirman. *Hong Kong Defence Corps.*

Edmund Kirman who used to live in Gillingham, Kent, and was for the last few years residing at Pearson House, Brighton, died on 29th October, 1974. He was 88 years of age.

He enlisted in the Hong Kong Defence Corps

in 1941 and was a prisoner-of-war from December 1941 until September 1945. He was discharged in 1946.

He came to St. Dunstan's in 1970 shortly after the death of his wife, and stayed at Ovingdean for the Winter months. Eventually he went to live at Pearson House. He enjoyed good health and he was able to visit his son and family in the North of England fairly frequently. In 1973 he flew to Canada to spend a holiday with his other son who lives in Ontario. It was fortunate that Mr. Kirman's son, Mr. Roy Kirman from Canada, had been able to make a return visit to England and see his father this year when his health had shown cause for some concern.

He leaves his two sons and their families.

John Elvey Lewin. *Royal Army Ordnance Corps.*

John Elvey Lewin of Portsmouth, Hants., died on 28th October, 1974 at the age of 55 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps in June 1939 and served with them until his discharge in May 1946.

For the next few years he worked as a chef but it was impossible for him to return to this occupation and on joining St. Dunstan's in 1964 he studied Braille and typewriting with the intention of joining a friend in the building business. Unfortunately his health did not permit him to take up any form of business settlement. Mr. Lewin then transferred his activities to homecraft work and eventually settled in lodgings in Portsmouth.

Although Mr. Lewin changed his lodgings from time to time, he preferred to remain in Portsmouth where he made many friends including Mr. and Mrs. Flory, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown, with whom he was lodging at the time of his death.

Mr. Lewin was single and had no known close relatives.

Reginald Walden James. *8th Canadian Forces.*

Reginald Walden James of Worthing, Sussex, died at his home on 1st November, 1974. He was 81 years of age.

He enlisted in the 8th Canadian Forces in March 1915 and served with them until July, 1917. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1952.

He had already retired when he joined St. Dunstan's and at that time he was living in Dorset with his first wife. He trained in typewriting and Braille and amongst his hobbies he showed an interest in playing the saxophone. Unfortunately his first wife died in 1964 and he moved to Worthing. He married again in 1968.

He continued to enjoy his retirement and was in reasonably good health until last year.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Edith Patricia James and her daughter, Miss Marilyn Reevesley.

Frank Pusey. *Royal Field Artillery.*

Frank Pusey of High Wycombe, Bucks, died on 18th October, 1974 at the age of 77 years.

He enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in 1916 and served with them until 1919 but did not come to St. Dunstan's until 1966 when he had already retired. He was particularly interested in wood turning, gardening and his greenhouse. He enjoyed a game of Bridge and often went to Ovingdean to join Bridge week-ends and he was also a member of the London Bridge Club.

Following the death of his wife in 1968, Mr. Pusey continued to live at home and managed most of his own affairs. His daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. McHardy and his two sons, Norman and Leonard, lived near and visited him daily. He was admitted to hospital on 6th October and died very suddenly twelve days later.

He leaves a daughter and her husband, and his two sons.

Walter James Woodcock. *3rd Essex Regiment*

Walter James Woodcock, late of Saffron Walden, Essex, and recently residing at Northgate House, Rottingdean, died there on 6th November, 1974. He was 82 years of age.

He enlisted in the 3rd Essex Regiment in 1915 and was wounded in France in September, 1916. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1917 and trained in poultry farming and mat making. He continued with both these occupations for some years but later concentrated solely upon his poultry farming and was very successful with this. Mrs. Woodcock was a great help to him in running the poultry farm but sadly she passed away in 1934. However, with the help of his youngest daughter he was able to continue with the business for many more years. In 1956, due to failing health, he disposed of all his stock but he retained his interest in his garden and greenhouse.

After an illness in 1972 Walter came to our Brighton home for nursing care. Unfortunately his health never improved sufficiently for him to return to his own home.

He leaves his three daughters, all married.

Brian Worrall-Smith. *Royal Field Artillery*

Brian Worrall-Smith, of Hythe, Kent, died in a nursing home on the 9th November, 1974, at the age of 77 years.

He was commissioned and served in the First War and then lived for many years in the Far East, working as a physiotherapist there and also later in England. His sight ultimately deteriorated gradually as a result of mustard gas and he came to St. Dunstan's in 1953. He had had poor health for many years and he gave up work in 1957. When his wife also became seriously ill, they both entered the Seabrook Nursing Home, where Mrs. Worrall-Smith died last January. Recently, he had a fall and was admitted to hospital, but returned to the nursing home, where he received every care from the Matron, Mrs. Hamilton, and her husband and staff.

He leaves cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, who visited him constantly, and other relatives.

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